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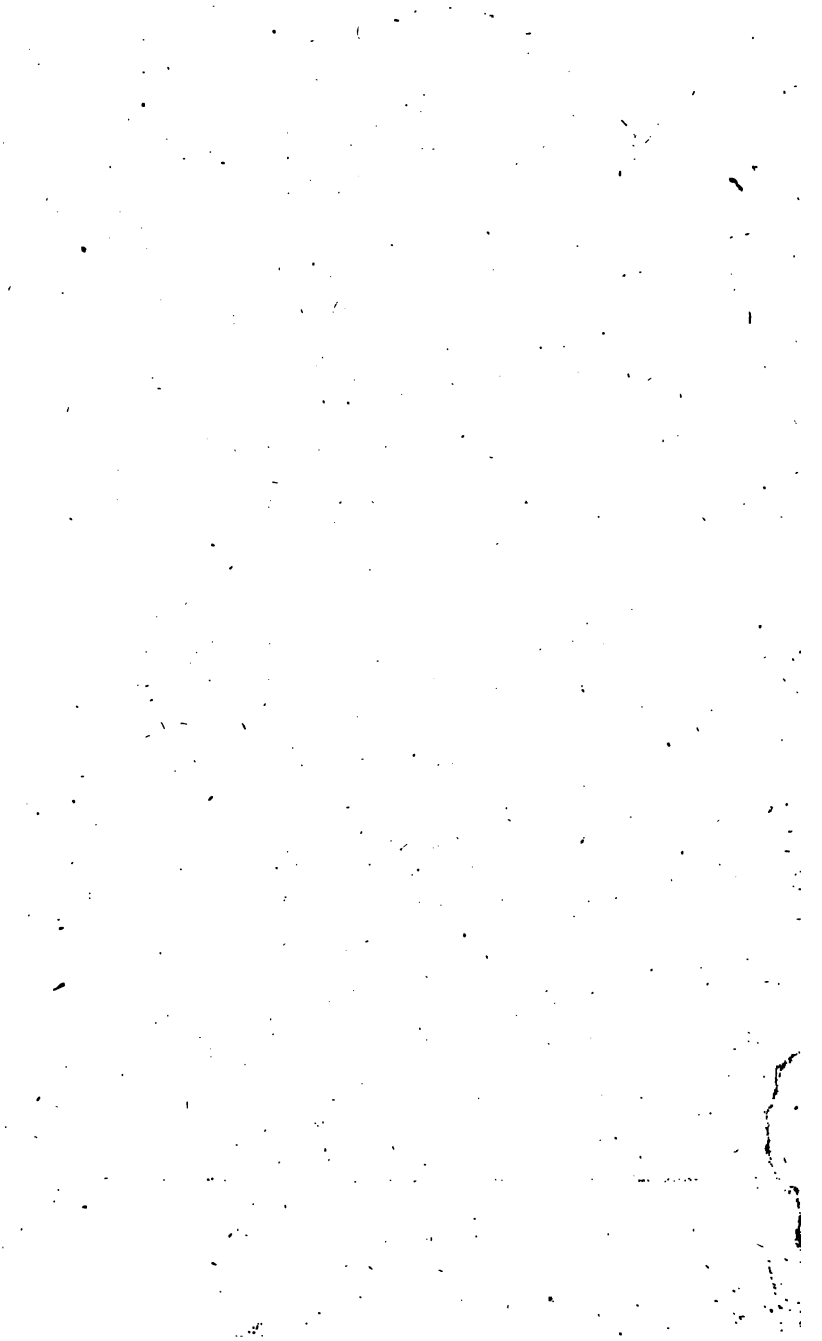


Quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur. Horat.

THE

Engliſh Theophraſtus:

OR, THE

Manners of the Age.

Being the

MODERN CHARACTERS

OF THE

COURT, the TOWN, and the CITY.

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas, Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri eſt Farrago, Libelli. Juven.

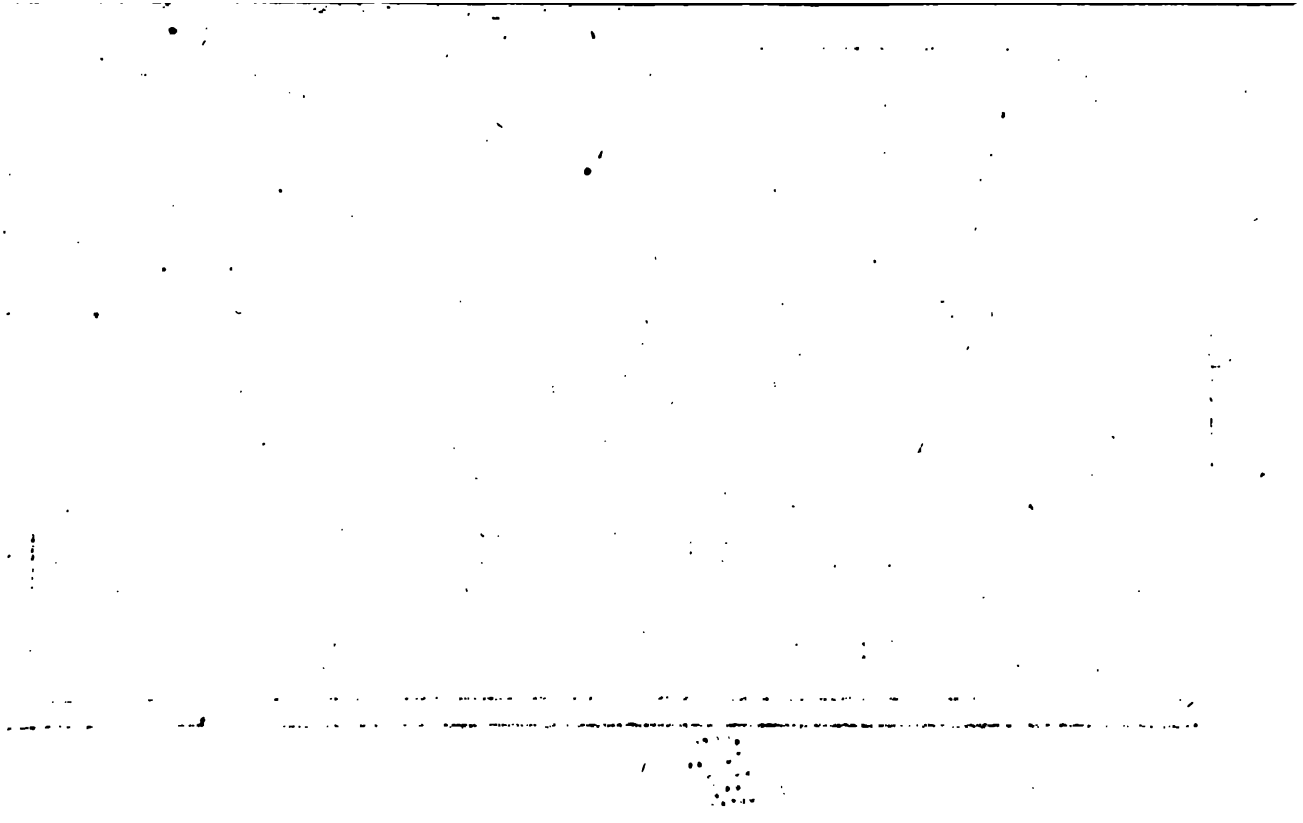
——*Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipſam?* Id.

The Second Edition.

With the Addition of 37 New Characters.

LONDON:

Printed for *Thomas Atkinſon*, at the *White Swan* in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, 1706.



English
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THE PREFACE.

THIS *Preface is meerly a Piece of Complaiſance to that* Tyrannical Miſtriſs, Cuſtom: *For, it ſeems, my Fellow-Authors, have ſo accuſtom'd their Readers, whether* Gentle *or* Ungentle, *to a* Bill *of* Fare, *and Pedantick* Grace, *that not one of them will think himſelf Welcome to the Entertainment, without thoſe Inſignificant Formalities. But to come to the Point---*

The Subject Matter of the following Sheets is the Grand-Leſſon, *deliver'd by the* Delphian *Oracle,* Know thy ſelf: *Which certainly is the moſt important of a Man's Life. We are, all of us, full of* Folly *and* Ridicule: *And the ſame*

Rule, that a Diſeaſe well known is half Cur'd, *holds as true in the Diſtempers of the Mind, as in the Indiſpoſitions of the Body. Therefore the Philoſophers of all Ages have beſtow'd their Thoughts and Application on the Search of Humane Imperfections, in order to rectify them. But tho' their ends have been the ſame, yet different have been the Methods they have purſued to attain thoſe Ends. Some, with a Supercilious Gravity, have magiſterially inveigh'd againſt the Vices of Mankind; whilſt others, by the nipping Strokes of a Side-wind Satyr, have endeavour'd to tickle Men out of their Follies. The former have generally been abandon'd to the ill-bred Teachers of Muſty Morals in Schools, or to the ſowr Pulpit-Orators; whereas the latter have been admitted to the* Cabinets *of Princes, the* Toilets *of the* Fair Sex, *the* Converſation *of the* Polite, *and, in ſhort, have been Careſt and admir'd by thoſe very People they moſt abus'd. What Lady, nay, what* Eloping *Lady, has not been entertain'd with the*

Sixth

Sixth Satyr of Juvenal ? *What Uſurer, what Leacher, what Sot, or what Glutton, has not been pleas'd with* Horace's *Reflections on Avarice, Laſciviouſneſs, Drunkenneſs and Intemperance ? How often has My Lord* Pliant, *laugh'd at the Picture of which he was himſelf the Original ? The Reaſon of all this is plain, as long as the Satyr is not directly and bluntly level'd at us ; our* Self-love *waves the Application, and makes us find a Secret ſatisfaction in ſeeing others ridicul'd ; and the*

Quid rides ? Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur---

Will be ever applicable to corrupt Nature.

Upon this Conſideration, the Modern Moraliſts have caſt their Obſervations on Men and Manners, into a more entertaining Form, than the rugged Philoſophers of Old ; or rather to do the Ancients Juſtice, moſt of the Moderns have Copied after thoſe excellent Patterns, they have found in Antiquity, ſuch as Theophraſtus, Lucian, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, *&c. Thus*

the Duke of Rochefoucaut, *Mr. St.* Evremont, *and Mr.* La Bruyere *among the* French, *have furniſh'd the* preſent Age *with Maxims and Reflections, which are read with Admiration by all the* Judicious. *Theſe three Authors I have taken to Pieces, and Selected ſuch Thoughts out of them, for the* Ground Work *of this Book, as are of general Application to Mankind; and as Entertaining and Inſtructive to an* Engliſh, *as to a* French *Reader; For, by the by, I cannot but take Notice, that in every one of theſe Authors, eſpecially* La Bruyere, *there are abundance of Characters, which tho' Maſterly and excellent, are ſo calculated for the* Meridian *of* Paris, *that they look very dull and faint when view'd here in* London; *Not to mention how miſerably that noble Author has been abus'd by his* Tranſlators. *To theſe Reflections and Characters, I have added Abundance of fine Thoughts out of the Emperor* Antoninus, *Mr.* Paſcal, *and* Gratian; *and as many, if not more, out of our* Engliſh *Authors, who are no way inferi-*

our

our to thoſe illuſtrious Foreigners in Point of Solidity, Acuteneſs, Penetration *and* Delicacy: Such as the *Lord* Bacon, *Mr.* Cowley, *Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange, *Sir* VValter Raleigh, *Sir* VVilliam Temple, *Mr.* Dryden, *Mr.* VVycherley, *Mr.* Brown, *and ſome others, whoſe Names not occuring to my memory, I cannot acknowledge my Obligation to them, for enriching this Collection. The Thoughts of* Engliſh *Growth are diſtinguiſh'd by an* Aſteriſm; (*thus* *) *and becauſe there are not a few* Original Reflections, *I have mark'd them with* inverted Comma's (*thus* ᶜᶜ) *in the Margin. To theſe, I believe, no Man has a better Title than my ſelf; but however, if any Perſon will claim a Right to any of them, he is heartily welcome.*

THE

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THE MANNERS Of the AGE.

Authors, Wits, Poets, Criticks, Will's *Coffee-Houſe, Play-Houſe,* &c.

EUBULUS fancying himſelf Inſpir'd, "ſtands up for the Honour of Poetry, "and is mightily provok'd to hear the "Sacred Name of *Poet*, turn'd into "Scandal and Ridicule; He tells you "what a profound Veneration the "*Athenians* had for their Dramatick Writers; how "greatly *Terence* and *Virgil* were honour'd in *Rome*; "the firſt, by *Scipio* and *Lælius*, the other by *Au-* "*guſtus* and *Mecænas*; how much *Francis* the Firſt, "and Cardinal *Richelieu*, encourag'd the Wits of "*France*; and drawing his Argument more home, "he relates to you, how in this Iſland the *Bucking-* "*hams*, the *Orrerys*, the *Roſcommons*, the *Normanbys*, "the *Dorſets*, the *Hallifaxs*, and ſeveral other Illuſtri- "ous Perſons have not only encouraged Poetry, but "ennobled the Art it ſelf by their Performances. "True *Eubulus*; we allow Poetry to be a Divine

" Art, and the Name of *Poet* to be *Sacred* and Ho-
" nourable, when a *Sophocles*, a *Terence*, a *Virgil*,
" a *Corneille*, a *Boileau*, a *Shakeſpear*, a *Waller*, a
" *Dryden*, a *Wycherly*, a *Congreve*, or a *Garth* bears
" it: But then we intend it as a Scandal, when we
" give it to *Mævius*, *Chapelain*, *Ogilby*, *W——*
" D——, D——, S——, and *your ſelf.*

" I queſtion whether ſome Poets allow any other
" Poets to have Perform'd better than themſelves,
" in that kind of Poetry which they profeſs. Sir
" *R——. B.—*, I ſuppoſe, tho' he has declaim'd a-
" gainſt Wit, yet is not ſo conceited, as to Vie
" with *Horace* and *Juvenal* for *Satyr*; but as to
" *Heroick Poetry*, methinks he Reaſons thus with
" himſelf, *Homer* has writ the *Ilias* and the *Odyſſeis*,
" and *Virgil* only the *Æneid*; I have writ *Prince*
" *Arthur*, and *King Arthur*; am I not then equal
" to *Homer*, and Superior to *Virgil*? No, *B—re*,
" we judge of *Poetry* as we do of *Metals*, not by
" the *Lump*, but the intrinſick Value. New-caſt
" your Poems, purge 'em of their Droſs, reduce
" 'em to the Bulk of the *Diſpenſary*, and if then
" they weigh in the Balance with *that*, we will
" allow you a Place among the Firſt-Rate *Heroick*
" *Poets*.

" The *Wits* of mean Deſcent and ſcanty Fortune,
" are generally apt to reflect on Perſons of
" Quality and Eſtates, whom they raſhly tax with
" Dullneſs and Ignorance, a *Normanby*, a *Dorſet*, a
" *Spencer*, a *Hallifax*, a *Boyle*, a *Stanhope*, and a
" *Codrington*, (to paſs over abundance more) are
" ſufficient to convince the World, that either an
" Illuſtrious Birth, or vaſt Riches, are not incom-
" patible with *deep Learning*, and *Sterling-Wit*.

" *Rapin*, St. *Evremont*, and ſome other *French*
" Criticks, do the *Engliſh* wrong, in the Judgments

" they

" they paſs upon their Plays: The *Engliſh* Cri-
" ticks are even with them, for generally they
" judge as *ill* of *French* Poetry.

" There is a great reach of Diſcernment, a deep
" Knowledge, and abundance of Candor requir'd,
" to qualifie a Man for an *equal Judge* of the Poe-
" try and ingenious Compoſitions of two Nations,
" whoſe *Tempers*, *Humours*, *Manners*, *Cuſtoms*, and
" *Taſtes*, are ſo vaſtly different as the *French* are
" from the *Engliſh*: *Rapin*, St. *Evremont*, and *Rymer*,
" are *candid*, *judicious* and *learned* Criticks, I own
" it; but yet neither the two firſt are ſufficiently
" acquainted with *England*, nor the latter with
" *France*, to enter equally into the Genius of both
" Nations; and conſequently they cannot paſs a
" Juſt Sentence upon the Performances of their
" reſpective Writers.

" 'Tis a great piece of Injuſtice in us, to charge
" the *French* with Fickleneſs; for, to give them
" their due, They are ten times more conſtant in
" their Judgments, than we; Their *Cid* and *Iphige-*
" *nia* in *Aulis*, are Acted at this very day, with as
" much applauſe as they were thirty Years ago:
" All *London* has admir'd the *Mourning Bride* one
" Winter, and endeavour'd to find fault with it
" the next.

" *Philo* comes *piping hot* out of the College, and
" having his Head full of Poetical Gingles, writes
" an *Elegy*, a *Panegyrick*, or a *Satyr* upon the leaſt fri-
" volous Occaſion: This brings him acquainted
" with all the *Second-Rate Wits*; One of theſe in-
" troduces him at *Will*'s, and having a Play upon
" the Stocks, and ready to be Launch'd, he pre-
" vails with *Philo* to write him a *Song*, a *Dialogue*,
" a *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; in ſhort the Trimming
" of his Comedy. By this time, *Philo* begins to

" think himſelf a great Man, and nothing leſs than " the writing of a Play, can ſatisfie his towring " Ambition; well, the Play is writ, the Players " upon the Recommendation of thoſe that lick'd " it over, like their Parts to a Fondneſs, and the " *Comedy*, or *Tragedy*, being ſupported partly by its " real Merit, but moſt powerfully by a *Toaſting*, " or *Kit-cat-Club*, comes off with univerſal Ap- " plauſe. How *ſlippery* is *Greatneſs*? *Philo* puff'd " up with his Succeſs, writes a ſecond Play, ſcorns " to improve it by the Corrections of better Wits, " brings it upon the Stage, without ſecuring a " Party to protect it, and has the Mortification to " hear it *Hiſt* to Death. Pray how many *Philes* " do we reckon in Town ſince the Revolution?

† The Title Page of a Book ſhould promiſe ſomething, but the Book it ſelf ſhould perform more: But for the generality we have very ſpecious Titles, and frivolous Treatiſes.

" The Reaſon we have had ſo many *ill* " *Plays* of late, is this, The extraordinary *Succeſs* " of the worſt Performances, encourages every " Pretender to Poetry to Write; Whereas the in- " different Reception ſome excellent Pieces have " met with, diſcourages our beſt Poets from Wri- " ting.

" After all, one of the boldeſt Attempts of Hu- " man Wit, is to write a taking *Comedy*: For, how " many different ſorts of People, how many va- " rious Palates muſt a Poet pleaſe, to gain a gene- " ral Applauſe? He muſt have a *Plot* and *Deſign*, " *Coherence* and *Unity* of *Action*, *Time* and *Place*, " for the Criticks, *Polite Language* for the Boxes, " *Repartee*, *Humour*, and *Double Entendres* for the " Pit; and to the Shame of our Theatres, a mix- " ture of Farce for the Galleries. What Man of

" Senſe

" Senſe now will venture his Reputation upon " theſe hard Terms ?

" The Poet often arrogates to himſelf the Ap- " plauſe, which we only give to Mrs. *Barry* or " *Bracegirdle*'s inimitable Performances : But then " he muſt take as often upon his Account the Hiſ- " ſes, which are only intended for *Caſonia*, and *Co-* " *rinna's abominable Acting.* One makes amends " for t'other.

" Many a pert Coxcomb might have paſt for " a *Wit*, if his Vanity had not brought him to " *Will*'s.

" The ſame thing that makes a Man appear with " Aſſurance at *Court*, qualifies him alſo to appear " unconcern'd among Men of Senſe at *Will*'s : I " mean *Impertinence*.

" As ſome People *Write*, ſo others *talk themſelves* " out of their *Reputation.*

† Many a Man has paſt for a Wit in Converſation, that utterly undid himſelf by ſetting up for an Author: Puff'd up with the Indulgence of his Friends, he Launch'd out into the Ocean of Mankind: And being read by ſome with Envy, by others without partiality, his Reputation was Shipwrack'd at once.

* The Name of a *Wit*, is little better than a Slander, ſince it is generally given by thoſe that have *none*, to thoſe that have *little*.

" How ſtrangely ſome Words loſe their Primitive " Senſe ! By a *Critick*, was originally underſtood a " *good Judge*; with us now-a-days, it ſignifies no " more than a *Fault-finder.*

* A *Critick* in the Modern Acceptation, ſeldom riſes, either in *Merit*, or *Reputation*; for it argues a mean grov'ling Genius, to be always finding Fault; whereas, a candid Judge of Things, not only im-

proves his Parts, but gains every Body's Eſteem.

* None keep generally worſe Company than your Eſtabliſh'd *Wits*, for there are a ſort of Coxcombs, that ſtick continually to them like Burs, to make the Town think from their Company, that they are Men of Parts.

* *Criticks* are uſeful, that's moſt certain, ſo are Executioners and Informers: But what Man did ever envy the condition of *Jack Ketch*, or *Jack P——r.*

* How can we love the Man, whoſe Office is to torture and execute other Men's Reputation.

* After all, a *Critick* is the laſt Refuge of a pretender to *Wit.*

" 'Tis a great piece of Aſſurance in a profeſt " *Critick* to write *Plays*, for if he does, he muſt ex- " pect to have the whole Club of *Wits*, ſcanning " his Performances with utmoſt Severity, and mag- " nifying his *Slips* into *prodigious Faults.*

* I don't wonder Men of Quality and Eſtate reſort to *Will*'s, for really they make the beſt Figure there; an indifferent thing from 'em, paſſes for a Witty Jeſt, and ſets preſently the whole Company a Laughing. Thus we admire the pert Talk of Children, becauſe we expected nothing from 'em.

† 'Tis not enough for a Man to ſay he endeavoured to pleaſe, he ſhould be able to do it. Criticks will Diſcount nothing with us for our bare Goodwill.

* *Wits* are generally the moſt dangerous Company a Woman can keep, for their Vanity makes them brag of more Favours than they Obtain.

* A Witty Man is a good Companion, but an ill Confident.

" Some Women care not what becomes of their " Honour, ſo they may ſecure the *Reputation* of " their *Wit.*

" Thoſe

" Thoſe People generally talk *moſt*, who have " the leaſt to ſay; go to *Will*'s, and you'll hardly " hear the Great *Wicherly* ſpeak two Sentences in " a quarter of an Hour, whilſt *Blatero*, *Hamilus*, *Ter-* " *pinus*, and twenty more egregious Coxcombs, deaſ- " fen the Company with their Political *Nonſence*.

" There are at *Will*'s ſome *Wit-carriers*, whoſe " buſineſs is, to export the fine Things they hear, " from one Room to another, next to a Reciting " Poet; theſe Fellows are the moſt exquiſite Plague " to a Man of Senſe.

" In ſpight of the intrinſick Merit of *Wit*, we " find it ſeldom brings a Man into the *Favour*, or " even *Company* of the *Great*, and the *Fair*, unleſs " it be for a Laugh and away; neither thought on, " but when preſent; nor then never, for the ſake " of the Man of *Wit*, but their own Diverſion. " The infallible way to ingratiate ones ſelf with " Quality, is that dull and empty Entertainment, " called *Gaming*, for *Picket*, *Ombre*, and *Baſſet*, keep " always Places even for a *quondam Foot-man*, or a " *Drawer* at the *Aſſemblies*, *Apartments*, and *Viſiting-* " *days*. If you loſe, you oblige with your Money; " if you Win, you command with your Fortune; " the *Lord* is your *Bubble*, and the Lady what you " pleaſe to make her.

† There is a great deal of difference between Writing well, and Talking well; The Stile of an Oratour is of another Nature, than that of a Well-bred Converſation; this muſt be eaſie in the Delivery, proper in the Phraſe, but as ſhort as may be; the other admits of more various Decorations, a loftier Phraſe, and a larger extent.

* *Flattery* of our *Wit*, has the ſame Power over Us, which *Flattery* of *Beauty* has over a Woman; it keeps up that good Opinion of our ſelves which

is neceſſary to beget *Aſſurance*; and *Aſſurance* produces ſucceſs both in *Fortune* and *Love.*

* Some Men take as much Pains to perſwade the World that they have *Wit*, as *Bullies* do that they have *Courage*, and generally with the ſame Succeſs; for they ſeldom deceive any one but themſelves.

* Some *pert Coxcombs*, ſo violently affect the Reputation of *Wits*, that not a *French Journal*, *Mercury*, *Farce*, or *Opera*, can eſcape their Pillaging; yet the utmoſt they arrive at, is but a ſort of *Jack-a-Lanthorn Wit*, that like the Sun-ſhine which wanton Boys with fragments of Looking-glaſs reflect in Men's Eyes, dazles the Weak-ſighted, and troubles the ſtrong. Theſe are the Muſes *Black-Guard*, that like thoſe of our Camp, tho' they have no ſhare in the Danger or Honour, yet have the greateſt in the Plunder; that indifferently ſtrip all that lie before 'em, dead or alive; Friends or Enemies: Whatever they light on, is *Terra incognita*, and they claim the right of Diſcoverers, that is, of giving their Names to it.

* I think the *Learned* and *Unlearned Blockhead* pretty equal: For 'tis all one to me, whether a Man talk *Nonſence*, or *Unintelligible Sence.*

* There is nothing of which we aſſent to ſpeak with more Humility and Indifference than our own *Senſe*; yet nothing of which we think with more Partiality and Preſumption. There have been ſome ſo bold, as to aſſume the Title of the *Oracles* of Reaſon to themſelves, and their own Writings; and we meet with others daily, that think themſelves *Oracles of Wit.* Theſe are the moſt vexatious Animals in the World, that think they have a priviledge to torment and plague every Body; but thoſe moſt who have the beſt Reputation for their Wit and Judgment.

† There's

† There's ſomewhat that borders upon *Madneſs* in every exalted *Wit.*

* One of the moſt remarkable Fools that reſort to *Will*'s, is the *Fop-Poet*, who is one that has always more Wit in his Pockets than any where elſe, yet ſeldom or never any of his own there. *Æſop*'s Daw was a Type of him, for he makes himſelf fine with the Plunder of all Parties: He is a ſmuggler of Wit, and ſteals *French* Fancies, without paying the Cuſtomary Duties: Verſe is his *Manufacture*; for it is more the Labour of his *Fingers*, than his Brain: He ſpends much time in *writing*, but ten times more in *reading* what he has written: He asks your Opinion, yet for fear you ſhould not jump with him, tells you his own firſt: He defires no Favour, yet is diſappointed if he is not Flatter'd, and is always offended at the Truth. He is a *Poetical Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares*, and deals very much in *Novels*, *Madrigals*, *Funeral* and *Love Odes*, *Panegyricks*, *Elegies*, and other Toys of *Parnaſſus*, which he has a Shop ſo well furniſh'd with, that he can fit you with all ſorts in the twinkling of an Eye. He talks much of *Wycherly*, *Garth* and *Congreve*, and proteſts, he can't help having ſome Reſpect for them, becauſe they have ſo much for him and his Writings, otherwiſe he could make it appear that they underſtand little of Poetry in compariſon of himſelf, but he forbears 'em meerly out of Gratitude and Compaſſion. He is the *Oracle* of thoſe that want *Wit*, and the *Plague* of thoſe that have it; for he haunts their Lodgings, and is more terrible to them than their Duns.

* *Brutus* for want of *Wit*, ſets up for *Criticiſm*; yet has ſo much ambition to be thought a *Wit*, that he lets his Spleen prevail againſt Nature,

ture, and turns Poet. In this Capacity he is as juſt to the World as in the other injurious. For, as the *Critick* wrong'd every Body in his Cenſure; and ſnarl'd and grin'd at their Writings, the *Poet* gives 'em Opportunity to do themſelves Juſtice, to return the Complement, and laugh at, or deſpiſe his. He takes his *Malice* for a *Muſe*, and thinks himſelf *Inſpir'd*, when he is only *Poſſeſs'd*, and blown up with a Flatus of *Envy* and *Vanity*. His Works are *Libels* upon others, but *Satyrs* upon himſelf; and while they bark at Men of *Senſe*, call him Fool that writ 'em. He has a very great Antipathy to his own Species, and hates to ſee a Fool any where but in his Glaſs; for, as he says, *they provoke him, and offend his Eyes.* His Fund of Criticiſm, is a ſet of Terms of Art, pick'd out of the *French Criticks*, or their Tranſlators; and his *Poetical Stock*, is a common place of certain *Forms* and manners of Expreſſion. He writes better in *Verſe* than *Proſe*; for in that there is *Rhime*, in this, neither *Rhime* nor *Reaſon*. "He rails both at the *French* Writers "whom he does not underſtand, and at thoſe *Engliſh* "Authors, whoſe Excellencies he cannot reach; "with him *Voiture* is flat and dull; *Corneille* a "ſtranger to the Paſſions, *Racine*, Starch'd and Af- "fected, *Moliere*, Jejune, *la Fontaine* a poor Teller "of Tales; and even the Divine *Boileau*, little "better than a Plagiary. As for the *Engliſh* Poets, "he treats almoſt with the ſame Freedom; *Shake-* "*ſpear* with him has neither Language nor Man- "ners; *Ben. Johnſon* is a Pedant; *Dryden* little "more than a tolerable Verſifier; *Congreve* a labori- "ous Writer; *Garth*, an indifferent imitator of *Boi-* "*leau*. He traduces *Oldham*, for want of Breeding "and good Manners, without a grain of either, and "ſteals his own Wit to beſpatter him with; but

"like

" like an ill Chymiſt, he lets the *Spirit* fly off in the " drawing over, and retains only the *Phlegm*. He Cen- " ſures *Cowley* for too much Wit, and corrects him " with none. He is a great Admirer of the incom- " parable *Milton*, but while he fondly endeavours " to imitate his *Sublime*, he is blown up with " *Bombaſt* and *puffy Expreſſions*. He is a great ſtick- " ler for *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, " and the reſt of the Ancients; but his ill and " lame Tranſlations of 'em, ridicule thoſe he would " commend. He ventures to write for the Play- " Houſes, but having his ſtol'n, ill-patch'd fuſtian " Plays damn'd upon the Stage, he ranſacks *Boſu*, " *Rapin* and *Dacier*, to arraign the ill Taſte of the " Town. To compleat himſelf in the Formalities of *Parnaſſus*, he falls in Love, and tells his Miſtreſs in a very pathetick Letter, he is oblig'd to her bright *Beauty* for his Poetry; but if this Damſel prove no more indulgent than his Muſe, his Amour is like to conclude but unluckily.

Demetrius before the Curſe of Poetry had ſeiz'd him, was in a pretty way of *Thriving Buſineſs*, but having lately ſold his Chambers in one of the Inns of Court, and taken a Lodging near the Play-houſe, is now in a fair way of *Starving*. This Gentleman is frequently poſſeſt with Poetick Raptures; and all the Family complains, that he diſturbs 'em at Midnight, by reciting ſome incomparable ſublime Fuſtian of his own Compoſing. When he is in Bed, one wou'd imagine he might be quiet for that Night, but 'tis quite otherwiſe with him; for when a new Thought, as he calls it, comes into his Head, up he gets, ſets it down in Writing, and ſo gradually encreaſes the deteſted Bulk of his Poetick Fooleries, which, Heaven avert it! he threatens to Print. *Demetrius* having had the Misfortune of

miſ-

miſcarrying upon the State, endeavours to preſerve his unlawful Title to Wit, by bringing all the Dramatick Poets down to his own Level. And wanting Spirit to ſet up for a Critick, turns *Spy* and *Informer* of *Parnaſſus*. He frequents *Apollo*'s Court at *Will*'s, and picks up the freſheſt Intelligence, what Plays are upon the Stocks, what ready to be Launch'd; and if he can be inform'd, from the *Eſtabliſh'd Wits*, of any remarkable Fault in the new Play upon the Bills, he is indefatigably induſtrious in whiſpering it about, to beſpeak its Damnation before its Repreſentation.

* *Circulio* is a Semi-Wit, that has a great *Veneration* for the *Moderns*, and no leſs a *Contempt* for the *Ancients*: but his own ill Compoſures deſtroy the force of his Arguments, and do the Ancients full Juſtice. This Gentleman having had the good Fortune to write a very taking, *undigeſted medly of Comedy* and *Farce*, is ſo puff'd up with his Succeſs, that nothing will ſerve him, but he muſt bring this new *fantaſtick way of writing*, into Eſteem. To compaſs this noble Deſign, he tells you what a Coxcomb *Ariſtotle* was with his Rules of the *three Unities*: and what a Company of Senſeleſs Pedants the *Scaligers*, *Rapins*, *Boſſu's*, and *Daciers* are. He proves that *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, knew nothing of *Poetry*; that common Senſe and Nature were not the ſame in *Athens*, and *Rome*, as they are in *London*, that *Incoherence*, *Irregularity* and *Nonſence* are the Chief perfections of the *Drama*, and, by a neceſſary Conſequence that the *Silent Woman*, is below his own Performance.

"*No new Doctrine* in *Religion*, ever got any conſiderable Footing except it was grounded on *Miracles*; Nor any New *Hypotheſis* was ever eſtabliſhed in Natural Philoſophy, unleſs it was confirm'd by

by *Experience.* "The ſame Rule holds, in ſome mea-
"ſure, in all Arts and Sciences, particularly in
"Dramatick Poetry. It will be a hard matter
"for any Man to trump up any new ſet of Pre-
"cepts, in oppoſition to thoſe of *Ariſtotle* and
"*Horace*, except by following them, he writes
"ſeveral approv'd Plays. The great ſucceſs of
"the *firſt Part* of the *T—p* was ſufficient I muſt
"confeſs, to juſtifie the Author's *Conceit*; but then
"the *Exploſion* of the *ſecond* ought to have cur'd him
"of it.

"*Writers* like *Women* ſeldom give one another a
"good Word; that's moſt certain. Now if the
"*Poets* and *Criticks* of all Ages have allowed *So-*
"*phocles*, *Euripides* and *Terence* to have been good
"*Dramatick Writers*, and *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*
"to have been judicious Criticks, ought not their
"*Cenſure* to weigh more with Men of Senſe, than
"the Fanſies, of a Modern Pretender. To be
"plain, whoever Diſputes *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*
"Rules, does as good as call the *Scaligers*, *Voſſii*,
"*Rapins*, *Boſſu's*, *Daciers Corneilles*, *Roſcommons*, *Nor-*
"*manby's* and *Rymers*, *Blockheads*: A Man muſt have
a great deal of Aſſurance, to be ſo free with ſuch
illuſtrious Judges.

"Of all the modern Dramatick Poets the Author
"of the *Trip to the Jubilee* has the leaſt Reaſon
"to turn into Ridicule *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, ſince
"'tis to their Rules which he has, in ſome meaſure
"followed, that he owed the great ſucceſs of that
"Play. Thoſe Rules are nothing but a ſtrict imita-
"tion of Nature, which is ſtill the ſame in all Ages
"and Nations: And becauſe the Characters of
"*Wildair*, *Angelica*, *Standard* and *Smugler* are *natu-*
"*ral*, and well purſued, they have juſtly met *with*
"*Applauſe*; but then the Characters of *Lurewell* and

"*Clincher*

"*Clincher* Sen. being *out* of *Nature* they have as "juſtly been condemn'd by all the Good Judges.

* Some *Scholars*, tho' by their conſtant Converſation with Antiquity, they may know perfectly the ſenſe of the Learned dead, and be perfect maſters of the Wiſdom, be throughly informed of the State, and nicely skill'd in the Policies of Ages long ſince paſt, yet by their retired and unactive Life, and their neglect of Buſineſs, they are ſuch ſtrangers to the Domeſtick Affairs and manners of their own Country and Times, that they appear like the Ghoſts of old *Romans* rais'd by Magick. Talk to them of the *Aſſyrian* or *Perſian* Monarchies of the *Grecian* or *Roman* Commonwealths, they anſwer like Oracles; they are ſuch finiſhed Statesmen that we ſhould ſcarce take 'em to have been leſs than Privy-Councellors to *Semiramis*, Tutors to *Cyrus* the Great, and old Cronies of *Solon*, *Licurgus*, and *Numa Pompilius*. But ingage them in a Diſcourſe that concerns the preſent Times, and their Native Country, and they hardly ſpeak the Language of it; ask them how many King there have been in *England* ſince the Conqueſt, or in what Reign the Reformation happen'd, and they'll be puzzled with the Queſtion; they knew all the minuteſt Circumſtances of *Cataline*'s Conſpiracy, but are hardly acquainted with the late Plot. They'll tell you the Names of ſuch *Romans* as were called to an Account by the Senate for their *Briberies*, *Extortions* and *Depredations*, but know nothing of the four impeached Lords; they talk of the ancient way of Fighting, and warlike Engines, as if they had been Lieutenant Generals under *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Annibal* or *Julius Cæſar*; but are perfectly ignorant of the modern military Diſcipline, Fortification and Artillery; and of the very Names of *Naſſau*,

Naſſau, *Condè*, *Turenne*, *Luxembourg*, *Eugene*, *Villeroy* and *Catinat*. They are excellent Guides, and can direct you to every Alley, and Turning in old *Rome* yet loſe their way home in their own Pariſh. They are mighty Admirers of the Wit and Eloquence of the Ancients; yet had they lived in the Time of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, would have treated them with as much ſupercilious Pride and Diſreſpect as they do now the Moderns. They are great Hunters of Ancient Manuſcripts, and have in great Veneration any thing that has eſcaped the Teeth of Time; and if Age has obliterated the Characters, 'tis the more valuable for not being legible.

Theſe Superſtitious bigotted idolaters of time paſt, are Children in their Underſtanding all their Lives, for they hang ſo inceſſantly upon the leading-ſtrings of Authority, that their Judgments like the Limbs of ſome *Indian* Penitents, become altogether crampt and motionleſs for want of uſe. In fine, they think it a diſparagement of their Learning to talk what other Men underſtand, and will ſcarce believe that two and two make four, under a Demonſtration from *Euclid*, or a *Quotation from Ariſtotle*.

The World ſhall allow a Man to be a wiſe Man, a good Naturaliſt, a good Mathematician, Politician or Poet, but not a *Scholar*, or Learned Man, unleſs he be a Philologer and underſtands Greek and Latin. But for my part I take theſe Gentlemen have juſt inverted the Uſe of the Term, and given that to the Knowledge of Words, which belongs more properly to Things. I take Nature to be the Book of Univerſal Learning, which he that reads beſt in all or any of its Parts, is the greateſt Scholar, the moſt Learned Man; and 'tis as ridiculous for a Man to count himſelf more learned than another, if he have no greater Extent of

of Knowledge of things, becauſe he is more vers'd in Languages, as it would be for an old fellow to tell a young One, his own Eyes were better than the other's, becauſe he reads with Spectacles, the other without.

† To be a good Maſter in any one Thing requires ſo much Time and Study, that but few Geniuſes are capable of more.

* *Impertinence* is a Failing that has its Root in Nature, but is not worth laughing at, till it has received the finiſhing ſtrokes of *Art*. A Man thro' natural Defects may do abundance of incoherent fooliſh Actions, yet deſerves Compaſſion and Advice rather than Deriſion. But to ſee Men ſpending their Fortunes, as well as lives, in a Courſe of regular Folly, and with an induſtrious as well as expenſive idleneſs running thro' tedious Syſtems of impertinence, would have ſplit the Sides of *Heraclitus*, had it been his Fortune to have been a Spectator. It's very eaſy to decide which of theſe impertinents is the moſt ſignal: the Virtuoſo is manifeſtly without a Competitor. For our Follies are not to be meaſured by the Degree of Ignorance that appears in 'em, but by the ſtudy, labour and expence they coſt us to finiſh and compleat 'em.

So that the more Regularity and Artifice there appears in any of our Extravagancies, the greater is the Folly of 'em. Upon this ſcore it is that the laſt mentioned deſervedly claim the Preference to all others. They have improved ſo well their Amuſements into an Art, that the credulous and ignorant are induced to believe there is ſome ſecret Vertue, ſome hidden Myſtery in thoſe darling Toys of theirs: When all their Buſtling amounts to no more than a learned impertinence, and all they teach Men, is but a ſpecious Method of throwing away both Time and Money.

†There

† There are more Piracies committed upon the Preſs than upon the Sea.

" The *Illuſions* of *Peotry* are fatal to none but the " *Poets* themſelves: *Sidonius* having lately miſcarri'd " upon the Stage, gathers freſh Courage and is now " big with the hopes of a Play, writ by an ancient " celebrated Author, new vampt and furbiſh'd up " after the laudable Cuſtom of our modern Witlings. " He reckons how much he ſhall get by his third " day, nay, by his ſixth; how much by the Printing, " how much by the Dedication, and by a modeſt " Computation concludes the whole Sum will " amount to two hundred Pounds, which are to be " diſtributed among his truſty Duns. But mark " the fallacy of *Vanity* and *Self-conceit*: The Play " is acted, and caſts the Audience into ſuch a Le- " thargy, that they are fain to damn it with *Yawning*, " being in a manner deprived of the Uſe of their " *hiſſing* Faculty. Well ſays *Sidonius* (after having " recover'd from a profound Conſternation) *Now " muſt the important Perſon ſtand upon his own Leggs.* " Right, *Sidonius*, but when do you come on again, " that *Covent Garden* Doctors may preſcribe your " Play inſtead of Opium?

† The Indulgence of a Man's Friends, though otherwiſe Men of good underſtanding, cannot ſupport a Book againſt the vogue of the World.

" The Town is not one jot more diverted by " the Diviſion of the Play-houſes: The *Players* " perform better, 'tis true? but then the *Poets* " write worſe; Will the uniting of *Drury-Lane* and " *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* mend Matters? No, —— for " then what the Town ſhould get in writing, they " would loſe in acting.

* A *Dramatick Poet* has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a *paſſive obedience Divine* that preaches

before the Commons on the 30th. of *January*.

To pleaſe the *Pit* and *Galleries* he muſt take care to lard the Dialogue with ſtore of luſcious ſtuff, which the Righteous call Baudy; to pleaſe the new Reformers he muſt have none, otherwiſe gruff *Jeremy* will Laſh him in a third *View*.

* I very much Queſtion, after all, whether *Collier* would have been at the Pains to laſh the immoralities of the Stage, if the Dramatick Poets had not been guilty of the *abominable Sin* of making familiar now and then with the Backſlidings of the Caſſock.

* The *Griping Uſurer*, whoſe daily Labour and nightly Care and Study is to oppreſs the Poor, or over-reach his Neighbour, to betray the Truſts his Hyprocriſy procured; in ſhort to break all the Poſitive Laws of Morality, crys out, Oh! Diabolical, at a poor harmleſs *Double Entendre* in a Play.

"'Tis prepoſterous to pretend to reform the "*Stage* before the Nation, and particularly the "Town, is *reform'd* The Buſineſs of a Dramatick "Poet is to *Copy Nature*, and repreſent things as "they are; Let our Peers give over *whoring* and "*drinking*; the Citizens, *Cheating*; the Clergy, their "*Quarrels*, *Covetouſneſs and Ambition*; the Law-"yers, their *ambi-dextrous dealings*; and the Women "*intriguing*, and the ſtage will reform of Courſe.

"Formerly *Poets* made *Players*, but now a-days 'tis "generally the *Player* that makes the *Poet*. How "many Plays would have expired the very firſt "Night of their appearing upon the Stage, but "for *Betterton*, *Barry*, *Bracegirdle*, or *Wilk*'s inimi-"table Performance.

"Whoever goes about to expoſe the Follies of "others upon the Stage, runs great hazard of expo-

"ſing

" ſing himſelf firſt; and of being made Ridicu-
" lous to thoſe very People he endeavours to
" make ſo.

" I doubt whether a Man of Senſe would ever
" give himſelf the Trouble of writing for the
" Stage, if he had before his Eyes the fatigue of
" Rehearſals, the Pangs and Agonies of the firſt
" day his Play is Acted; the Diſappointments of
" the third, and the Scandal of a Damn'd
" Poet.

" The Reaſon why in *Shakeſpear* and *Ben. John-*
" *ſon's* Time Plays had ſo good Succeſs, and that
" we ſee now ſo many of 'em miſcarry, is becauſe
" then the Poets *wrote better* than the Audience
" *Judg'd*; whereas now-a-days the *Audience* judge
" *better than the Poets write.*

* He that pretends to confine a Damſel of the Theatre to his own Uſe, who by her Character is a Perſon of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at leaſt as unnatural, a Part, as he that would Debauch a Nun. But after all, ſuch a Spark rather Conſults his *Vanity*, than his *Love*, and would be thought to ingroſs what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

" Is it not a kind of Prodigy, that in this
" wicked and cenſorious Age, the ſhining *Daphne*
" ſhould preſerve her Reputation in a Play-
" Houſe?

The Character of a Player was Infamous amongſt the *Romans*, but with the *Greeks* Honourable: What is our Opinion? We think of them like the *Romans*, and live with them like the *Greeks*.

" Nothing ſo powerfully excites Love in us
" Men, as the view of thoſe Limbs of Women's
" Bodies, which the Eſtabliſh'd Rules of Modeſty

" bid 'em keep from our Sight. No wonder then " if *Aglaura*, *Cæſonia*, *Floria*, and in general all " the Women on our Stages, are ſo fond of acting " in Men's Cloaths.

" *Cæſonia* is Young, I own it: but then *Cæſo-* " *nia* has an *African* Noſe, hollow Eyes, and a " *French* Complexion; ſo that all the time ſhe " acted in her Sex's Habit, her Conqueſts never " extended further than one of her Fellow-Play- " ers, or a Caſt-Poet. Mark the Miracles of " Fancy: *Cæſonia* acts a *Boy*'s Part, and *Tallus* " one of the firſt *Patricians*, falls deſperately in " Love with her, and preſents her with two Hun- " dred great *Seſterces* (a Gentlewoman's Portion) " for a Night's Lodging.,

" One would imagine our Matrons ſhould be " mighty Jealous of their Husbands Intriguing " with Players: But no, they bear it with a Chri- " ſtian Patience. How is that poſſible? Why, they " Intrigue themſelves, either with *Roſcius* the Tra- " gedian, *Flagillus* the Comedian, or *Bathillus* " the Dancer.

Nothing ſurprizes me more, than to ſee Men Laugh ſo freely at a Comedy, and yet account it a ſilly weakneſs to Weep at a Tragedy. For is it leſs natural for a Man's Heart to relent upon a Scene of Pity, than to be tranſported with Joy upon one of Mirth and Humour? or it is only the alteration of the Features of one's Face that makes us forbear Crying? But this alteration is undoubtedly as great in an immoderate Laughter, as in a moſt deſperate Grief; and good Breeding teaches us to avoid the one as well as the other, before thoſe for whom we have a Reſpect. Or is it painful to us to appear tender-hearted and expreſs grief upon a Fiction? But without quoting great

Wits

Wits who account it an equal Weakneſs, either to weep or laugh out of Meaſure, can we expect to be tickled by a Tragical Adventure? And beſides, is not Truth as naturally repreſented in that as in a Comical one? Therefore as we do not think it ridiculous to ſee a whole Audience laugh at a merry jeſt or humour acted to the Life, but on the contrary we commend skill both of the Poet and the Actor; ſo the great Violence we uſe upon our ſelves to contain our Tears, together with the forc'd a-wry ſmiles with which we ſtrive to conceal our Concern, do forcibly evince that the natural effect of a good *Tragedy* is to make us all weep by conſent, without any more ado than to pull out our Handkerchiefs to wipe off our Tears. And if it were once agreed amongſt us not to reſiſt thoſe tender impreſſions of *Pity*, I dare engage that we would ſoon be convinc'd that by frequenting the Play-houſe we run leſs danger of being put to the expence of Tears, then of being almoſt frozen to Death by many a cold, dull inſipid Jeſt.

We muſt make it our main Buſineſs and Study to *think* and *write well*, and not labour to ſubmit other People's Palates and Opinions to our own; which is the greater difficulty of the two.

One ſhould ſerve his time to learn how to make a *Book*, juſt as ſome Men do learn how to make a watch, for there goes ſomething more than either Wit or Learning to the ſetting up for an *Author*. A *Lawyer* of this Town was an able, ſubtle and experienc'd Man in the way of his Buſineſs, and might for ought I know, have came to be *Lord Chief Juſtice*, but he has lately miſcarried in the Good Opinion of the World, only by Printing ſome Eſſays which are a Maſter-piece—in *Noneſence*.

It is a more difficult matter to get a Name by a *Perfect Compoſure*, than make an *indifferent* one valued by that Reputation a Man has already got in the World.

† An Author may write beyond Cenſure, but not beyond Envy.

There are ſome things which admit of no *mediocrity*; ſuch as *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Muſick and Oratory* —— What Torture can be greater than to hear Doctor *F*—— declaim a flat Oration with formality and Pomp, or D— read his Pyndaricks with all the Emphaſis of a *Dull Poet*.

We have not as yet ſeen any excellent Piece, but what is owning to the Labour of one ſingle Man: *Homer*. for the purpoſe, has writ the *Iliad*; *Virgil*, the *Æneid*; *Livy* his *Decads*; and the *Roman* Orator his Orations; but our *modern ſeveral Hands* preſent us often with nothing but a *Variety of Errors*.

There is in the Arts and Sciences ſuch a *Point of Perfection*, as there is one of *Goodneſs* or *maturity* in Fruits; and he that can find and reliſh it muſt be allowed to have a *True Taſte*; but on the contrary, he that neither perceives it, not likes any thing on this ſide, or beyond it, has but a defective Palate. Hence I conclude that there is a bad *Taſte* and a good one, and that the diſputing about *Taſtes* is not altogether unreaſonable.

The Lives of *Heroes* have enricht *Hiſtory*, and Hiſtory in requital has embelliſhed and heightened the Lives of *Heroes*, ſo that it is no eaſie matter to determine which of the two is more beholden to the other: Either *Hiſtorians*, to thoſe who have furniſhed them with ſo great and noble a Matter to work upon; or thoſe great Men, to thoſe Writers that have convey'd their Names and Atchievements

chievements down to the *Admirations of after Ages.*

There are many of our *Wits* that feed for a while upon the *Ancients*, and the beſt of our Modern Authors: and when they have *ſqueez'd* out and *extracted* matter enough to appear in Print and ſet up for themſelves, moſt ungratefully abuſe them, like Children grown ſtrong and Luſty by the good milk they have ſucked, who generally beat their Nurſes.

A *Modern* Author proves both by Reaſons and Examples that the *Ancients* are inferior to us; and fetches his Arguments from his own particular Taſt, and his Examples from his own *Writings*. He owns, That the *Ancients* tho' generally uneven and uncorrect, have yet here and there ſome fine Touches, and indeed theſe are ſo fine, that the quoting of them is the only thing that makes his *Criticisms* worth a Man's reading 'em.

Some great Men pronounce for the *Ancients* againſt the *Moderns*: But their own Compoſures are ſo agreeable to the Taſte of Antiquity, and bear ſo great a reſemblance with the Patterns they have left us, that they ſeem to be Judges in their own Caſe and being ſuſpected of Partiality, are therefore *exceptionable.*

† There is a faſhion for Wit as well as Cloaths, therefore the preſent is no proper Judge of what is paſt, nor ſhould pretend to give Laws for what is to come.

It is the Character of a *Pedant* to be unwilling either to aſk a Friend's Advice about his Work or to alter what he has been made ſenſible to be a fault.

We ought to read our Writings to thoſe only, who have Judgment enough to correct what is amiſs, and eſteem what deſerves to be commended.

An *Author*, ought to receive with an equal Modeſty both the Praiſe and Cenſure of other People upon his own Works.

A great facility in ſubmitting to other People's Cenſure is ſometimes as faulty as a great roughneſs in rejecting it: for there is no Compoſure ſo every way accompliſht, but what would be parted and clipped to nothing if a Man would follow the Advice of every finical ſcrupulous Critick, who often would have the beſt things left out becauſe forſooth, they are not agreeable to his dull Palate.

The great Pleaſure ſome People take in *Criticizing* upon the *ſmall Faults* of a Book ſo vitiates their Taſte, that it renders them unfit to be *affected* with it's *Beauties*.

The ſame niceneſs of Judgment which makes ſome Men write Sence, makes them very often ſhy and unwilling to appear in Print.

Among the ſeveral *Expreſſions* we may uſe for the ſame thought, there is but an individual one which is good and proper; any other but that is flat and imperfect, and cannot pleaſe an ingenious Man that has a Mind to explain what he thinks: And it is no ſmall wonder to me to Conſider, what Pains, even the beſt of Writers are ſometimes at, to ſeek out that Expreſſion, which being the moſt ſimple and natural, ought conſequently to have preſented it ſelf without Study.

'Tis to no great purpoſe that a Man ſeeks to make himſelf admir'd by his Compoſures: Blockheads, indeed, may oftentimes admire him, but then they are but Blockheads; and as for *Wits* they have in themſelves the Seeds or hints of all the Good and Fine things that can poſſibly be thought of or ſaid,

and

and therefore they ſeldom admire any thing, but only approve of what hits their Palate.

The being a *Critick* is not ſo much a Science as a ſort of labourious, and painful Employment, which requires more ſtrength of Body, than delicacy Wit, and more Aſſiduity than Natural Parts.

As ſome merit Praiſe for writing well, ſo do others for not writing at all.

That *Author* who chiefly endeavours to pleaſe the Taſte of the Age he lives in, rather conſults his private intereſt, than that of his *Writings*. We ought always to have perfection in Proſpect as the chief thing we aim at, and that Point once gain'd, we may reſt aſſured that unbyaſſed *Poſterity* will do us Juſtice, which is often deny'd us by our *Contemporaries*.

'Tis Matter of diſcretion in an Author to be extreamly reſerv'd and modeſt when he ſpeaks of the Work he is upon, for fear he ſhould raiſe the World's Expectation too high: For it is moſt certain, that our Opinion of an extraordinary Promiſe, goes always further than the Performance, and a Man's Reputation cannot be much leſſen'd by ſuch a Diſparity.

The Name of the *Author* ought to be the laſt Thing we enquire into, when we Judge of the Merit of an Ingenious Compoſure, but contrary to this Maxim we generally judge of the *Book* by the *Author*, inſtead of judging of the *Author* by the *Book*.

† Here is a Phyſician writes a Critiſme upon Poetry: another Gentleman of the Faculty writes two Folio's in Heroicks, a third oblig'd the World with a Treatiſe of State Affairs: Their Wit has doubtleſs carry'd 'em out of the way, for Practice

was

was more neceſſary to 'em than applauſe, and he that views 'em by thoſe Lights will call in Queſtion their Skill as Doctors; they ſhou'd be Famous for Phyſick, not for Fables.

As we ſee Women that without the Knowledge of Men do ſometimes bring forth inanimate and formleſs Lumps of Fleſh, but to cauſe a natural and perfect Generation, they are to be husbanded by another kind of Seed, even ſo it is with Wit which if not applied to ſome certain ſtudy that may fix and reſtrain it, runs into a thouſand Extravagancies, and is eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of reſtleſs Imagination.

If every one who hears or reads a good Sentence or maxim would immediately conſider how it does any way touch his own private concern, he would ſoon find, that it was not ſo much a good ſaying, as a ſevere laſh to the Ordinary Beſtiality of his Judgment; but Men receive the Precepts and admonitions of Truth as generally directed to the common ſort and never particularly to themſelves, and inſtead of applying them to their own manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to Memory, without ſuffering themſelves to be at all inſtructed, or converted by them.

We ſay of ſome Compoſitions, that they ſtink of Oil and ſmell of the Lamp, by Reaſon of a certain rough harſhneſs that the laborious handling imprints upon thoſe, where great force has been employed: but beſides this, the ſolicitude of doing well, and a certain ſtriving and contending of a mind too far ſtrain'd, and over-bent upon its undertaking, breaks and hinders it ſelf, like Water that by force of its own preſſing Violence and Abundance cannot find a ready iſſue through the neck of a Bottle, or narrow ſluice. Hu-

Humour, Temper, Education and a thouſand other Circumſtances create ſo great a difference betwixt the ſeveral Palates of Men, and their Judgments upon ingenious Compoſures, that nothing can be more chimerical and fooliſh in an Author than the Ambition of a general Reputation.

As Plants are ſuffocated and drown'd with too much nouriſhment, and Lamps with too much Oyl, ſo is the active part of the underſtanding with too much Study and Matter, which being embaraſs'd and confounded with the Diverſity of things is deprived of the force and power to diſingage it ſelf; and by the Preſſure of this weight, it is bow'd, ſubjected and rendred of no uſe.

* Studious and inquiſitive Men commonly at forty or fifty at the moſt, have fixed and ſettled their judgments in moſt Points, and as it were made their laſt underſtanding, ſuppoſing they have thought, or read, or heard what can be ſaid on all ſides of things, and after that they grow poſitive and impatient of Contradiction, thinking it a diſparagement to them to alter their Judgment.

All Skillful Maſters ought to have a care not to let their Works be ſeen in *Embryo*, for all beginnings are defective, and the imagination is always prejudiced. The remembring to have ſeen a thing imperfect takes from one the Liberty of thinking it pretty when it is finiſh'd.

† This Man writes a Book out of Lucre of ſelling the Copy: That has nothing in his Eye but a flattering Dedication: Neither of them are diſappointed, tho' the Bookſeller is half undone by them.

† If Men of Quality were as able to Judge as they are to reward, it would be an Advantage to their Purſes as well as their Reputations.

Ma-

Many fetch a tedious Compaſs of Words, without ever coming to the Knot of the Buſineſs: They make a Thouſand Turnings and Windings, that tire themſelves and others, without ever arriving at the Point of Importance. That proceeds from the Confuſion of their Underſtanding, which cannot clear it ſelf. They loſe Time and Patience in what ought to be let alone, and then they have no more to beſtow upon what they have omitted.

It is the Knack of Men of Wit to find out Evaſions; With a touch of Gallantry they extricate themſelves out of the greateſt Labyrinth. A graceful ſmile will make them avoid the moſt dangerous Quarrel.

Women, Love, Intrigues, &c.

THe Men and the Women ſeldom agree upon the Eſtimate of the Merit of a *Woman*: their Intereſts are too oppoſite: The *Women* diſpleaſe one another by the ſame Charms that captivate Mens Hearts, and the ſame thing that excites great Paſſions in theſe, raiſes Averſion and Antipathy amongſt the Others.

If *Women* expect their Lovers, they always dreſs to the beſt Advantage, but if they are ſurprized by their Viſits, they preſently forget the irregularity of their dreſs, and mind themſelves no longer. But with Perſons that are indifferent, they have leiſure to reflect on the Diſorder of their *Negligence*, and either dreſs themſelves before them, or diſappear for a Moment, and come in again with all their attire.

† A fine Face is the fineſt of Sights, and the Voice of her one Loves, the ſweeteſt Harmony in the World.

Agreableneſs is arbitrary, but *Beauty* is ſomething more real and independent upon the Palate and Opinion.

Caprice in *Women* is generally an attendant of *Beauty*, to be as it were its Antidote againſt the further Miſchief it might do to the Men.

Women engage themſelves to the *Men* by the Favours they grant them; *Men* on the contrary diſingage themſelves from the *Women* by the Favours they receive.

† A Woman will think her ſelf ſlighted if ſhe is not courted, yet pretends to know her ſelf too well to believe your flattery.

When *Women* ceaſe to love their Gallants, they forget even the Favours they have granted them.

A *Woman* that has but one Gallant thinks her ſelf to be no *Coquet*; She that has ſeveral concludes her ſelf no more than a *Coquet*.

Many a *Woman* prevents being thought a *Coquet* by her Conſtancy to one, that paſſes for a Fool for her ill Choice.

There are few Love Intrigues that are kept Secret; and a great many Ladies are as well known by their *Gallants* as by their *Husbands*.

The difference betwixt an *Amorous* Lady, and a *Coquet*, is, that the firſt is for being Lov'd, and the other only for paſſing for Handſom and Lovely. The one deſigns to engage us, and the other only to pleaſe us: The *Intriguing Woman* paſſes from one Amour to another ſucceſſively; the *Coquet* has ſeveral *Amuſements* at once; Paſſion and Pleaſure are predominant in the firſt, Vanity and

Levity

Levity in the other. *Gallantry* is a Weakneſs of the Heart, or perhaps a defect of Conſtitution: But a *Coquetiſh Humour* is an Irregularity, or Debauchery of the Mind. To conclude, an *Amorous Woman* makes her ſelf to be Fear'd, and a *Coquet* to be Hated. From theſe two Characters we may frame another, the worſt of the three.——

A *Weak Woman* is ſhe whom we tell of her Faults, who reproaches her ſelf with them; whoſe Inclination is in a perpetual Conflict with her Reaſon; who deſires to mend, who ſhall never mend, at leaſt but very late.

A *Woman* is *Inconſtant* when ſhe ceaſes to Love; *Fickle*, when ſhe begins to Love another; *Light*, when ſhe does not know her ſelf whether ſhe Loves or no; *Indifferent*, when ſhe loves nothing.

A great many Ladies take abundance of Pains to conceal their Amours under a great deal of Reſerve and Modeſty, that get no more by their continued Affectations, than to make People ſay at laſt, *Lord! I took her for a Saint.*

The Shyneſs and Reſerve of handſom *Women*, is only a more artificial Paint which they uſe to ſet off their Beauty.

There are *Woman* that love their *Money* better than their *Friends*; and their *Lovers* better than their *Money*.

'Tis ſtrange to find in ſome *Womens* Hearts ſomething more quick and ſtrong than the love of Men; I mean *Ambition*, and the Paſſion of *Gaming*. Such *Women* make Men chaſt, they have nothing of their Sex but the *Petticoat*.

Women run into Extreams, and are generally either better or worſe than *Men*.

There

There is no ſuch thing as *Principles* in *Women*? they conduct themſelves by the Heart, and depend for their Manners, upon thoſe they love.

Women go further in *Love* than *Men*, but *Men* outſtript them in *Friendſhip*.

'Tis the *Men's* fault that *Women* hate one another.

A Man is more reſerved, and ſecret in his Friend's Concern than his own; a *Woman* on the contrary keeps her own Secret better than another's.

There is never ſo ſtrong a *Love* in a young *Lady's* Breaſt, but what may receive ſome Addition either from Ambition or Intereſt.

† Love in its Infancy leſſens every Fault, in its Declenſion, it not only agravates 'em, but multiplies 'em.

How many *Maids* are there in the World that never reaped any other Advantage from a great *Beauty*, than the Expectation of a Rich Huſband?

There is a time when *Maids*, even thoſe that have the moſt conſiderable Fortunes, ought ſeriouſly to think of beſtowing themſelves, leſt their refuſal of the firſt Proffers, be attended with a long and bitter Repentance. The Reputation of their *Riches* does generally decreaſe with that of their *Beauty*, but on the contrary, every thing is favourable to a young *Lady*, and Men are content to heighten all the Advantages that can moſt ſtir up their Paſſion, and make her worthy of their Applications and Deſires.

Handſome *Ladies* do generally Juſtice upon themſelves for the ill Treatments they have done to ſome of their *Lovers*, by marrying either ugly, old, or at leaſt undeſerving *Husbands*.

Moſt

Moſt *Women* judge of the *Merit* and Perſonal *Accompliſhments* of Men, by the Impreſſion they make upon them, and will ſcarce allow any to that Man, whom they can ſee without Concern.

When a Man is at a loſs to know whether Age has made any conſiderable Alteration in his Perſon, he may conſult the Eyes and Tone of the Voice of thoſe young *Women* he accoſts; he will ſoon learn what he is afraid to know; But this is an unpleaſant way of Learning.

A *Woman* that is always caſting her Eyes upon the ſame Man, or that turns them away continually from him, gives us an equal Suſpicion of what ſhe feels.

It is eaſie for a *Woman* to ſay what ſhe does not feel; but it is yet more eaſie for a Man to ſay what he does feel.

It happens ſometimes, that while the *Woman* diſſemble a true Paſſion, the *Man* diſſembles a falſe one.

Chaſtity in moſt *Women* is but the Love of their own Quiet, and a tenderneſs of their Reputation.

† Nothing can provoke a Woman more, than the preferring another before her.

Vanity, *Shame*, and eſpecially a ſuitable Conſtitution are generally the Cauſes of the *Courage* of Men, and the *Virtue* of *Women*.

A *Coquet Humour* is the very Nature and Property of *Women*. And if ſome do not practice it, 'tis becauſe they are reſtrained either by fear or better Senſe.

There can be no ſuch thing as *Rules* in the *Mind* or *Heart* of *Women*, if their Conſtitution be not conſenting.

The

The Affliction of *Women* upon their dead Lovers, proceeds not ſo much from the Love they had for them, as from a Deſire to get others by a ſhew of Tenderneſs and Humanity.

There are few *Honeſt Women* but what are weary of their Trade of being ſo.

The generality of *Honeſt Women* are like hidden Treaſures, which are ſafe only becauſe no body ſeeks after them.

Moſt *Women* yield rather out of *Weakneſs* than *Love*; and this is the Reaſon, that a bold daring Fellow ſooner gains their Favour, than a Faint-hearted, tho' more accompliſh'd Competitor.

† Beauty is a real Merit in a Woman, but there muſt be a prodigious quantity of Virtue to make an ugly Woman ſupportable.

A *Lady*'s firſt Intrigue is ſeldom taken Notice of before ſhe has a ſecond.

There are ſome *Women* that never had an Intrigue, but there is ſcarce any that never had but one.

A *Woman* in *Love* will ſooner forgive a great *Indiſcretion* than a ſmall *Infidelity*.

† Love is like an Excentric Star regular only to its ſelf.

Women are ſeldom acquainted with all their *Coquet Humours*.

† Coyneſs in moſt Women is but Affectation, a virtue of only Decency.

Women are never abſolutely reſerv'd, except where they have an Averſion.

Women can more eaſily conquer their *Paſſion* than their *Coquet Humour*.

Youth without *Beauty* in a *Woman*, ſignifies as little as *Beauty* without *Youth*.

Women often think to be in *Love*, when there is no ſuch thing. The Diverſion of an *Intrigue*, the Commotions that an *Amour* raiſes in their Breaſts, the natural inclination to the pleaſure of being Courted, and the Trouble of Denying, makes them fancy, that what they feel is Paſſion, when in Truth it is nothing but a *Coquet Humour*.

A *Woman*'s Reſentment againſt a Man that brags of her *Favours*, is not ſo much an Argument of her *Vertue*, as an Inclination to be kind to one that could *keep Counſel*.

Women are pleas'd with Courtſhip, and the moſt diſdainful cannot but be Complaiſant to thoſe that tell them they are *Handſom*.

Nothing is ſo unaccountable as the Caprices of *Women*: For it frequently happens, that the firſt Applications of a new Face, gain more upon them than the long Services of a Conſtant Old one.

There is no *Court* but where *Women* have Credit and Intereſts; no *State Intrigues*, but they have a hand in them.

† A *Man* may eaſily impoſe upon a *Woman* by a pretended Paſſion, provided he have no real one for another.

† Love magnifies and approaches all the good Qualities of the Object belov'd, but turns the Tube upon its failings, ſo that they not only ſeem leſs, but at a greater diſtance.

Suppoſe a Man that is indifferent for all *Women*, have a mind to pretend a Paſſion, the Queſtion is, Whether he will ſooner impoſe upon that *Woman* that has a Kindneſs for him, than her that has none?

The

The greateſt Concern of a *Woman* in Love, is not to perſwade her own Paſſion, as to be ſatisfied of that of the Perſon ſhe loves.

Women are cured of their natural *Lazineſs* either by *Vanity* or *Love*.

Lazineſs, on the contrary, in *Women* naturally brisk and airy, is the Forerunner of *Love*.

A Man breaks out into a Paſſion againſt an unfaithful *Miſtreſs*, and then forgets her; a *Woman* on the contrary, makes but little Noiſe at the Infidelity of her *Lover*, but keeps a long while her Reſentments.

* Women are ſeldom Cheated, but they are acceſſary to it: For did they not flatter themſelves, Men could not ſo eaſily Impoſe upon them.

* He that Marries for Riches, is agreeably diſappointed, if he meets with a good Wife: But that unexpected Happineſs is ſeldom his Lot.

† To be often in Love, ſhews *Levity* of Mind, but to be never ſo, *Stupidity*.

" Women are neither thoſe Angels, nor thoſe " Devils we make 'em; for bating *Propagation*, " they differ but little from Men in any thing.

† A Woman is oftner unhappy in the *Perſon* ſhe *chuſes*, than in the *Favour* ſhe *grants*.

† 'Tis a hard matter to prevail with a Woman to own ſhe loves you; but when ſhe has once done it, ſhe has no further Secret to keep from you.

" *Modeſty* in a Woman, ſuppoſes all other *Ver-* " *tues*; *Immodeſty*, all other *Vices*.

" *Women* generally take greater Care of their

" *Reputation* than *Men* of theirs: Why then do we " account 'em the *weaker Sex*?

* Women complain of their Lovers Inconſtancy without Reaſon. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change: Why ſhould Men be debar'd the ſame Privilege?

" An *Amour* without any Diſturbance, is too " like *Marriage*: There muſt be *Quarrels* to make " way for the Pleaſure of Reconcilements: There " muſt be difficulties for the Tranſport of over- " coming them: There muſt be Myſtery not to " divide with any the ſweetneſs of a tender Com- " merce. But now-a-days as Men and Women " manage the Matter, the Spirit of Love is quite " loſt: The Spark ſees the Lady at the Play, writes " her a *Billet-Doux*, makes an Appointment in the " Pit, or near *Roſamond*'s Pound: She meets him " in a Mask; they go to *Philips*'s and from thence " to the *World's-End*, or to a private Lodging " in *Plumb-Tree-Street*, and there's an end of an " *Intrigue*, which in three days becomes Town- " Talk.

† When a Woman has granted that *one Thing*, ſhe afterwards can hardly refuſe *any thing*.

* We don't always love the Woman we think Handſom, tho' we ſeldom love a Woman but we think her Handſom.

* *Love* is the moſt unaccountable of all Paſſions, for it is never ſo violent, but one unexpected Action may turn it to *Hatred*.

* *Jealouſie* in a Husband, generally ripens into *Cuckoldom*.

* Women can't endure a *Jealous Husband*, yet are well enough pleas'd with a *Jealous Lover*.

† Quar-

† Quarrelling Lovers ſhould never take amiſs the bitter Reproaches that can be uſed: For that intemperance of their Speech is a Mark of the greatneſs of their Value for each other.

* A Jealous Husband who finds out his Wife, gets this by the Bargain, That it cures him of his Jealouſie, which is one of the worſt Torments a Man can have; and who would not bear with a ſawcy Companion to get rid of the Devil.

* Women will chuſe to Intrigue with a Man that wants Senſe, rather than with one that wants *Manners* and *Diſcretion.*

* Women are generally undone by their own Sex, more than by ours.

† The weakeſt Judgments have the ſtrongeſt Paſſions.

" Why do you wonder at *Ceſius*'s marrying " *Glyceria*: 'tis true ſhe has improved her *Fortune* " by the *Venture* of her Reputation; but has not " *Ceſius* done the ſame? And is he not as vile a " Wretch, as ſhe a mercenary Jilt? Methinks " they are extreamly well Match'd.

" The predominant Paſſion in a Woman, is the " vanity of being talk'd of: *Ceſonia* is ſo far from " being diſpleas'd to find her Name in the " *Tunbridge* Lampoon, that ſhe diſperſes it her- " ſelf.

† Women would be an uſeful as well as agreeable Amuſement to Mankind, if they did not make ſo deep an Impreſſion.

" Moſt Women are as eager to Marry a *Fool*, as moſt Men to Marry a *Fortune.*

"A Woman is never indifferent as long as ſhe "complains of the Falſhood of her Lover; for if "ſhe did not retain an Affection for the Vow-"breaker, ſhe would not be uneaſy at his Perfidi-"ouſneſs.

"'Tis hard to determine which is more trouble-"ſome to undergo to a Man of Senſe, either the "extream Reſerve and Shyneſs of ſome Women "before they yield; or their Fondneſs after they "have yielded.

† The Reaſon why Women have a greater ſhare in *State Intrigues* in *France*, than they generally have in *England*, is, becauſe *France* is Govern'd by *Men*, and *England* by *Laws*; the former they know how to manage, the latter they are not bred to underſtand.

† *Women* are generally cheated in their firſt Intrigue, as *Men* are commonly bubbled when they firſt enter upon Play.

"To give a true Reaſon of *Conſtancy* and *Incon-"ſtancy*, is more the Buſineſs of an *Anatomiſt*, or "*Naturaliſt*, than of a *Moral Philoſopher*, for they "rather depend upon the Frame of *the Body*, than "the Conſtitution of the *Mind*.

† The beſt Stomachs can eat longeſt of the ſame *Diſh*, for which Reaſon perhaps, *Women* are generally more *Conſtant* than Men.

† What *Women* call *Inconſtancy* in us, is not an Argument of *Levity*, but their inſufficiency to Pleaſe.

† Love is often begun without Deſign, and carried on we know not why.

"There

" There are few Women that would not rather " chooſe to be Divorc'd from their Husbands, than " to loſe their Gallants.

" If Divorce was to be come by without the " trouble of ſuing for an Act of Parliament, " 'twould raiſe the Pleaſures of a Married Life, " and ſink the Delights of Intriguing.

" When a *Shrew* turns complaiſant, 'tis an in- " fallible ſign ſhe Cuckolds her Husband. My " Lord *Toper* would never have ſuſpected his " Wife's Intriguing with *Horatio*, had not ſhe be- " gun to be leſs Imperious and Domineering.

† A Woman's Chaſtity is not to be endur'd where ſhe expects an uncontrolable Authority for it.

" To give the Women their due, few of them " are falſe till their Husbands provoke them " to it.

* 'Tis the moſt unpardonable Sin in the World, to tell a Woman that ſhe's Old, My Lord *A*——— who was a great Courtier, us'd to ſay to his Lady every New year's Day, *Well, Madam, How Old will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to be this Year ?*

* We can't properly call that Man a *Cuckold*, who knows nothing of his being ſo. My Lord *Whiffler*'s Wife is, to outward appearance, a Saint, but at bottom, the moſt inſatiable *Thais* that ever grac'd a Court : Yet my Lord *Whiffler* drinks merrily, Snoars contentedly, and believes her Honeſt. T'other Day he made a Viſit to *Cloridor*, whoſe Wife denies her ſelf no innocent Freedoms, but is as Chaſt as a Veſtal. Lord ! crys my Lord *Whiffler* to himſelf, what an unlucky Wretch is *Cloridor*, to have ſuch a Viper in his Boſom ! and how happy I with my innocent Turtle !

* The Marriage Ceremony is perform'd in moſt Countries by the Prieſts, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of Looſing, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Buſineſs upon their Hands.

As nothing is ſo Honourable as an Ancient Friendſhip, ſo nothing is ſo Scandalous as an old Paſſion. Conſtancy oftentimes brings the Reputation of a Lady's Beauty and Merit in Queſtion; for, who knows whether ſhe reſolv'd to Love but one Perſon, or whether it was her Misfortune to make but one ſingle Conqueſt?

There's a vaſt difference between the Diſguſts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleaſant Inquietuds of a growing Paſſion. In a new Amour, we paſs every Hour of the Day with freſh Satisfaction. 'Tis an unexpreſſible Pleaſure to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Paſſion of an old ſtanding, our time is ſpent very uneaſily, in ſtill loving leſs, or not loving at all.

Either common Civility, or good Manners, or the conſideration of our private Intereſts, may make us live well enough with Perſons that are indifferent to us. But how miſerably do we paſs our Lives either with them whom we love when we find that we are not Belov'd again, or with thoſe we once have Lov'd, when we find we can Love them no longer.

Æmilia is an antiquated Maid; Cenſorious and Deform'd; ſhe has often brib'd Midwives and other Goſſips to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty times given Money to be joyn'd in a Lampoon, with twenty Sparks one after another, to

to try if ſomething would come out. But after all her Intriguing, ſhe could never yet find any one Cully enough to Marry her: Yet ſhe perpetually tells every one ſhe ſees, what advantageous Matches ſhe has refus'd in her time, ſuch a Lord Languiſh'd, and ſuch a Knight ran Mad for her.

" 'Tis Riches or Poverty after all, that makes " either the *Vice* or *Vertue*. A Prince's Miſtreſs " lives in the *Grand Monde*; and has a ſplendid " Equipage; is admitted to the Circle, and keeps " her Viſiting-day, where the moſt reſerv'd and " Vertuous, diſdain not to reſort. Whereas, a poor Jilt is ſhun'd by all her Sex, and is fain to cringe to a Scoundrel Drawer at the *Roſe*, to be introduc'd to a drunken Culley.

We were going to the Government of the Young Marchioneſs *Æmilia*'s Husband, where ſhe was expected, and great Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception; and the old Marchioneſs *Sophia* a Widow of Fifty, Travelling as her Companion, had her ſhare of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the firſt City where we arriv'd, as ſoon as we had alighted out of the Coach, *Æmilia* was invited to a very pleaſant Walk, and a Collation without the Town; and it being Summer-time, ſhe embrac'd the Motion: But *Sophia* taking an Air of Authority upon her, ſaid, *It would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there.* *Æmilia* told her, She might go thither if ſhe pleas'd, while ſhe took a walk. This Anſwer cruelly nettled the Widow, but ſhe diſſembled the Matter as well as ſhe could, and taking the next way to the Church, ſhe

ſhe deſir'd me to bear her Company thither. Although this fit of devotion ſeem'd ſomewhat unſeaſonable to me, yet good Manners would not ſuffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at *Æmilia*; ſhe told a hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay, ſhe did not forbear to Cenſure even her Conduct. This Language continued till ſhe came into the Church Porch. I admir'd with my ſelf, how it was poſſible for ſo Zealous a *Sermon-Hunter* to be ſo damnably Cenſorious.

All the while ſhe was at Church, ſhe made up her Mouth as demurely as the beſt of the Congregation: As ſoon as it was over, ſhe reaſſumed the old Argument, and rail'd on as faſt as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, till we came to the Young Marchioneſs, whom we found walking in the Garden. I had there an opportunity to Diſcourſe the Young Lady in Private, and to ſatisfie my ſelf whether there had been any former Quarrel between them, turn'd the Converſation upon *Sophia*, of whom ſhe ſpoke in very obliging Terms, and did not ſay the leaſt Syllable of her that was diſreſpectful. I then made no difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, who was perpetually diſgorging broken ends of Sermons, and pelting every Body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, but was nothing near ſo Vertuous at bottom, as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to her ſelf; and I made a thouſand Obſervations during this ſhort Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The

The Young Marchioneſs ſpent but half an Hour at her *Toilette*, and always got ready one of the firſt for her Journey; the old Lady ſpent no leſs than three Hours in Tricking her ſelf, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her. Our Religious Dame, for all her pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to Patch and Paint; *Æmilia* content with her Face ſuch as Heav'n made it, ſcorn'd to have recourſe to ſuch Artifices.

Sophia muſt always have her Jellies and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her before ſhe would venture her Carkas out of Bed; *Æmilia* never thought of Eating, till the very moment before ſhe went into her Coach.

The Young Lady was always in good Humour, ſpoke well of every Body, was ſatisfied with every thing, and carefully avoided all the Compliments and Honours that were done her, in a Country where ſhe was Miſtreſs. The old Widow, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every occaſion to receive them, but was always complaining, that ſhe had not Reſpect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her; the Dinner pleaſed her; the Servants were always Sawcy, or Negligent, the Bills Unreaſonable; the Coachman either drove too faſt, or too ſlow: Still ſhe found one Opportunity or another, to vent her Pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but ſtill ſhe found ſomething to blame in their Conduct. Then ſhe was the moſt imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In ſhort, ſhe was eternally Railing, Cenſuring, and Back-biting; but ſtill ſhe did it with a Godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Teſtament.

Now,

Now, if any one ſhould ask me the Queſtion, which of theſe two I thought to have the moſt Religion, I ſhould immediately declare my ſelf in Favour of the *Young Marchioneſs*; and yet to ſee how Impartially the World Judges of Perſons, the young Lady paſſes by common Conſent, for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is univerſally taken for a Saint.

Thus we ſee how eaſily the World is impos'd upon by a fair outſide, and Glittering Appearances. 'Tis true, your Perſons of Senſe ſee through thoſe thin Diſguiſes, and are ſenſible of the Cheat, but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thouſand Fools, that always aſſiſt to deceive themſelves.

* In *Pegu* and ſome other Regions, the King and thoſe of the greateſt Quality lie not the firſt Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themſelves the Trouble. With all due Reſpect be it ſpoken; I humbly Conceive, that one half at leaſt of the Married Men in this Kingdom, if they would ſpeak their Minds freely, muſt do their Wives this Juſtice, as to own that they ſav'd them this Porter's Drudgery, as King *Charles* II. rightly call'd it.

* Your unmannerly Folks in the Country ſtare at a Cuckold as much as here we do at a King's Evidence, juſt after a new Plot; yet *London*'s a Civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy; for 'tis the rarity that makes the Monſter. 'Tis only the Married Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly ſpeaking, are the Monſters here: As in *Guinea*, 'tis not thoſe that have huge Lips and flat

No-

Noſes, but thoſe that have them otherwiſe are really the Deform'd.

* *Bad Wine* and *ugly Women*, are better Arguments for *Sobriety* and *Continence*, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford.

" *Burlus* is one of Fortune's Favourites, and rolls " in *Plenty* in the times of greateſt *Scarcity*. If " the Senate give our Emperors Subſidies for the " Subſiſtence of the Legions, who but *Burlus* has the " fingering of the Money? And who knows better " than he how to fill his Coffers by the Spoil of " Fifty Thouſand Men? Now, what ſhall *Burlus* " do with his great Heaps of Gold and Silver? " Let him alone: The beſt Architects are building " him a Sumptuous Palace, and his Gardens will " ſhortly come in Competition with thoſe of " *Tybur*. The moſt Famous *Carvers* exert their " Skill to Adorn his Palace; and the moſt Cele- " brated *Painters* are Buſie about his *Ceilings*, " *Stare-caſes* and *Viſta*'s. Well, is not this ſuffi- " cient to content *Burlus*'s Vanity? No, —— He " muſt purchaſe the brighteſt Beauty in all the " Empire at the rate of Three Thouſand Pounds " a Year for Pin-Money; Pray, for what Uſe? " Why, for the ſame uſe he buys fine Pictures and " Statues, *to gratifie his ſight.*

" *Melania* goes to *Tunbridge*, and is no ſooner " got to the Walks, but all the *Beau-Monde* flocks " about her; the Muſick ſtrikes the Tune ſhe " likes beſt; *Leveridge* or *Lindſey* is at Hand to " entertain her with a Song; if ſhe Raffles, all the " *Beaux* are forward to put in, and will cheer- " fully looſe twenty Stakes, to have the opportu- " nity of preſenting her with a Toy. In ſhort,

" every

" every Body ſtrives to pleaſe *Melania*; and all " other Beauties are neglected upon her Account; " Yet *Melania* is preſently tir'd with *Tunbridge*, and " muſt needs poſt it to the *Bath* in a Coach and " Six. Here ſhe receives the ſame Reſpects that " were paid her at *Tunbridge*, and the Diverſions " of the Place *redouble upon her Arrival.* But " *Melania* grows weary of the *Bath*, and will go to " *London.* Pray, what's the Reaſon of this uneaſie " Humour? Why, her Husband follows her where- " ever ſhe goes.

I cannot underſtand how an Old Husband who gives himſelf up to his ill Humour and Temper, who conceals none of his ill Qualities, but on the contrary expoſes them all; is Covetous, Slovenly, Surly, Rude, Neglectful and Sullen: I cannot conceive, I ſay, how ſuch a Man can hope to defend the Heart of a Young Wife from the Attempts of a Gallant, who uſes Dreſſing, Magnificence, Complaiſance, Care, Aſſiduity, Preſents and Flattery, to win her.

Devotion comes upon ſome People, but eſpecially the Women, either as a Paſſion, or as one of the Infirmities of Age, or as a Faſhion, which they are oblig'd to follow. The Ladies reckon the Week by the Employments of the ſeveral Days; They have their Viſiting-days, their days of Gaming, of going to the Play, the *Indian* Houſe, and to Church. On *Mondays* they throw away their Money at *Iſmena*'s; on *Tueſdays* their time at *Climene*'s; on *Wedneſdays* their Reputation at *Celimene*'s, and ſo forth. They know over Night what is to be done the next Morning, and enjoy at once the preſent Pleaſure, and the future.

They

They only wiſh, that 'twere but poſſible to unite 'em both in one Day. For nothing troubles 'em, nothing grieves 'em, but that when they are at *Drury-Lane-Houſe*, they cannot be the ſame Moment at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

* Your briſk Fool that can make a Leg, is ever a fine Gentleman among the Ladies, becauſe he's juſt of their Talent, and they underſtand him better than a Wit.

'Tis too much for a Man to have a Wife, both a *Coquet* and a *Bigot*; one of theſe Qualities at once is enough in Conſcience.

* There's no ſuch way of publiſhing or proclaiming any thing, as by enjoyning a Woman under the Seal of Confeſſion to keep it Secret. They that are curious to *know* forbidden Secrets, are as frank of telling them again, and of enlarging them: So that whoever ſhews me a very inquiſitive Body, I'll ſhew him a blab, and one that ſhall make a Privacy as Publick as a Proclamation.

* Women are without diſpute, the beſt of *Spies*, and the moſt proper Inſtruments for Diſcovery and Intelligence, eſpecially if they be Women of Addreſs, Wit, and Beauty; for the very Sex has certain Privileges upon the Point of a Cavalier Gallantry and good Breeding, to cover them from the ſtrictneſs of Search and Examination, that other Agents are commonly Subject to. So that upon the whole, it may be ſaid, That the Women at the ſame time are both fit and unfit to be Truſted.

† A real Paſſion for any Woman ſhall make a Man more accompliſh'd in one Months time than an Academy ſhall do in ten Years.

* An

* An Extravagant Love conſults neither Life, Fortune, nor Reputation, but ſacrifices all that can be dear to a Man of Senſe and Honour, to the Tranſports of an Inconſiderate Paſſion. There's nothing ſo Fierce or ſo Savage, but it will ſoften it; nothing ſo generous, but it will Debauch it; nothing ſo ſharp-ſighted in other Matters, but it throws a Miſt before the Eyes on't: It puts the Philoſopher beſides his *Latin*; and to ſum up all in a little, where this Paſſion Domineers, neither Honour nor Vertue is able to ſtand before it.

* There are ſome generous Lovers, who are more Jealous and Spited to ſee their Rivals gain the Inclinations of their Miſtreſs, than the Poſſeſſion, and had rather they ſhould have her Body, than her Heart.

* There's no ſuch Bawd to a Woman as her own Wit.

Poſſeſſion is ſo dangerous to Lovers, that more of them die of Surfeits, than of Faſting.

* Natural Impulſes and Inſtincts, are no more to be reaſon'd upon, than they are to be reſiſted.

A *Coquet* is one that is never to be perſwaded out of her Inclination, for appearing always agreeable, nor out of good Opinion ſhe has of her own Charms. Time and Years ſhe regards as things that wrinkle and decay other Women; and forgets that Age is writ in the Face, and that the ſame Dreſs which became her at Eighteen, does but make her look the older at Forty. Affectation attends her even in Sickneſs and Pain; ſhe dies in a High-Head and Colour'd Ribbands.

" What

"What a Cruel Mortification it is to a Wo-
"man, that goes to Church only to be taken
"Notice of, not to get an Admirer in Ten or
"Eleven Years Devotion, Who has heard more
"Sermons than *Lyce*? Who has been oftner at
"Prayers than *Lyce*? And yet *Lyce* is ſtill Un-
"married.

An *Old Gallant* is of ſo little Conſideration, that he muſt give way to a *New Husband*: And a *Husband* is of ſo ſhort a duration, that a *New Gallant* juſtles him out of Place.

An Old Gallant often wants nothing but the name to be a very Husband. He is oblig'd to that Circumſtance, or elſe he would have been Diſcarded a thouſand times.

Women that are paſt their Prime, ſeem Naturally to be the Refuge of Younger Brothers; tho' for my part, I can't tell whoſe Misfortune is moſt to be lamented, that of an antiquated Lady, who ſtands in need of a Spark, or that of a Spark, who ſtands in need of an Old Woman?

"The Gentlemen may thank their Indiſcretion
"for not ſucceeding with ſome Ladies. Is it
"out of Devotion that *Lelia* Intrigues with her
"Chaplain? or is it out of Love that *Carilla* In-
"trigues with her Coachman? No, —— the firſt
"would grant Favours to *Brullo*, the other to
"*Athys*, but that they fear to expoſe their Re-
"putation.

* *Keeping* is the greateſt Soleciſm a Man of Pleaſure can commit. If the Spark is true to his Miſtreſs it has all the *Phlegm*, and if he is fond of her, all the *Expence* of Matrimony.

* We ought to think of *Women* as we do of *Books*, the fineſt of both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the fond Coxcomb, and the Courteous Reader for it, who ſee more in them than they deſerve.

* The Curioſity of a Woman Damn'd us all: 'Tis but juſt therefore it ſhould be inſeparable from the Sex, as an Hereditary puniſhment of the firſt Tranſgreſſion.

* The Cauſe of *Inconſtancy* in Common-Love, is the Body, which undergoing a perpetual *Change*, 'tis impoſſible it ſhould retain any thing long which has the leaſt dependance upon it. But the Soul that is ſtill the ſame, muſt ſtill perſevere in the Affection it has once made choice of.

* A *Pretty Woman* railing at *Love*, is like an *Uſurer* railing at *Extortion*.

* A Woman ſeldom thinks her ſelf too old to make a *Conqueſt*.

† Women are naturally more Covetous than Men, and in Matters of Gallantry are often Extravagant, but almoſt never generous.

* *Abſence* is to *Love*, what *Faſting* is to the *Body*: A little may make it more active and brisk, but a long *Abſtinence* will deſtroy *Nature*. So ſhort *Separations*, and ſeldom, may render Love more lively and vigorous, but long and frequent, muſt bring a *Conſumption* upon it.

* The *Women* would fain lay the Faults of their Conduct at the Men's doors: They tell us, They would

would not *Sin*, if we did not tempt 'em; we Anſwer, We ſhould not tempt 'em, if they did not invite us.

* *Love*, like Fortune, is not only Blind it ſelf, but it makes all blind that it Favours.

† If there is a Folly in being in Love, there needs no other Puniſhment than the very Paſſion it ſelf.

" As ſome Women loſe their Reputation rather " for want of *Diſcretion*, than for want of " *Virtue*, ſo others preſerve theirs by their *Diſcre-* " *tion* only.

* To do the *Women* right, we muſt confeſs, that there are *Qualifications* which are indiſpenſably neceſſary to a Gentleman, or any Man that would appear to advantage in the World, which are attainable only by Company and Converſation, and chiefly by that of Ladies; of this number are *Complaiſance*, *Good Humor*, *Invention and Addreſs*, or the *Art of Inſinuation*. 'Tis true, a Man may be an Honeſt and Underſtanding Man without any of theſe Qualities; but he can hardly be a *Polite*, a *Well-breed* and *agreeable* taking Man, without all, or moſt of theſe. Without 'em *Honeſty*, *Courage* and *Wit*, are like rough Diamonds, or *Gold* in the *Ore*, they have their intrinſick Value and Worth before, but they are doubtful and obſcure, till they are Poliſh'd, refin'd, and receive Luſtere and Eſteem from theſe.

* Men are leſs Conſtant in their Affections, than *Women*: For *Beauty* only being generally the Object of their Paſſion, the Effect muſt neceſſarily be as Fading as the Cauſe: Their Love be-

ing therefore only the reſult of Wonder and Surprize, is abated by Familiarity, and decays, as they wear off, by degrees. Beſides that, a Love ſo founded, is liable to be raviſh'd by any ſuperior Beauty: Or if not ſo, yet the Novelty of the former once worn off, the new Comer has the aſſiſtance of Fancy (the Slave of Novelty) to gain the Superiority. This is the Cauſe, why ſo few real and laſting Paſſions are found amongſt Men. For Charms depending upon and owing their Power to *Fancy*, can maintain no Conqueſts any longer than that is on their ſide. In this *Women* are leſs faulty than Men; for not uſually fixing their Affections on ſo mutable a thing as the Beauty of a *Face*, which a thouſand Accidents may deſtroy, but on *Wit*, *Good Humour*, and other Graces of the *Mind*, as well as of the Body: Their Love is more durable and conſtant in proportion to the longer continuance of thoſe Qualities in the Object. Neither indeed have they the Means, or Temptation, to be Fickle and Inconſtant, ſo ready as Men have; for Modeſty and the Rules of Decency obſerv'd amongſt 'em, not permitting to them the Liberty of declaring their Sentiments to thoſe they Love, as Men may: They dare not indulge a wanton Fancy, or a rambling Inclination, without breaking through all reſtraint of Decorum, at the expence of their Fame and Reputation, which few are ſo daring as to venture.

A BEAU.

* A *Beau* is a Creature who under the appearance of a *Man*, has all the *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Levity* of a *Woman*; he has more Learning in his Heels than his Head, which is better *cover'd* than *fill'd*; nay, he knows not what a Man's Head is good for, but to hang his Hat or his Perriwig on; and if it were put to his Choice, he would as ſoon loſe that, as any other Part about him: He thinks the chief end of Man is to *Dreſs well*, and that Death it ſelf is not ſo ghaſtly as a *Diſhabillé*; His Valet, his Taylor, his Barber, and his Sempſtreſs, are his Cabinet Council, to whom he is more beholden for what he is, than to his Maker. Sir *John Foppington*, to give our *Beau* his Title, is one that has Travell'd to ſee Faſhions, and brought over with him the niceſt cut Suit, and the prettieſt Fancied Ribbands for Sword-Knots. His beſt Acquaintance at *Paris*, were *Pecour* and *Balon*, and his chief Viſits to the *Opera*'s. He has ſeen the *French* King once, and knows the Names of his chief Miniſters, and is by this, ſufficiently convinc'd, that there are no Politicians in any other part of the World. His Improvements are a nice skill in the Mode, and a high contempt of his own Country and of Senſe. All the Knowledge he has of *France*, or Manners of it, conſiſts in an imperfect Idea of *Verſailles*, St. *Cloud*, *Fountainbleau*, St. *Germains*, and the *Louvre*; and in the keeping of the Valet that follow'd him hither: And all that he retains of the Language, is a few modiſh lewd Words to lard his Diſcourſe with, and ſhew he has convers'd

with the *French Pettis Maitres*, and the Names of his Garniture. He ſhould be a Philoſopher, for he ſtudies nothing but himſelf, yet every one knows him better that thinks him not worth Knowing. His Looks and Geſtures are his conſtant Leſſon, and his Glaſs is the *Oracle* that reſolves all his mighty Doubts and Scruples. As ſoon as he is out of his Bed in a Morning, he runs to this *Oracle*, and pays his firſt Devotions to the dear figure of himſelf; plays the *Narciſſus* with his own Shadow, and makes his Court with a thouſand Grimaces to his pretty ſelf. Afterwards, he licks his Lips, paints his Cheeks, and ſtrives to outdo *Kneller*, or *Murrey*, in counterfeiting the lovely Eye-brow. He is two long Hours in tying his Garters, *Careening* his Wig, tiffing the Curls, tying and untying his Cravat, and yet after all this Forenoon's Speculation, he is not ſatisfied till he has conſulted his flattering Valet. How Comical it is to ſee this Fop ſtrutting up and down his Chamber, Surveying himſelf from Head to Foot, firſt turning one Shoulder, then t'other; now looking fore-right in the Glaſs, then ſideways, and in ſhort, imitating all the different Attitudes and Poſtures of a Painters block. When his Eyes are ſet to a Languiſhing Air, his Motions all prepar'd according to Art, his Wig and his Coat abundantly Powder'd, his Handkerchief Perfum'd, and all the reſt of his *Beauetry* rightly adjuſted, the greateſt part of the Day, as well as the Buſineſs of it at home, is over; 'tis time to launch, and down he comes, ſcented like a Perfumer's Shop, and looks like a Veſſel with all her Rigging without Balaſt. A Chair is brought within the Door, for he apprehends every breath of Air as much as if it were a Hurrican. His firſt Viſit is to a Favourite Seam-

Seamſtreſs, who takes care of his Linnen, and manages his Intrigues: With her he enters into a profound Chat about the neweſt Faſhion for Cravats, what colour'd Ribband is moſt proper for that Seaſon, how deep Men wear their Ruffles, *&c.* In the midſt of this grave Diſcourſe, he makes a Parentheſis, by peeping in the Glaſs that hangs in the Shop, finding fault with the confounded Barber, or Taylor, on purpoſe to draw Mrs. Stich's Eyes towards his charming ſelf, and here begins the rehearſal of his Morning's Chamber Exerciſe. He picks a Quarrel with his Cravat, that he may engage pretty Miſs to tie it a-new for him; and ſo has an Opportunity to ſay ſome fine things to her, and to Practice the Genteel Beau. His next Stage is *White's* Chocolate Houſe, where after a quarter of an Hour's Compliment to himſelf in the great Glaſs, he faces about and Salutes the Company: When he has made his Cringes round, and play'd over all his Tricks, out comes the fine Snuſh-Box, and his Noſe is regal'd a while; After this, he begins to open, and ſtarts ſome learned Argument about the neweſt Faſhion, and hence takes Occaſion to commend Sir *Awkward Spruce's* Fancy in his Cloaths; This Uſhers in a Diſcourſe of the Appearance the Night before at the *Apartments*, and ſo a Criticiſm upon this Lord or that Lady's Habit. From hence he is carried to the *Blue-Poſts*, where his Vanity not his Stomach, is to be gratified with ſomething that is *little* and *dear*; *Quails* and *Ortolans*, are the meaneſt of his Diet, and a ſpoonful of *Green-Peaſe* at *Chriſtmas*, is worth to him more than the Inheritance of the Field where they grow in *Summer*. Every thing falls in his *Eſteem*, as it falls in *Price*, and he would not ſo much as taſte of the *Wine*, if the

hard Name and the high Rate did no give it a Reliſh. After a Glaſs or two, (for he dares not come up to a Pint) he begins to talk of his Intrigues, pretends at leaſt a particular Acquaintance with all the Ladies that make up the *French* Fleet, boaſts much of the Favours he has receiv'd, ſhews counterfeit Tokens and Letters, and in concluſion, ſlanders ſome Counteſs or other of unqueſtion'd Virtue, with an extream Fondeſs for him. His Amours are all profound Secrets, yet he makes a Confidence of 'em to every Man he meets with. He profeſſes a great Reverence for the Ladies, and a mighty tenderneſs for their Reputations, yet he is like a *Fleſh-fly*, whatever he blows on, is tainted. He talks of nothing under Quality, tho' he never obtain'd a Favour which his Man might not have for half a Crown. He and his Valet in this caſe are like *Engliſh* and *Dutch* at an Ordinary in *Holland*, the Fare is the ſame, but the Price is vaſtly different. Thus the Show goes forward, till he is beaten for Treſpaſſes he was never Guilty of. From the *Blue-Poſts* Sir *John* adjourns, either to *Tom*'s, to learn ſome piece of News, or to *Will*'s, to gather ſome Fragments of Wit, and to hear the Sentiments of the Criticks about the laſt new Play, that he may give an account of it to my Lady *Tattle*. By Six of the Clock he goes to the Play-Houſe, and takes his Poſt in the Side box, from whence he makes his Court to all the Ladies in general with his Eyes, and in particular only with Madam *Betty Hopkins* the Orange-Wench After a while, he engages ſome Neighbouring Vizor, and together they run over all the Boxes, take to pieces every Face, examine every Feature, paſs their Cenſure upon every

ry one, and ſo on to their *Dreſs*. Here he very judiciouſly gives his Opinion upon every particular, and determines whoſe Colours are well choſen, whoſe Fancy is neateſt, and whoſe Cloaths ſet with moſt Air; but in concluſion, ſees no Body Compleat but himſelf, in the whole Houſe. After this, he looks down with Contempt upon the Pit, and Rallies all the ſlovenly Fellows and Aukward Beaux, (as he calls) of t'other end of the Town, and is mightily offended at their ill-ſcented Snuff. To cloſe all, the Lady in the Mask muſt give him an Account of the Scandal of the Town; which ſhe does, in the Hiſtory of abundance of Intrigues, real, or feign'd: at which he Laughs aloud and often, not to ſhew his Satisfaction, but his Teeth. She ſhews him who is kept by ſuch a Lord, who was lately disbanded by ſuch a Knight, for granting Favours too indiſcreetly to ſuch a Gentleman, who has lately been in the Country for two or three Months, upon extraordinary Occaſions. —— To all which, he gives great Attention, that he may paſs for a Man of good Intelligence in another Place. The Play being done, Sir *John* can do no leſs than to carry his Damſel to *Philip*'s, and from thence to Supper at *Locket*'s; and here, O Misfortune! he treſpaſſes upon his ſtint, and drinks a Pint to his ſhare, that proves the fatal Cauſe of a Pimple, which the next Morning appears in his Face: Frighted by this extraordinary Symptom, he ſends immediately for three of the moſt famous Phyſicians, who having held a Learned Conſult upon the Matter, gravely conclude, that Sir *John* has a Pimple, and that his Blood is upon the Ferment —— Then enquiring into the cauſe of this Diſorder, they find it to be Sir *John*'s Drinking

two

two Glaſſes more than uſual; *Damn it*, crys he, *to drink a whole Pint at a Sitting! 'tis well 'tis no worſe —— well, I may thank my ſelf for it —— Hell and Furies, how it encreaſes!* The Doctors comfort him up, preſcribe him Gallons of Juleps and a ſpare Diet, and having receiv'd their Fees, make a Scrape, and leave Sir *John* confin'd to his Chamber, till his Pimple has diſappeared. This Diſaſter was ſcarce well over, when another befell our unfortunate *Beau*; One Day he put on a Milk white Suit, deſigning to ſhew himſelf in it that Evening in the Park; and to do Sir *John* Juſtice, he never exerted the Rightneſs of his Imagination ſo much as he did upon the Trimming of it: But coming out of the Chocolate-Houſe, a Sawcy impudent Chimney-ſweeper daub'd his Coat, —— and poor Sir *John* immediately went home and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a Deſpairing Sinner. *Come, Knight*, ſaid one of his Friends that happen'd to Viſit him, *there's no harm I hope, prithee take Courage and get up.* Good Heavens, my Coat! cry'd he, *Why there's no danger, but it will recover and do well.* — Oh! that confounded Chimney-ſweeper! *Providence ſent him to Viſit you for your Sins, Sir* John. But what ill have I done, to draw ſuch a Judgment upon me? I never committed Murder or Sacrilege in my Life, — Why then ſhould? — So he ran on for above ſix Hours; all this while his Friend endeavour'd to ſoften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconſtancy of Human Affairs: But 'twas all in vain, he could not be perſwaded to Live, till the Scowrer had taken his Oath before a Juſtice of Peace that the Coat was not a Farthing the worſe; nay, this was not enough: The Taylor was ſent for to confirm the Scowrer's

De-

Deſpoſition; and the Woman of the Houſe who ſaw him put it on in the Morning, ſwore likewiſe, *As ſhe hop'd to be Sav'd*, that it was not in the leaſt Injur'd, which reſtor'd Sir *John* to his former Tranquility, to the great Satisfaction of all about him.

* *Beaux* can no more commend a *Woman's Wit*, than a *Man's Perſon*; and compliment a Lady's Beauty, only to ſhew their own good Breeding and Parts. Theſe ſuperficial Gentlemen wear their Underſtandings like their Cloaths, always ſet and formal, and would no more *Talk* than *Dreſs* out of Faſhion.

* Moſt Men in their *News*, are like *Beaux* in their Diet, the worſt is welcom whilſt 'tis freſh and ſcarce, and the beſt is not worth a Farthing when it has been blown upon; and commonly they fare like *Beaux*, are fond of it whilſt 'tis young and Inſipid, and neglect it when 'tis grown up to its full and true Reliſh.

A Country 'Squire.

A *Country 'Squire* is one whoſe Anceſtors have been Wiſe and Provident, and rais'd an Eſtate by their Ingenuity and Induſtry, and given their Poſterity after 'em Means and Leiſure to be Fools. He is generally ſent to School in his Minority, and having made the uſual *Tour* of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, at Sixteen or Seventeen Years

of

of Age, he is call'd home to be made a Gentleman; as ſoon as he has ſhaken off the Awe of the Birch, and begins to feel himſelf at Liberty, he conſiders that he is now Learned enough, (and commonly his Friends are wiſe enough to be of his Opinion) and thinks it high time to ſhake off the barbarous Acquaintance he contracted with thoſe crabbed, vexations, obſcure Fellows, that gave him ſo much trouble and ſmart at School. He has ſuch a Fear of Pedantry always before his Eyes, that he accounts it a Scandal to his Gentility to talk Senſe, and write true *Engliſh*; and has ſuch a contemptible Notion of his paſt Education, that he thinks the *Roman* Poets good for nothing but for Boys to Cap Verſes. Theſe Prudent Sentiments being fix'd in his Mind, his Converſation for ſome Years ſucceeding, is wholly taken up by his Horſes, Dogs and Hawks, and the more ſenſeleſs Animals that tend 'em. His Groom, his Huntſman, and his Falconer, are his Tutors, and his walk is from the Stable to the Dog-kennel, and the Reverſe of it. His Diverſion is Drudgery, and his higheſt Satisfaction is when he is moſt Tir'd. He wearies you in the Morning with his Sport, in the Afternoon with the Noiſe, Repetition, and Drink, and the whole Day with Fatigue and Confuſion. His Entertainment is ſtale Beer, and the Hiſtory of his Dogs and Horſes, in which he gives you the Pedigree of every one, with all the exactneſs of a *Welch*-Herauld. And if you be very much in his good Graces, 'tis odds but he makes you the Complement of a Puppy of one of his Favourite Bitches, which you muſt take with abundance of Acknowledgments of his Civility, or elſe he takes you for a ſtupid ill-bred Fellow. He is very conſtant at all Clubs and Meetings of the

Coun-

Country Gentlemen, where he will ſuffer nothing to be talk'd or heard of, but his Jades, Currs, and Kites, and is leaſt Impertinent when moſt Drunk. His grand Buſineſs is to make an Aſſignation for a Horſe-Race, or a Hunting-Match; and nothing diſcompoſes him ſo much as a Diſappointment in either. He is the Terror of all the Deer and Poultry Stealers in the Neighbourhood, and is ſo implacable a Perſecutor of Poachers, that he keeps a Regiſter of all the Dogs and Guns in the Hundred. Short Pots and unjuſtifiable Dogs and Nets, furniſh him with ſufficient Matter of Preſentments, to carry him once a Quarter to the Seſſions, where he ſays little, Eats and Drinks much, and after Dinner, Hunts over the laſt Chaſe, and ſo Rides Worſhipfully Drunk home again. If he happen to live near any little Borough or Corporation, that ſends Burgeſſes to Parliament, he may become Ambitious, and ſue for the Honour of being made their Repreſentative. Henceforward he grows Popular, Bows to and Treats the Mobb all round him; and whether there be any in his Diſcourſe, there is good Senſe in his Kitchin and his Cellar, which is more agreeable and edifying If he be ſo happy as to out-top his Competior, and drink his Neighbours into an Opinion of his Sobriety, he is choſen, and up he comes to that Honourable Aſſembly, where he ſhews his *Wiſdom beſt* by his *Silence*, and ſerves his Country *moſt* in his *Abſence*.

Ad-

Advice, Counſel.

WE are ſometimes the better for Advice given, but are always ſhockt at the Perſon that gives it.

To retract or mend a Fault at the Admonition of a Friend, hurts your Credit or Liberty no more, than if you had grown Wiſer upon your own Thought. For 'tis ſtill your own Judgment and Temper, which makes you ſee your Miſtake, and willing to retrieve it.

Men give nothing ſo liberally as Counſel.

Nothing in the World is ſo unſincere, as the asking and receiving of *Advice*. He that asks it, ſeems to yield a reſpectful deference to the Opinion of his *Friend*, and all the while only deſigns to have his own approv'd, and ſhelter his own *Actions* under the *Authority* of another: On the other ſide, he that gives it, returns, as one would think, the Confidence of others with an ardent and impartial *Zeal*, and yet has generally no other aim, but his own *Honour* or *Intereſt*.

There goes as much Wiſdom and Ability in the improveing of a Friend's *Advice*, as in the adviſing and conducting one's ſelf.

'Tis no difficult matter to give good *Advice*, but 'tis a hard one to make a Man improve it.

It is harder to keep one's ſelf from being Managed, than to manage and govern others.

There is need of as much Diſcretion to give *Advice*, as *Compliance* to follow it: Nothing is ſo dreadful as a Friend that takes the advantage of his own Experience; that propoſes all his Counſels

as

as Laws, and with the Air of a Maſter that takes from us the Privilege of Examining what he ſays, and would force the Mind by *Authority*, rather than win it by *Diſcourſe*.

Yet a great *Weakneſs* in receiving *Advice*, is no leſs blameable, than a great *Roughneſs* in giving it: It is our Intereſt to ſurmount the one, and to ſweeten the other.

It is not proper always to reject evil *Counſels*, for fear of diſheartning thoſe that are capable of adminiſtring good ones.

* Some People are not to be dealt withal, but by a Train of Miſtery and Circumlocution; a *downright Admonition*, looks liker the *Reproach* of an *Enemy*, than the *Advice* of a *Friend*, or at beſt, it is but the good Office of a Man that has an ill Opinion of us; and we do not naturally love to be told of our Faults by the Witneſſes of our Failings.

* 'Tis eaſie to give *Counſel* to another, which in the ſame Circumſtances we are far from practiſing our ſelves; then we can be full of *Wiſdom* and grave *Morals*; but when it comes home, all our *Philoſophy* vaniſhes; there remains nothing to be ſeen, but a meer *ſenſitive* Animal, without *Virtue* or *Patience*.

Ad-

Admiration.

WE love all thoſe that *Admire* us, but very few of thoſe we *Admire.*

Admiration betrays a narrow Wit; and your great *Admirers* are for the moſt part ſilly People.

K. N.

* Exceſſive *Commendations* of any Art, or Science whatſoever, as alſo of the Learning of any particular Men or Nations, only prove, that the Perſons who give ſuch Characters, never heard of any Thing or Perſon, that was more excellent in that way; and therefore *Admiration* may be as well ſuppoſed to proceed from their own Ignorance, as from the real Excellency of the Perſons or Things, unleſs their reſpective Abilities are otherwiſe known.

Ambition.

WHen great Men ſuffer themſelves to be caſt down by the weight of their Misfortunes, it plainly diſcovers, it was not the greatneſs of their *Soul*, but of their *Ambition*, that kept up their Spirits ſo long, and that *Vanity* and *Pride*, excepted, an Hero is much like another Man.

An *Ambitious* Man does not appear to be ſo in the leaſt, when he meets with an impoſſibility of gaining his Ends.

Generoſity is very often a diſguis'd *Ambition*, that ſlights mean *Intereſts*, only to purſue greater.

Mo-

Moderation can never have the Honour of contending with *Ambition*, and ſubduing it, becauſe they never meet together: *Moderation* is the weakneſs and ſloth of the Soul, whereas *Ambition* is the Ardour and Activity of it.

Ambitious Men abuſe themſelves when they pretend to limit their *Ambition*; for their very Ends when they are gain'd, are but converted into means, ſubſervient to farther Purſuits.

It ſeldom happens that a Man may ſay, *I have been Ambitious*; for he that is once ſo, is ſo always.

The purſuits of *Ambition*, though not ſo general, yet are as endleſs as thoſe of Riches, and as extravagant too, ſince none ever yet thought he had Power or Empire enough: For what Prince ſoever ſeems to be ſo great, as to Live and Reign without any further Deſires or Fears, falls into the Life of a *Private* Man, and enjoys but thoſe Pleaſures and Entertainments, which a great many ſeveral degrees of Private Fortune will allow, and as much indeed as *Humane Nature* is capable of enjoying.

Ambitious Men and *Miſers*, ſeem to acquire their mighty ſtock of *Glory* and *Riches* for no other end, than to make themſelves more ſenſible of the torment of being neither able to quit nor to keep them.

All *Paſſions* Tyrannize over us, yet *Ambition* ſuſpends all the other Paſſions, and gives us for a while the appearances of all the Virtues. This Man who has all manner of *Vices*, I took him to be Sober, Chaſt, Humble, Liberal, and even Devout; nay, undoubtedly he would be ſo ſtill, if he had not made his Fortune.

* The *Ambitious* are content to pay ſo great a Price as their own Slavery, to get the Dominion over others.

Slaves have but one *Maſter*; but the *Ambitious* have as many as there are Men that can be inſtrumental to their Fortune.

* *Ambition* is like *Choler*, which is an Humour that makes Men Active, earneſt, full of Alacrity and ſtirring, if it be not ſtopp'd; but if it cannot have its way, it becomes aduſt, and thereby malign and venomous: So *Ambitious* Men, if they find their way open to their Riſing, and ſtill get forward, they are rather buſie than dangerous; but if they be check'd in their Deſires, they become ſecretly diſcontent, and look upon Men and Maſters with an evil Eye, and are beſt pleas'd when Things go backward, which is the worſt Property in a Servant of a Prince or State. Therefore it is good for Princes, if they are obliged to make uſe of *Ambitious* Men, to handle 'em ſo, as they be ſtill Progreſſive, and not Retrograde.

Afflictions.

UNder what diſguiſe ſoever we conceal our *Afflictions*, they ſeldom proceed but either from *Vanity* or *Intereſt*.

There are in our *Afflictions* ſeveral kinds of *Hypocriſy*. Sometimes we weep for our ſelves, under colour of weeping for our Friends. We lament the loſs of the good Opinion they had of us; we be-

bewail the diminution of our Advantages, Pleaſures and Credit. Thus the *Dead* have the honour of thoſe *Tears*, which indeed are ſhed for the *Living*. I call this a ſort of *Hypocriſy*, becauſe in theſe *Afflictions* People impoſe upon themſelves. There is another kind not ſo harmleſs as this, becauſe it impoſes upon all the World; I mean, the *Affliction* of thoſe who have the Vanity of Valuing themſelves upon a deep and deſperate Sorrow: When *Time*, the great *Phyſician* of Sorrows, has worn off their real Grief, they do not leave off being, obſtinate, in Crying, Sobbing, Groaning and Lamenting; and with a mournful and melancholy Countenance endeavour to make the World believe, that nothing but *Death* will end their *Affliction*. This diſmal and troubleſome *Vanity* is moſt prevailing with Ambitious *Women*; for their Sex rendring them unable to advance themſelves by eminent Vertues, they ſtrive to ſignalize their Reputation by the Pageantry of an inconſolable Sorrow. There is ſtill another ſort of Tears, which flowing from ſhallow Springs, will run and dry up very eaſily: Men Weep ſometimes to gain the Reputation of Good-Nature and Tenderneſs, ſometimes to be pitied and lamented by others, and ſometimes to avoid the ſhame of being accounted inſenſible.

Some Men are more miſs'd than lamented; and others again are very much lamented, and very little miſs'd.

Our *Affliction* for a dead Friend, is great or ſmall, not according to his *Merit*, but the Opinion we think he had of our Deſerts.

A pretty Houſe, a fine Horſe, a Dog, a Watch, any thing that comes to our ſhare, is enough

times to lessen a great *Grief*, and lessen the Sense of a great Loss.

The Duties of *Interment* are justly called the last Duties; for beyond the Funeral, all that is given to the *Dead*, is taken away from the *Living*. *Lamentations* that are too long, not only prejudice *Nature*, but *Society* likewise; they render us uncapable of the Duties of a Civil Life; and one may say, that out of Complaisance to those Friends we have lost, they make us wanting to those we still enjoy.

A skilful *Comforter* must begin by the Aggravation of Evils, to obtain a free admittance to the mind of the Afflicted, and to surprize their Belief.

* To Mourn without Measure is *Folly*; not to mourn at all *Insensibility*: The best Temper is betwixt Piety and Reason; to be sensible, but neither to be transported nor cast down.

* Most People shew in their *Afflictions* more *Ambition* than *Piety*; for when any Body is within hearing, what Groans and Outcries do they make? But when they are alone and in private all is hush and quiet: So soon as any Body comes in, they are at it again, but their Sorrow goes off with the Company.

* The most desperate *Mourners* are they who care least for their Friends; for they think to redeem their Credit for want of Kindness to the *Living*, by extravagant Ravings after the *Dead*.

* To Weep excessively for the *Dead*, is a kind of an Affront to the *Living*.

Ages

Ages of Life.

OUr Life being nothing elſe but a perpetual Change and Revolution, we come altogether freſh and raw into the ſeveral Stages of it, and want often Experience in ſpite of Gray Hairs.

Young People change their *Taſte* and *Inclinations*, by the Mettle and heat of Blood; and *Old* ones keep theirs by the Sullenneſs of Habit and Cuſtom.

Youth is a perpetual Debauchery, and the very Fever of *Reaſon*.

The *Lukewarmneſs* of *Old Age* is as great a Foil to a Man's *Salvation*, as the *Heat* and *Paſſions* of *Youth*.

Young Men that come firſt upon the Stage of the *World*, ought to be either very Modeſt or very Brisk; for a ſober, grave and compoſed Temper commonly turns to *Impertinence*.

Old People love mightily to give good Advice, to comfort themſelves of their Incapacity of ſetting ill Examples.

Both *Wiſdom* and *Folly* grow ſtill proportionally with *Age*.

Moſt Men ſhew upon the turning of their *Age*, where their *Mind* and *Body* will begin to Decay.

Nothing is more ridiculous in *Old People* that have been Handſom formerly, than to forget that they are ſo no more.

'Tis a hard Leſſon to learn how to be *Old*.

Old Age is a *Tyrant*, that forbids us all the Pleaſures of *Youth*, upon the ſevereſt Penalties.

There is no part of our Life wherein we ought to ſtudy our own *Humour* with more Application

than in *Old Age*, for it is never ſo difficult to be diſcover'd as then. An impetuous *Young Fellow* has a hundred returns when he is diſſatisfied with his Extravagancies; but *Old People* devote themſelves to their *Humour*, as if it were a *Vertue*, and take Pleaſure in their own *Defects*, becauſe they carry a falſe Reſemblance of *Commendable Qualities*: They are perpetually crying up the *Time-paſt*, and enviouſly condemning the *Preſent*: They rail at *Pleaſures* when they are paſt them, or cenſure *Diverſions*, whoſe only Fault is their own *Incapacity*: A *ſerious Air* paſſes with them for *Judgment*, *Phlegm* for *Wiſdom*, and hence proceeds that imperious Authority they allow themſelves to cenſure every thing.

We ſee nothing more ordinary for *Old Men*, then to deſire a *Retirement*; and nothing ſo rare with them, as not to Repent of it when they are once retired: Their *Souls* that are in too great a Subjection to their *Humours*, are diſguſted with the World for being tireſome; but ſcarce can they quit this falſe Object of their Misfortune, but they are as angry with *Solitude*, as they were with the *World*, diſquieting themſelves, where nothing but themſelves can give them any diſquiet.

Scarce do we begin to grow *Old*, but we begin to be diſpleaſed with ſome diſtaſte, which we ſecretly frame in our ſelves. Then our Souls free from *Self-love*, is eaſily fill'd with that which is ſuggeſted to us, and what would have pleas'd us before but indifferently, charms us at preſent, and enſlaves us to our own *Weakneſs*. By this, *Miſtreſſes* diſpoſe of their old *Lovers* to their own fancy, and *Wives* of their old *Huſbands*.

'Tis

'Tis with our Lives as with our Eſtates, a good Husband makes a little go a great way: Whereas, let the Revenue of a Prince fall into the Hands of a Prodigal, 'tis vaniſh'd in a Moment. So that the Time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough, to anſwer all the Ends and Purpoſes of Mankind.

A neglected Dreſs in *Old People*, multiplies their Wrinkles, and expoſes their Infirmities: An affected Curioſity of Apparel has the ſame Effect.

Fortune, Riches, Avarice.

† A Dying Man will give any thing to ſave his Life, a Living Man as much to ſave his Money: A Man ſhall readily proffer his Sword, but Hesitates if you would borrow Fifty Pound: So much eaſier it is to be Brave than Kind.

That which excuſes an inſolent Coxcomb for his Pride and Ambition, is the Trouble we generally are at, as ſoon as he has made a conſiderable Fortune, to find in him a Merit he never had, and as great perhaps as he himſelf fancies he has.

† The generality of Mankind ſink in Virtue as they riſe in Fortune: How many hopeful young Men by the ſudden Acceſſion of a good

Eſtate have deviated into Debauchery, nay turn'd abſolute Rakes.

† Since our Deſires encreaſe with our Riches, is not a Man by ſo much the more miſerable the more he poſſeſſes?

If we did not ſee it daily with our own Eyes, how could we imagine the ſtrange Diſproportion which *more* or *leſs Self* puts betwixt Men; 'tis that which determines a Man either to the Sword, the Bar, the Church, or the Exchange, there's no other Vocation now-a-days.

If a Merchant miſcarry, Courtiers will ſay of him, he is a pitiful Cit, a ſneaking Trader, a Coxcomb—— If he proſper, they'll court him for his Daughter.

Chance brought me into the ſame Company with a Man ſo very Deformed and Ridiculous both in Mind and Body, that I had much ado to keep my ſelf from Laughing: In this Interim, one of my Acquaintance whiſpers me in the Ear, *This Man is worth ten Thouſand Pounds a Year* — This Particular concerns him alone, and I'll never be the better or worſe for: If now I begin to entertain other Thoughts of him than I did before, pray, which of us is the greater Fool of the two;

If ſome of our ſleeping Anceſtors ſhould come to Life again, and ſaw their great Names and Titles, their ſplendid Palaces and vaſt Eſtates enjoyed by thoſe whoſe Fathers perhaps were their Farmers, I wonder what Opinion they would have of the preſent Age?

No-

Nothing better ſhows what little value God ſets upon *Riches*, Preferments, and other Worldly Advantages, than his indifferent Diſpenſation of them, and the Unworthineſs of thoſe who generally poſſeſs them.

From the Features of a Man's Face, we may draw ſome probable Conjectures of his Temper and Inclinations; but his Looks and Countenance, plainly diſplay the Advantage of Fortune, and we may read in them in fair Characters, how many Thouſands a Man is worth a Year.

That which makes a Man look big and take State upon him with thoſe who are below him, makes him ſervilely creep before thoſe who are above him. For 'tis the Character of that ſort of Pride which is not grounded either on Perſonal Merit, or Virtue, but only upon Riches, Preferments, and the Knaviſh Sciences of Lucre, to make us deſpiſe thoſe who have leſs than we of thoſe Goods, and Eſteem thoſe too much who have them in a greater meaſure than our ſelves.

* Better no Eſtate at all than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Poſſeſſion of it, without the uſe on't. We are never the better for any thing, barely for the Propriety ſake, but 'tis the application of it towards the conveniences of Life, and the Comforts of Humane Society, that gives every thing its Value. The Bleſſings of Providence, which are common and diffuſive, ought not to lie Idle; and whoever buries his Talent either of Underſtanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Truſt, and Cozens thoſe that ſtand in need

need on't. But we have a ſort of Sordid Wretches among us, that had rather caſt their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves and common Hazards, than that any Man living ſhould be the better for't.

* Money has its uſe, 'tis true; but generally ſpeaking, the Benefit does not countervail the Care that goes along with it, and the Hazards and the Temptation to abuſe it. It is the Patron and the Price of all Wickedneſs: It blinds all Eyes, and ſtops all Ears, from the Prince, to the very Beggar: It corrupts Faith and Juſtice; and, in one Word, 'tis the very Pick-lock that opens the way into all Cabinets and Councils. It debauches Children againſt their Parents. It makes Subjects Rebel againſt their Governors. It turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Sedition; and it tranſports the very Poſſeſſors of the Goſpel into a Spirit of Contradiction, and defiance of the Practices and Precepts of our Lord and Maſter.

* He that's tranſported out of his Nature and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a loſer by the Bargain. A plain and a homely Home, with Competency and Content, is beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; the Pomp, the Plenty and the Pleaſures of them over and above. To ſay nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by the Exceſſes of Eating and Drinking, the reſtleſs Nights, factious Emulations, Fewds and Diſguſts that attend them, beſides the Slavery of being ty'd up to other Peoples Hours, Meals and Faſhions. He that has no Ambition, is happy in a Cell, or in

in a Cottage: whereas the Ambitious Man is Miſerable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks that he has not enough, Wants, and he that Wants, is a Beggar.

* There's no Wealth like to that which comes by the Bleſſing of God, upon Honeſt Labour, and warrantable Induſtry; there's one great Comfort in hand, beſides the hope and aſſurance of more to come. The very Exerciſe procures Health, and conſequently all the Pleaſures and Satisfactions that attend it. We have the Delight of ſeeing and reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the inward Joy of contemplating the Benedictions of another World, that ſhall be ſuperadded to the advantage of this.

* In a Middle State both of Body and Fortune, a Man is better diſpos'd for the Offices of Humane Society, and the Functions of Reaſonable Nature; and the Heart is alſo free from Cares and Troubles.

* The ſhorteſt way to be Rich, is not by enlarging our Eſtates, but by contracting our Deſires.

† Want of Care will always create want of Money, ſo that whether a Man be a Beggar, becauſe he never had any Money, or becauſe he could never keep any is all one to them that are to truſt him.

* It is with Fortune as with other fantaſtical Miſtreſſes; ſhe makes Sport with thoſe that are ready to Die for her, and throws her ſelf at the Feet of others that deſpiſe her.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Orontes*'s Wealth and Revenues encreaſe with his Years, a certain Lord, whom we all know, has a Daughter born for him: She grows up to all the Accompliſhments of Mind and Body, and now ſhe is juſt going upon Sixteen, and becomes the Object of the Admiration and Addreſſes of all the young *Beaux*. But her Father it ſeems, makes Love for her to *Orontes*; and this baſe deformed old *Hunks*, Marries the Young, Witty, Beautiful Creature in preference to all his Rivals.

Marriage, that ſhould be a Fountain of all Bleſſings and Enjoyments, proves often by the diſpoſition of a Man's Fortune, a heavy Burden that Cruſhes him down: 'Tis then that a Wife and Children are a ſtrong Temptation to Deceit and unaccountable Gains, and that a Man finds himſelf betwixt two very Extreams, *Knavery* and *Indigence*.

The moſt general and immediate Cauſe of the Ruine of Families in all the different degrees of Conditions, is, that People generally ſquare their State and Expence by their Title, and not by their Revenue.

* There's either *Mony* or *Mony's* worth in all the Controverſies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price in ſome ſort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazard after it, ſo there are great Advantages that go along with it, and great Bleſſings that attend the right uſe of it. And ſo for Poverty too, a narrow Fortune is undoubtedly a Cramp to a great Mind, and lays a Man under

der a Thouſand Incapacities of ſerving either his Country or his Friend; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Maſſes of Treaſure, and Plentiful Eſtates.

* It is the part of a Prudent Man to be moderate in good Fortune. A brave Retreat is as great as a Brave Enterprize. When a Man has acted great Exploits, he ought to ſecure the Glory of them, by drawing off in time. The more Proſperities crow'd one upon another, the more ſlippery they are, and Subject to a Reverſe. Fortune is weary to carry one and the ſame Man always upon her Shoulders.

The generality of Men, after they have laboured to get a *Competency*, do waſte it in the purſuit of Superfluities.

It is no ſmall Point to know how to Govern one's *Fortune*, whether it be in waiting till ſhe be in the good Humour (for ſhe loves to be waited on) or in taking her ſuch as ſhe offers. For ſhe has an Ebbing and Flowing, and it is impoſſible to fix her, being ſo irregular and variable as ſhe is. Let him who has often found her Favourable, not deſiſt from importuning her, becauſe it is uſual with her to declare for the Bold, and being Courtly, to love the Young. Let him who is unhappy, withdraw, that he may not meet with the Affront of a double Repulſe, in preſence of a happy Rival.

What a Man ſquanders away, he takes away from his Heir; what he lays up by ſordid *Avarice* he takes away from himſelf. The Medium is to do ones ſelf Juſtice and others.

Chil-

Children would, perhaps, be dearer to their Fathers, and again Fathers to their Children, but for the Name of *Heir*.

All Men by their ſeveral Places, Titles and Succeſſions, look upon themſelves as *Heirs* one to another, and by that Intereſt, entertain all along a ſecret deſire of their Neighbour's Death. The moſt fortunate Man in each particular Condition, is he that has moſt to loſe, and leave to his Succeſſor.

* It is not for acquiring Wealth, but for miſemploying it when he has acquir'd it, that a Man ought to be blamed.

I cannot call Riches better than the Baggage of Vertue; for as the Baggage is to an Army, ſo is Riches to Virtue.

* Of great *Riches*, there is no real Uſe, except it be in the Diſtribution; the reſt is but Conceit.

* Covetouſneſs is enough to make the Maſter of the World, as poor as he that has juſt nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Morſel of Bread, by Griping, as well as by Profuſeneſs. 'Tis a madneſs for a Man that has enough already, to hazard all for the getting of more, and then upon the Miſcarriage, to leave himſelf nothing.

Avarice is in many Caſes, more oppoſite to a Man's Intereſt, than *Liberality*.

Some Men deſpiſe Money, but not one of Thouſand knows how to part with it.

Avarice is often the Cauſe of contrary Effects: There are a World of People, that Sacrifice all their preſent Poſſeſſions to remote and uncertain Hopes; and others again flight great Advantages

to

to come, for ſome mean Intereſt in Preſent.

Riches do by no means teach us to be leſs fond of *Riches*: The poſſeſſing of abundance is very far from giving us the quiet that there is in not deſiring any.

Nothing is ſo hard to perſwade Men to, as the contempt of *Riches*: Except ones Arguments be drawn from the Stores of *Chriſtian* Religion; and therefore the Wiſe Men among the Ancients, were in truth very fooliſh, who without any light of Faith, or expectation of a better State, deſpiſed *Riches* and *Pleaſures*: They endeavour'd to diſtinguiſh themſelves by uncommon and unnatural Notions, and ſo to triumph over the reſt of Mankind, by an imaginary Elevation of *Soul.* Thoſe that were the Wiſeſt among them, were ſatisfied with talking of theſe things in Publick, but behaved themſelves after another rate in Private.

'Tis the Infatuation of *Miſers* to take Gold and Silver for things really good, whereas they are only ſome of the means by which good things are procured.

A *Covetous Man* renders himſelf the moſt Miſerable of Men, wrongs many, and obliges none but when he dies.

The Condition of a Miſer is ſo wretched, that the greateſt Curſes of a Man can give him, is, *That he may Live long.*

That Man is *Rich* who receives more than he lays *out*; and on the contrary, that Man is to be accounted *Poor* whoſe Expence exceeds his Revenue.

No-

Nothing maintains it ſelf ſo long as a moderate *Fortune*, and nothing ſo ſoon dwindles away as a great one.

Great *Riches* are generally the neareſt occaſion of *Poverty*.

A *Covetous Man* lays up for Old Age when Young; and for Death when Old. A Prodigal *Heir* makes him a fine *Funeral*, and devours the reſt of his *Wealth*.

The *Covetous Man* ſpends more in one Day when *Dead*, then he did in Ten Years when *Alive*.

* There are two ſorts of *Avarice*, a *True*, and a *Baſtard*. — True *Covetouſneſs* is a reſtleſs and inſatiable deſire of *Riches*, not for any further end or uſe, but only to hoard and preſerve, and perpetually increaſe them. This is the greateſt Evidence of a baſe ungenerous Mind, and at the ſame time the higheſt Injuſtice in the World. For what can be more uureaſonable, than for a Man to ingroſs to himſelf all that which is for the Common ſupport and Conveniency of Mankind; and to propagate his Crime by locking up his beloved Treaſures, and thereby robbing continually the Publick of what he has once gotten from Private Perſons. — The Baſtard kind of *Avarice*, is the rapacious Appetite of Gain, not for the Mony's own ſake, but for the Pleaſure of Refunding it immediately, thro' all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. That Man who is guitly of this; is in a manner excuſable, ſince by his Profuſeneſs, he makes a kind of Reſtitution.

* 'Tis ſaid of a Vertuous and Wiſe Man, that having nothing, he has all; when a Miſer having all things, yet has nothing.

* There

* There is not a greater Argument of a narrow wretched Soul, than to doat upon Money; nothing more reaſonable than to deſpiſe it when we have it not, and nothing more Honourable than to employ it generouſly, and do good with it when we have it.

* The Patriarchs before the *Flood*, who lived Nine Hundred Years, ſcarcely provided for a few Days; and we, who live but a few days, provide at leaſt for Nine Hundred Years.

* As *Riches* at firſt make a Gentleman, ſo the want of them degrades him.

* As *Riches* go off from a Man, they expoſe to the *World* his Weakneſs, that lay undiſcovered before.

* There is one kind of *Affliction* which never leaves us, I mean that which proceeds from the loſs of our *Fortunes*. Time which ſoftens and allays all other Griefs, does but exaſperate and increaſe this; for the ſenſe of it renews even as often as we feel the pinch of preſſing Neceſſities.

Behaviour, Honeſty, &c.

"HOneſty is always the neareſt way to Succeſs; "what a deal of Fatigue and Trouble muſt "a *Knave* undergo? How many Tricks, Flouriſh-"es, and Shifts muſt he uſe to compaſs his Ends,

" when the *Honeſt Man* does his Buſineſs with a " wet Finger ?

Nothing is a greater Argument of a brave Soul and impregnable Virtue, than for a Man to be ſo much Maſter of himſelf, that he can either take or leave thoſe Conveniences of Life, with reſpect to which, moſt People are either uneaſie without them, or intemperate with them. This was part of *Socrates*'s Character.

" 'Tis a great happineſs to have Vertuous Pa- " rents, Relations, Tutors, and Domeſticks, for " 'tis from them we take up our Principles. We " are born Naked both as to Mind and Body, " and put on any Habit indifferently which is " firſt offer'd us.

'Twas Wiſely ſaid of the Emperor *Marcus Antonius*, That *no Man could do him a real Injury, becauſe no Man could force him to Miſbehave himſelf.*

Some People are buſie, and yet do nothing; they fatigue and wear themſelves out, and yet drive at no Point, nor Propoſe any general End of Action or Deſign to their Purſuits.

A Man ſeldom miſcarries by being ignorant of another's Thoughts; but he that does not attend to his own, will certainly be Diſappointed.

When we conſider we are bound to be Serviceable to Mankind, and bear with their Faults, we ſhall perceive there's a common Tye of Nature, and Relation between us. But when we ſee People grow troubleſome, and diſturb us in our Buſineſs, here we are to look upon Men, as *indifferent* ſort of Things, neither good nor bad to us, but

but according to our Management. 'Tis true, like a croſs Wind, they may hinder me in the Executing Part, but all this while my Inclination ſtands firm, and the reſerve of a good meaning, is ſecured to me. Being rightly diſpos'd, I can paſs on to the Exerciſe of another Vertue, and thus 'tis probable I may gain by the Oppoſition, and turn the Diſappointment to an Advantage.

† The mark of a Man of Probity lies in keeping Reaſon at the head of Practice, and being eaſy in his Condition. To live in a croud of Objects, without ſuffering either in his Senſe, his Vertue or his Quiet. To have a good Underſtanding at home, and to be govern'd by that Divine Principle within him: To be all Truth in his Words, and Juſtice in his Actions: And if the whole World ſhould disbelieve his Integrity, diſpute his Character, and queſtion his Happineſs, he'd neither take it ill in the leaſt, nor alter his Meaſures, but purſue the end of Living, with all the Honeſty, Eaſe and Reſignation imaginable.

A Man may be happy in any Ground, provided he have the Wit to chuſe his *Fortune*. Now if his *Manners* be good, his Fortune can never be bad; for Happineſs lies in all the Functions of Reaſon, in warrantable Deſires, and Regular Practices.

There's ſcarce any *Merit* ſufficient to balance an *ill Action*.

The beſt way of *Revenge*, is not to imitate the *Injury*.

Where Things appear moſt plauſible and pretending, beſure to bring them to the Teſt, and look within them; and when the Paint is thus pull'd off, the Courſeneſs of them will eaſily be diſcover'd. Without this Care, Figure and Outſide are great Cheats; and when you think your Fancy

is beſt employ'd, you'll be moſt Fool'd. Even Vertue it ſelf is ſometimes Counterfeited, and Gravity is nothing elſe but Grimace. Thus *Crates* diſcover'd *Xenocrates*'s Philoſophy to be only skin deep; great Demureneſs *without*, and no leſs Vanity within.

Becauſe you find a thing very difficult, don't preſently conclude, that no Man can Maſter it; But whatever you obſerve practicable by another, believe likewiſe within your own Power.

To play the Knave, is to rebel againſt Religion; for all ſort of *Injuſtice*, is no leſs than *High-Treaſon* againſt Heaven.

Men are born to be Serviceable one to another: Therefore either reform the World, or bear with it.

Omiſſions, no leſs than *Commiſſions*, are oftentimes Branches of *Injuſtice*.

We muſt not expect *Plato*'s Common-wealth; for as the World goes, a moderate Reformation is a great Point. If we can but govern People's Hands, we muſt let their Hearts and their Heads go free. To cure them all of their Folly and ill Principles, is Impracticable.

When any Body's Misbehaviour diſturbs you diſmiſs the Image of the Injury, and bethink your ſelf, whether you have not been guilty of the ſame Fault. Such a Reflection will quickly make you cool and come to Temper; eſpecially if you conſider the Offender was not altogether his own Man, but under the force of ſome outward Paſ-

ſion

ſion or other; you would do well therefore, if you can, to ſtep in to the Reſcue, and free him from the cauſe of his Diſorder.

Beauty, Homelineſs.

IF we conſider *Agreeableneſs.* diſtinct from *Beauty*, we may call it a ſort of *Symmetry* or *Proportion*, the Rules of which no body can poſitively define; or a ſecret Relation and Affinity of the *Features* one to another, and of all theſe together to the *Complexion*, *Looks* and *Air* of the Perſon.

Few *Women's* Worth out-lives their *Beauty.*

Gracefuleneſs is to the *Body*, what good *Senſe* is to the *Mind.*

† No Man ever thinks a Woman ſo beautiful as ſhe thinks her ſelf.

A Beautiful Woman is more concern'd to preſerve her *Beauty* than her *Lover*, and ſhews leſs Tenderneſs for a Heart already vanquiſh'd than ſhe expreſſes Vanity and Oſtentation in extending her Conqueſts: Not but that ſhe may very well be ſenſible for her Gallant, but in all probability ſhe will ſooner reſolve to ſuffer the loſs of what ſhe loves, than to loſe what cauſes her to be belov'd.

As long as a Woman is in full Poſſeſſion of her *Beauty*, no Misfortune can befall her, which ſhe cannot in ſome meaſure alleviate: But when once that Bleſſing has left her, all the other advantages of *Fortune* will never be able to give her any tolerable Satisfaction.

The laſt *Tears* that Beautiful *Eyes* reſerves, are ſpent in bewailing themſelves after they are deſac'd out of all Hearts. The only Perſon that ſtill laments a loſt *Beauty* is the miſerable Poſſeſſor.

'Tis no ſmall wonder to ſee how *Women* that are ſo mightily fond of their *Beauty* can uſe ſo much Art to anticipate its ruin.

'Y *Beauty* is ſo neceſſary to the *Young*, that thoſe who are without it, ſeem to be to no other purpoſe, than to wait on the *Triumphs* of the *Fair*.

'Y Some Women ſet up for *Beauty*, as much in ſpite of *Nature*, as ſome Men do for *Wit*.

'Y *Ill-favour'd-Women* are never ſo nauſeous, as when they would be *Beauties*; adding to their *Natural Deformity*, the *Artificial Uglineſs* of *Affectation*.

Homely Women are as malicious to the *Fair*, as *Blockheads* are to *Witty Men*, for they look upon other Womens *Accompliſhments* as the upbraiding of their *Deformities*.

The Contempt of *Beauty* in the *Ill-favour'd*, is as falſe as the Contempt of *Riches* in ſome Philoſophers.

Agreeableneſs is arbitary, but *Beauty* is ſomething more real and Independent upon the Palate and Opinion

'Y Whoſoever has any thing contemptible in his Perſon, has alſo a perpetual Spur upon him to reſcue and deliver himſelf from ſcorn. Therefore all *Deformed Perſons* are extream bold, Firſt, in their own defence, as being expos'd to Scorn; but in proceſs of Time, by a general Habit. Beſides,

ſides, it ſtirreth them up to Induſtry, to watch and obſerve the Weakneſs of others, that they may have ſomewhat to repay.

Benefits, Gratitude, Ingratitude.

† 'TIs not barely the doing good, that makes us have the Title of being Good. 'Tis a generous and Univerſal Inclination of doing ſo by every body.

A Man had rather meet with thoſe who depend upon him, than that are thankful to him. To keep People in Hopes, is Prudence; to truſt to their Gratitude, Simplicity. For it is as common for Gratitude to be forgetful, as for Hopes to be mindful. You get always more by this, than by the other. So ſoon as the Orange is Squeez'd, it's thrown upon the Ground; and likewiſe when Dependance ceaſes, there's an end of Correſpondence and Eſteem alſo.

That Man who never grants a Favour without a great deal of Intreaty and Importunity, does as it were, pay himſelf by his own Hands, and forfeits his claim to our Gratitude.

The acknowledging Benefits never done, is with ſome People, the moſt effectual way to engage them to oblige us.

'Tis the Art of great Politicians to make that a Favour, which would have been afterwards but a Reward. Favours which go before Merit, have two Perfections; one is the Promptitude, which

obliges the Receiver to greater Gratitude; and the other, becauſe the ſame Gift, which coming later, would be a Debt, by anticipation is a pure Favour. A cunning way of transforming Obligations, ſince he who would have deſerv'd to be Rewarded, is oblig'd to a thankful Acknowledgment. I ſpeak of Men of Honour: For as to others, it would rather be a Curb, than a Spur, to give them an Honorary beforehand.

* Men glory in raiſing great and magnificent Structures, and find a ſecret Pleaſure to ſee Sets of their own Planting, to grow up and Flouriſh: But ſurely it would be greater and more glorious Work, to build up a Man, to ſee a Youth of our own Planting, from the ſmall Beginnings and Advantages we have given him, to grow up into a conſiderable Fortune.

* We ſhould not contract any Obligations raſhly, for *Good Offices* in Courſe, are rather Baits and Snares than *Benefit*; and there are ſome People, that a Sober Man would not venture the being beholden to.

Nothing is more pleaſant than to meet with the Eyes of him we have lately Obliged.

* An undiſtinguiſhable Facility ſhall never fail of meeting with an undiſtinguiſhable Infidelity; which is no other than a juſt Judgment upon an Inconſiderate Bounty.

* Ingratitude perverts all the Meaſures of Religion and Society, by making it dangerous to be Charitable and Good-natur'd.

We muſt not ſuffer our ſelves to be obliged by all manner of Perſons, for that would be to become a common Slave. Some are born to be more happy than others; the firſt for doing of good, and the other for receiving it. Liberty is more

more precious than all Gifts, and to receive, is to loſe it.

There are Men of ſuch Parts, that they oblige by asking, becauſe they transform their own Intereſt into another's Honour, They ſo adjuſt Matters, that one would ſay, others diſcharged their Duty, when they grant them what they ask, ſo dextrous they are in inverting the order of Obligations, by a ſingular knack of Policy.

Some Men when they do you a Kindneſs, are preſently for ringing the Obligation in your Ears; others are more Modeſt than this comes to: However, they remember the Favour, and look upon you as their Debtor. A third ſort ſhall be every jot as much Benefactors, and yet ſcarce know any thing of the matter. Theſe are much like a Vine, which is ſatisfied by being Fruitful in its Kind, and bears a bunch of Grapes, without expecting any Thanks for it. A fleet Horſe or a Grey-Hound don't uſe to make a noiſe when they have perform'd handſomely; and thus a Man that's rightly kind, never proclaims a good Turn, but does another as ſoon as he can, juſt like a Vine that bears again the next Seaſon.

Ill Nature is a contradiction to the Laws of Providence and the Intereſt of Mankind; a puniſhment no leſs than a Fault, to thoſe that have it.

You have done a Kindneſs to ſuch a Perſon, and becauſe he makes no return, you grow Peeviſh, and Satyrical upon him: In earneſt, this is a Sign that you had a Mercenary View, and that you were but a *Huckſter* in the Mask of a *Friend*, for otherwiſe you would have been ſatisfied with a generous Action, and made Vertue her own Reward.

You

You have oblig'd a Man, 'tis very well, what would you have more. Is not the conſciouſneſs of a good Office, a ſufficient Conſideration. You have humour'd your own Nature, and acted upon your Conſtitution, and muſt you ſtill have ſomething over and above? For Man is made to be kind and oblige, and his Faculties are order'd accordingly, and therefore when he does a good Office, he follows the Bent, and anſwers the end of his Being.

Operation is the right proof of Nature: Trees are diſtinguiſh'd by their Fruit, and Dogs by the Qualities proper to their Kind, And thus it holds with Men too, who ought to quit that Name, unleſs they can anſwer the Idea, and make out their Claim by their Actions.

† That's good ground that bears a good Crop, no matter in what Climate it lies.

'Tis hard to find one that a Man of Spirit would be Oblig'd to; for generally Men are as *Sordid* in their Favours, as in their Intereſts, and remember the Obligation they have beſtow'd, when they forget the *Return* they have receiv'd.

It often comes to paſs, that when we think we do a Man a good Office, we incur his Indignation. The Wiſe *Palemon* had the Misfortune to fall in Diſgrace with his Protector *Daphnis*, by endeavouring to cure him of the Paſſion he had for *Julia*, who both Jilts and Ruins him; for having ſhewn him invincible Proofs of her Infidelity, the infatuated *Daphnis* inſtead of thanking *Palemon*, gave Credit to *Julia*'s pretended Juſtification, and Sacrific'd his Friend to her Reſentment.

† "*Readineſs* in Obliging ſhews both the *Merit* of "him that receives the *Benefit*, and the *Zeal* of "him

" him that beſtows it, whereas by delaying a good " Office, we ſeem to doubt the *Merit* of him we " deſign to Oblige.

That Man ſets too high a rate upon his Favours, who expects Cringes, and Intreaties for them.

" When a *Benefit* is Honourable to him that re- " ceives it, we ought to accompany it with all the " Pomp that can contribute to make it publick; " for by that means we multiply the Obligation; " but when the uſefulneſs of a good Office is at- " tended with ſome Diſgrace, as when we relieve " an indigent Perſon, we ought by our Secrecy to " ſpare him the Confuſion of having his wants " proclaim'd; for the leaſt grain of Shame, over- " pays the moſt boutiful Relief.

* What a cruel Torment it is to be beholden to one we Deſpiſe! and how ſweet it is to owe a Favour to a Perſon we are enclin'd to Love, even tho' he ſhould do us an Injury!

* The ſame Qualifications which render Men *Worthy of Favours*, are the ſame which make 'em capable and deſirous to *acknowledge* them: And on the contrary, the ſame ill Qualities which make Men *unworthy* of Favours, are the ſame which make them *ungrateful.*

* Many Men have good Sentiments in the moment you Oblige them; but the Conſtitution of their Nature ſways them ſoon after, and they eaſily forget what they owe others, becauſe they only love themſelves. And as Fire converts all things into its own Subſtance, they only conſider publick Intereſts to convert 'em to their own Advantage, and equally deſpiſe thoſe who do them Good, and the ſtate in which they receive it.

Some

Some Men are not only apt to forget both kind Turns, and Injuries that have been done them, but even to hate their very *Benefactors*, and to lay aſide their Reſentments againſt their *Perſecutors*. The Application of acquitting *Obligations* and revenging of *Wrongs*, appears to them a kind of Slavery, which they are loath to undergo.

Gratitude in moſt Men is nothing elſe but a ſecret deſire to hook in greater Benefits.

The generality of Men take a Delight to acquit ſmall *Obligations*: a great many pay their Acknowledgments for moderate ones; but there is ſcarce any Body but is unthankful for ſuch as are Extraordinary.

It is with *Gratitude* among *Friends*, as with *Honeſty* among *Traders*, it keeps Buſineſs and Commerce: Moſt Men don't quit Scores becauſe it is juſt to pay *Debts*, but to ſecure their *Credit*, and ſo be truſted again the eaſier.

The common Miſtake in the *Computations* of Men, when they expect *Returns* of *Favours*, proceeds from the *Pride* both of the *Giver* and *Receiver*, which cannot agree upon the Eſtimate of the *Benefit*.

To be uneaſie, and make too much haſte to return an *Obligation*, is a ſort of *Ingratitude*.

There is a ſort of free and generous *Gratitude*, whereby a Man not only acquits a paſt *Obligation*, but lays a new one upon his *Benefactor*.

The Error of the *Giver* does oftentimes excuſe the *Ingratitude* of the *Receiver*.

The good turns that we have receiv'd from a Man, ought to make us Reverence his *Malice*.

We

We meet with little or no *Ingratitude*, as long as we are able to oblige.

We ſhould not regard how much *Good* a *Friend* has done us, ſo much, as how much he deſired and endeavour'd to do us.

Men are often more deſirous to ſeem forward and buſie to ſerve others, than to be ſucceſful in it; and had rather have it in their power to upbraid their *Freinds* with an *Obligation*, than really to oblige them.

In the matter of *Benefits*, *Pride* is unwilling to own the *Obligation*, and *Self-Love* to acquit it.

'Tis as great an *Ingratitude* to publiſh the *Favour* of a *Miſtreſs*, as to conceal thoſe of a *Friend*.

'Tis a kind of *Ingratitude* for a Man to be too inquiſitive into the *Motives* of the *Benefit* he receives.

The great Cautions of ſome People againſt *Ingratitude*, denotes leſs of Hatred for that, than Averſion for *Generoſity*.

There are not ſo many *Ungratefull Men*, as there are thought to be; becauſe there are not ſo many *Generous Men* as we imagine. He that in ſilence ſuppreſſes a *Favour* receiv'd is an unthankful Fellow, that deſerv'd it not: But he that publiſhes one that he has done, turns it to an Injury, ſhewing, to your diſgrace, the neceſſity you had of him.

Court Acknowledgments have not ſo much reſpect to the *Paſt*, as deſign upon the *Future*. They acknowledge *Obligations* to all that are in any Poſt to oblige, and by an affected *Gratitude* for *Favours* never done, inſinuate themſelves into thoſe in whoſe power it is to do 'em.

The *Great Ones* in requital have a Trick as artificial

ficial to excuſe themſelves from doing Kindneſſes, as the *Courtiers* have to engage them to it, They reproach Men with Services never done, and complain of *Ingratitude*, though they have hardly oblig'd any one to draw from hence a ſpecious Pretence to oblige no body.

'Tis much better to expoſe one's ſelf to *Ingratitude*, than be wanting to the relief of the Needy.

There is not any thing where *Exceſs* may be more commendable than in *Gratitude*.

* There's no living in this World without an exchange of Civil Offices, and the need we have one of another goes a great way toward the making of us love one another: Now this Amity and Communication is to be entertain'd by the Commerce of Giving and Receiving; and without good Nature and Gratitude Men had as good live in a Wilderneſs, as in a Civil Society.

Ingratitude is of all Crimes that which we account the moſt venial in our ſelves, and the moſt unpardonable in others.

* *Good Offices* depend much upon Conſtruction; ſome take themſelves to be oblig'd when they are not, others will not believe it when they are; and ſome again take *Obligations* and *Injuries* the one for the other.

* It is a *Court Humour* to keep People upon the Tenters; their *Injuries* are quick and ſudden, but their *Benefits* are ſlow. Great Miniſters love to wrack Men with attendance; and account it an Oſtentation of their Power to hold their Suitors in hand and to have many Witneſſes of their Intereſt.

* He that gives to be ſeen, would never relieve a Man in the dark.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis a kind of incumbrance upon the freedom of a generous Mind, to be in debt to an ill Man, even upon any ſcore whatſoever, that does but carry the face of Good-Will, or Reſpect; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both aſham'd and weary of till 'tis paid off. And there's ſomething more in't yet too, which is, that when all common Scores are made even, the Morality of the Obligation ſtill remains; for there's no cancelling the Bonds of Honour and Juſtice. Kindneſſes are to be paid in *Specie* as well as *Money*: that is to ſay, there muſt be Affection in the return as well as Juſtice. Now as there can be no true Friendſhip betwixt a Good Man and a Wicked, there ſhould be no intercourſe betwixt them that looks like Friendſhip; and therefore the leſs Commerce the better.

* We have the Common Saying ready at our Tongues end, That *'tis the Man only that we conſider and not the Eſtate*: This is a handſome flouriſh; but where is the Man yet that does not more willingly beſtow his time and his pains upon the Service of a wealthy Perſon, than in the ſupport and protection of the beſt Poor Man that ever was born? For we are naturally inclin'd to lay out our *Services*, where we may reaſonably hope for the ſpeedieſt and the moſt certain return.

* It is cuſtomary for great Men to over-value the *Service* they do their *King* and *Country*; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an eminent Performance, to turn their *Gratitude* into *Hatred*.

* Thoſe you have oblig'd moſt, will certainly avoid you when you can oblige them no longer; and they take your viſits like ſo many *Duns*.

Miſtreſſes as well as *Friends*, are ſometimes avoided for *Obligations* paſt.

* When

* When ill Men take up a fit of Kindneſs all on a ſudden, and appear to be better natur'd than uſual, 'tis good Diſcretion to ſuſpect Fraud, and to lay their Words and their Practices together; for there are no Snares ſo dangerous as thoſe that are laid for us under the name of Good Offices.

* Moſt People ſeek out their own Intereſt under colour of obliging others, and are kind to their Neighbours for their own ſakes.

Buſineſs.

† NO Man may be ſaid to make his Fortune eaſily: for tho' he ſtarts at once into Preferment, yet he cannot keep himſelf there without great application and great difficulty.

There are two cheif inconveniences, That attend all Men in the matter of making their Fortunes, the one is to do it honeſtly, the other to uſe their Fortune wiſely.

* It is one thing to underſtand Perſons, and another to underſtand Matters; for many are perfect in Men's Humours, that are not greatly capable of the real part of Buſineſs, which is the Conſtitution of one that has ſtudied Men more than Books; ſuch Men are fitter for Practice than Council; and they are good but in their own Alley, turn 'em to other Men, and they have loſt their aim.

* Affected *Diſpatch*, is of one of the moſt dangerous things to Buſineſs that can be; it is like that which the Phyſicans call *Pre-digeſtion*, which is ſure

ſure to fill the Body with Crudities and ſecret Seeds of Diſeaſes. Therefore meaſure not *Diſpatch* by the time of Sitting, but by the Advancement of the Buſineſs.

* He that would be ſure to have his Buſineſs well done, muſt either do it himſelf, or ſee the doing of it; Beſides that, many a good Servant is ſpoil'd by a careleſs Maſter. The Morality of this Caution, is as good a Leſſon to Governments as to private Families. For a Prince's leaving his Buſineſs wholly to his Miniſters, without a ſtrict Eye over them, is as dangerous an Error in *Politicks*, as a Maſter's committing all to his Servants is in *Oeconomicks.*'

There are a ſort of Impertinents, who having leaſt to do, would appear to be loaded with Affairs. They make a Myſtery of every thing, and that with the greateſt Silineſs Imaginable. Theſe are *Cameleons* of Applauſe, but are heartily Laugh'd at by every Body.

The beſt way to know how that which is intended to be done will be received, is to let fly ſome Shot in the Air, eſpecially when they are Matters the Iſſue and approbation whereof is doubtful. By that means we are ſure to hit our Mark, and always at liberty to Retreat or Advance. Thus we pump out Men's Minds, and know where it is beſt to ſet our Foot. That Prevention is moſt neceſſary, for asking Pertinently, placing Friendſhip aright, and for Governing well.

Cheats, Knavery, Deceit.

OUR own *Diſtruſt* ſometimes provokes and juſtifies the *Cheating* of other People.

It is as eaſie a matter to deceive a Man's ſelf, and not be ſenſible of it, as it is hard to impoſe upon others, and yet for them not to be ſenſible of it.

An honeſt *Intention* of impoſing upon no body, lays us open to the Cheating of other People.

The moſt effectual way to be *bubbled*, is to fancy on's ſelf wiſer than one's Neighbours.

The being a *Blockhead* is ſometimes the beſt ſecurity againſt being impos'd upon by a Man of *Senſe*.

He that fancies ſuch a ſufficiency in himſelf, that he can live without all the World, is mightily miſtaken; but he that imagines himſelf ſo neceſſary, that other People cannot live without him, is ſo a great deal more.

Affected Simplicity and Plainneſs is but a nicer and more labour'd *Cheat*.

Men would never live ſo long together in *Society* and good *Correſpondence*, if they did not mutually make Fools of one another.

The common way of ſome to do their Buſineſs, and riſe in the World, is to uſe all poſſible means of perſwading People that their Buſineſs is done already.

We are ſo uſed to diſſemble with others, that in time we come to deceive and diſſemble with our ſelves.

It is ſometimes of great Uſe for a Man to pretend he is deceiv'd; for when we let a ſubtile Fellow

low ſee that we are ſenſible of his Tricks, it gives him occaſion to be more refin'd.

It is a hard task upon Knaves to be perpetually employ'd in concealing their own want of *Sincerity*, and making amends for the Breaches of their Promiſes.

Honeſty and *Plain-dealing* puts Knaves out of their Byaſs; it breaks all their Meaſures by which they hop'd to compaſs their Ends: for Knaves commonly think that nothing can be done but by *Tricks* and *Artifice*.

* All Frauds are covered and gilded over with ſpecious Pretences and Men are every jot as eaſily impos'd upon, as Birds, Beaſts, or Fiſhes; while the eagerneſs of our Appetites ſuſpends the Exerciſe of our Reaſon. A Treat, a Women or a Bottle is the ſame thing to us, that a Worm, a Gudgeon, a grain of Corn, or a piece of Fleſh is to thoſe Animals; We ſnap at the Bait without ever dreaming of the Hook, the Trap, or the Snare, that goes along with it.

Men never can bear to be over-reach'd by their *Enemies*, or betray'd by their *Friends*; and yet they are often contented to be both cheated and betray'd by their own ſelves.

He is an unhappy Man that lives in the World without being deceiv'd.

The Pleaſure of *Deceit* goes ſometimes ſo far, that the greateſt of your *Enemies* makes himſelf agreeable when he impoſes upon you; and the beſt of your *Friends* ſeldom undeceives you, but you are offended at it.

* It is in ſome ſort natural to be a Knave. We were made ſo, in the very compoſition of our Fleſh and Blood: Only Fraud is call'd Wit in one caſe,

Good Husbandry in another, *&c.* while 'tis the whole Buſineſs of the World for one Man to Cozen another. But there's this to be ſaid for't yet, that we play the Fool by conſent. We Cozen in our Words, and in our Actions; only we are agree'd upon't, that ſuch and ſuch Forms of Civility, like ſome Adulterations, ſhall paſs current for ſo much. A faſhionable Impoſture or Hypocriſie, ſhall be called Good Manners; and ſo we make ſhift, in ſome ſort, to legitimate the Abuſe.

* There is nothing more agreeable in Converſation, than a frank, open way of Dealing, and a ſimplicity of Manners; but yet, where there is an habitual Hardneſs of ill-Nature, it muſt be a Diamond that cuts a Diamond; for one Fraud is beſt undermin'd and diſappointed by another.

* When a Crafty Knave is Infatuated, any ſilly Wretch may put upon him.

* The main Buſineſs of the World is nothing but Sharping, and tricking one another by Turns.

Clemency, Good-Nature.

THe *Clemency* of *Princes* is very often little leſs but a *State Trick*, to gain upon the Affection of their *Subjects*.

That *Clemency* which is ſo mightily cry'd up in the World for a Vertue, is often practis'd out of *Pride*; ſometimes out of *Sloth* and *Neglect*, ſometimes out of *Fear*, and generally out of a mixture of all theſe Motives together.

* No Vertue is ſo often in fault as *Clemency*,

* Good

* Good Nature is a great Misfortune when it is not manag'd with Prudence.

* A bare eaſineſs of Pardoning, has often the force of a Temptation to offend again.

* 'Tis a great Error to take Facility for Good Nature: Tenderneſs without Diſcretion, is no better than a more pardonable weakneſs.

Aſſurance, Baſhfulneſs.

IT is good not to conceive ſuch a high Notion of People, as to become *Buſhful* in their Preſence. Some appear to be Men of Importance, till others Treat with them; but Communication ſoon undeceives the Credulous. Dignity gives an apparent Authority, but it is rare when the Perſonal Qualities anſwer it; For Fortune tis wont to clog the ſuperiority of the Emploment, by the inferiority of Merits. Imagination is always upon the Wing, and repreſents things greater than they are; but Reaſon having been undeceived by ſo many Experiences, ought to undeceive it. In a Word, it neither becomes Ignorance to be bold, nor Capacity to be baſhful. And if *Confidence* be uſeful to them, who have but a ſmall ſtock, upon ſtronger Reaſon it ought to be uſeful to thoſe who have a great deal.

Confidence; Secrecy.

THe *Confidence* we have in our ſelves, creates a great part of that Truſt which we have in others.

The greateſt part of our *Confidence* proceeds from a deſire either to be pitied or admired.

We often dare not diſcloſe our Hearts to our *Friends*, not ſo much out of any diſtruſt we have of 'em, as that we have of our ſelves.

There is ſeldom any thing but a Noble Birth, or good Education, that can make a Man capable of being Secret.

All manner of *Confidence*, which is not abſolute and intire, is dangerous: There are few occaſions, but where a Man ought either ſay all, or conceal all; and how little ſoever you have reveal'd your Secret to a *Friend*, you have already ſaid too much, if you think it not ſafe to make him privy to all the Particulars.

* 'Tis ill truſting a Reconcil'd Enemy; but 'tis worſe yet, to proceed at one ſtep from Clemency and Tenderneſs, to Confidence; eſpecially where there are ſo many Memorials in ſight, for Hatred and Revenge to work upon.

* A Supine, Credulous Facility, expoſes a Man to be both a Prey and a Laughing-ſtock at once; and the Impoſture can hardly miſcary, where there is a full Confidence on the one ſide, and a plauſible Addreſs and Diſpoſition on the other.

'Tis a great point of skill not to be too free nor open, for it is the Admiration of Novelty that makes Events to be valued; there's neither Plea-

ſure

ſure not Profit in playing ones Game too openly; and therefore we ought to hold Minds in Suſpence, eſpecially in matters of Importance, which are the Object of univerſal Expectation. That makes every thing to be thought a Myſtery, and the Secret of that raiſes Veneration. He that declares himſelf, is obnoxius to Cenſue, and if he ſucceeds not, he is doubly Miſerable.

Confidence, which ought to make the ties of Friendſhip ſtronger, does generally produce a contrary Effect; ſo that it is a Wiſe Man's Part to be as reſerved in this particular as is conſiſtent with the Laws of Decency and united Affections. But above all, let us have a care not to diſcloſe our Hearts to thoſe who ſhut up theirs from us.

Converſation, Society, Civility, Politeneſs

† GOod breeding is learnt from the converſation of the Ladys, good humour from Men: the one teaches us Gallantry, the other Wiſdom.

† Adapt your ſelf to the Company you are in, be grave with the Aged, gay with the Young, ſupple to the Great, affable to all: reſpectful to every Woman you converſe with, but eſpecially be at the Devotion of the Young and the Fair: there is no Man ſenſible how difficult it's to have this complaicency but thoſe that know how neceſſary it's to ſupport the character of a well bred Man.

† Being ſometimes aſſunder highthens Converſation; moſt meats require ſauce, but all an Appetite. The frequent quarrels between Relations is their being ſo much together.

There are a ſort of blunt petulant Fops, who tho' they have no Buſineſs at all, yet affect being in a Hurry, and will not allow a Man two Minutes Audience, but preſently diſpatch him away; we do often ſpeak to them when they are Vaniſh'd out of ſight, Theſe People are no leſs impertinent than thoſe who ſtop a Man only to plague him with a thouſand fooliſh Queſtions; but perhaps of the two theſe are beſt to be born with.

To Speak and to Abuſe, are convertible Terms with a ſort of ſnarling, biting People. Their Tongues are ever dipp'd in Gall and Wormwood; Scoffing, Cenſure, Satyr, and Lampoons, trickle down their Lips as naturally as Spittle: It were good for them to be either dumb or Sottiſh, for their Wit and Liveineſs do 'em more prejudice than Dulneſs would. They do not content themſelves to give a Man a blunt or a croſs Anſwer, but provoke him with Inſolence. Nothing can eſcape the laſh of their malicious Tongues, they ſlander both the Preſent and the Abſent; they gall us Front and Side-wiſe like *Rams*; Can we expect that Rams ſhould have no Horns? And likewiſe can we hope to reform by this Picture, a Nature ſo Fierce, ſo Stern, ſo Surly and Untractable. The beſt we can do, is to fly from them as ſoon as ever we perceive them, without ſo much as turning our Head back to give 'em a look.

There is a Character of imperious and arrogant People, with whom it is dangerous to engage, that always arrogate Reaſon and Senſe to themſelves, and will not allow any Body elſe to be in the Right, nor ſo much as complain of their Proceeding.

† He

† He that confines himſelf and gives others Liberty, will always paſs for a Well-bred Man.

'Tis none of the beſt Characters for a Man to find fault and pick a Quarrel with all the Bad People he meets with in the World: We ſhould conſider, that it is with familiar Society and Converſation, as with Trade and Commerce; where pieces of Silver, nay Copper Farthings, are as neceſſary as Guinea's.

In the common intercourſe of *Society* and *Converſation*, 'tis *Reaſon* that yields firſt; the Wiſeſt Man is generally led by the more Fooliſh and Fantaſtical; We ſtudy his weak ſide, we accommodate our ſelves to his Humour and Caprices, and take care not to contradict him in any thing; the leaſt Serenity that appears in his Looks, is extoll'd to the Skies, and we account it a great Merit in him, not to be always Intolerable; he is fear'd, Reſpected, Obey'd, nay ſometimes lov'd into the Bargain.

I know not what difference to make betwixt talking *Nonſenſe*, or ſaying *Good Things*, which all the World knows already, and giving them for New.

† There is ſomething particular that pleaſes in a Gentleman's Converſation when he is well bred: No body can define it, yet every body is ſenſible when they meet it, or when they miſs it.

† The moſt Commendable thing in Converſation is to know when to ſpeak and when to hear; but 'tis the moſt difficult to learn.

The niceſt part in Humane *Converſation*, and the fineſt Probe of the Receſſes of the Heart of Man,

is

is to gueſs at the meaning of the little Hints that are given by the by, and to know how to make the beſt of them. There are ſome Malicious and angry jerks, dipp'd in the gall of Paſſion, and theſe are imperceptible Thunder-bolts, that ſtrike down thoſe whom they are level'd at. Many times a Word has thrown down headlong from the Pinacle of Favour, thoſe whom the Murmurings of a whole People combined againſt them, could not ſo much as ſhake. There are other Hints which produce an Effect quite contrary; that is to ſay, which ſupport and encreaſe the Reputation of a Man, to whom they are addreſs'd. But ſeeing they are cunningly glanced, ſo are they to be cautiouſly received, for the Security conſiſts in ſmelling out the Intention, and the Blow foreſeen, is always warded.

* Familiar Converſation ought to be the School of Learning and Breeding; and we are to make our Maſters of our Friends, ſeaſoning the pleaſure of Converſing, with the Profit of Inſtruction. Betwixt Men of Wit the advantage is Reciprocal. They who ſpeak are rewarded with the Applauſe that is given to what they ſay; and thoſe who hear, with the Profit they receive from it.

'Tis highly neceſſary for a Man to avoid two much Familiarity in Converſation. He that familiarizes himſelf preſently, loſes the Superiority that his ſerious Air gave him, and by conſequence his Credit. The more common Humane things are, the leſs they are Eſteem'd: for Communication diſcovers Imperfections that Reſervedneſs concealed. We muſt not be too familiar with Superiors, becauſe of Danger; nor with Inferiors, by

by reaſon of Indecency; and far leſs with mean People, whom Ignorance renders Inſolent; inaſmuch as being inſenſible of the Honour that is done them, they preſume it is their Due.

Civility is a ſtrong Political Magick. It is a gentle Hook, to be uſed rather for attracting Hearts, than drawing in of Profit: Or rather indeed, for all Things. Merit will not do the Work, if it be not ſeconded by Agreeableneſs, on which depends all the plauſibility of Actions. This Agreeableneſs is the moſt efficacious Inſtrument of Soveraignty. There is a ſuck in it to put others into Appetite; yet Artifice contributes to that alſo. From thence ſprings that unaccountable *Je-ne-ſai-quoy*, which gains univerſal Favour.

It is good ſo to carry ones ſelf, as to gain Reſpect, but it is ridiculous to paſs for a great Maſter of Compliments. The Idolaters of the Point of Honour, give a demonſtration that their Honour is founded on a ſmall matter, ſeeing they fancy every thing may wound it. It is very true, that a Man without Ceremony, has need of a great Merit in place of it. In ſhort, a Courteſie ought neither to be affected, nor ſlighted.

There are ſome who ſtand not in need of the Herbs of *Theſſaly* to Bewitch with, for they charm Fools and vain People meerly with a low Bow. They make a Traffick of Honour, and pay for it with the wind of fair Words. He that promiſes all, promiſes nothing; and Promiſes are ſo many ſlippery ſteps for Fools. True Courteſie is a Debt; that which is affected and uncommon is a Cheat. It is not a

Ci-

Civility, but a Dependance. They make not the Bow to the Perſon, but to the Fortune. Their Flattery is not an Acknowledgment of Merit, but a Bait to the Profit which they hope for.

† The Picture at a diſtance ſeems well drawn, in our Hands appears daubing: Thus we think ſome Men ingenious at firſt ſight, a continu'd Converſation ſhews they are quite the contrary.

Civility is a deſire to be civilly uſed, and to be commended for an accompliſh'd well-bred Man.

We are generally weary of thoſe Men moſt, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

We can bear ſometimes to be plagued by *Impertinents*, but we cannot endure to be accounted ſo by others.

One reaſon why we find ſo very few Men of *Senſe* and agreeable *Converſation*, is, that almoſt every Bodies Mind is more intent upon what he himſelf has a mind to ſay, than upon making pertinent *Replies* to what the reſt of the *Company* ſay to him. The more *Ingenious* and *Complaiſant* ſort go on farther than pretending to hearken attentively, when at the ſame time, a Man may plainly ſee that both their Eyes and their Mind are roving from what is ſaid to them, and poſting back again to what they long to be at themſelves; not conſidering that to ſeek one's own *Pleaſure* ſo very paſſionately, can never be the way either to pleaſe or perſwade others; and that diligent *Attention*, and proper *Repartees*, are the two *Perfections*, that accompliſh a Man for Company.

In *Converſation*, he ſeldom pleaſes who is over-confident of Pleaſing.

Wiſe

† Wiſemen are the better and politer for travelling, but Fools the worſe.

The Art of pleaſing in *Company*, is, not to explain things too particularly, to expreſs only one half, and leave your Hearers to make out the reſt: This argues you have a good Opinion of the Perſons you Converſe with; for nothing is more agreeable to Mens *Love* of themſelves.

It is very hard to hit a certain Temper and Mediocrity of *Freedom* with Perſons above us, ſo to be eaſie and plain with them, as to become an *Inſtrument* of their Diverſion and Entertainment, without being any way offenſive, or breaking in upon the Honour and Reſpect due to their Quality.

We often brag of never being weary of any Body's *Company*, and are ſo vain as not to own, that we can ever meet with any bad.

† Moſt Fops think they are courted and follow'd for their good Company, when in reallity 'tis only for the ſake of ridiculing their Defects, which they themſelves don't perceive and others do.

A Man is generally troubleſome when he thinks moſt he cannot be ſo.

To fly from *Company*, is to act againſt the Intention of *Nature*; to live always in *Solitude*, one muſt be ſomethiug more than *Man*, or leſs than a *Brute*.

Formal *Civilities* and *Ceremonies* are a kind of Tyranny, which render Men unſociable, even in Society it ſelf.

It is with moſt Men's *Wit* as it is with *Countries*, for as the moſt fruitful of theſe are not always the pleaſanteſt to walk in, ſo the moſt fertile Wits are not always the moſt agreeable to converſe with.

'Tis

'Tis the part of a *Blockhead* to be troubleſom; a Man of Wit and Senſe is ſenſible whether his Company is agreeable or no; and diſappears a Moment before the time, when his Viſit might be accounted tedious.

† He makes a ſilly Fellow no indifferent preſent, who brings him ſuch another Coxcomb as himſelf.

The greateſt Skill and Perfection in *Converſation* is not ſo much to ſhew a Man's one *Wit*, as to give other People the Opportunity of exerting theirs: He that parts from you pleaſed and ſatisfied with himſelf, is perfectly ſo with you. Men do not love to admire; they have a mind to pleaſe, and ſeek leſs to be inſtructed or diverted, than reliſh'd and applauded.

† As the *Tarand* changes its Colour with every plant that it approaches, ſo the Wiſe Man adapts himſelf to the ſeveral Humours and Inclinations of thoſe he Converſes with.

'Tis a great Misfortune for a Man either to want *Wit* to ſpeak well, or *Diſcretion* to hold his Tongue. This is the Spring of all *Impertinence*.

The Pleaſure of *Society* and *Converſation* betwixt Friends, is entertain'd by a Similitude of Manners, and a little difference of Opinions in the *Sciences*. By this it is that a Man either confirms and pleaſes himſelf in his own Sentiments; or exerciſes, and inſtructs himſelf by the Diſpute.

* We meet with many dangerous *Civilities* in the World, wherein 'tis a hard matter for a Man to ſave both his Skin and his Credit. 'Tis a difficult Point to hit the true *Medium*, betwixt Truſting too much and too little, for fear of incurring a Danger on the one hand, or giving a Scandal on the other. *Complements* are only words of Courſe; and

and though one external Civility, may be current Payment for another, yet a Man would be loath to venture his *All* upon a Figure of Speech, where the meaning is ſo nicely divided betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt. 'Tis a baſe thing to ſuſpect a Friend, or an Honeſt Man: Nay, 'tis a baſe thing to ſuſpect any Man that looks like one, ſo as to wound him; that is, either in Word or in Thought. But then 'tis Death perhaps to be impos'd upon by an Hypocrite under that Maſque: So that the Character of a Wiſe Man lies at Stake upon matter of Judgment one way, and of a Good-natur'd Man the other. The middle Courſe is to hide our Diſtruſt where we are doubtful, and to be free and open where we may be ſecure. There is no living without truſting ſome body or other, in ſome Caſes, or at ſome time or other; but then if People be not Cautious whom, when or wherein they truſt, the Miſtake may be Mortal; for there muſt be ſomewhat of a Truſt to make way for a Treachery, ſince no Man can be betray'd, that does not either believe, or ſeem to believe.

Politeneſs, or Good-breeding, does not always inſpire a Man with Humanity, Juſtice, Complaiſance and Gratitude, but yet it gives him the outſide of thoſe Vertues, and makes him in appearance what he ſhould be in reality.

Politeneſs may be defined a dextrous management of our Words and Actions, whereby we make other People have better Opinion of us and themſelves.

As to the practice of this Accompliſhment, it is not to be ſtated or determined by Rules; for it wholly depends upon Uſage and Cuſtom, and varies according to the difference of Place, Time, Per-

Perſons, Sex and Condition. *Wit* is not ſufficient by it ſelf to bring us acquainted with it, but it may be a good help to us in the imitating and perfecting of the ſame.

'Tis an unpardonable Soleciſm in Good Breeding for a Man when he deſires ſome of the Company he is in, either to Sing, or play on ſome Muſical Inſtrument, highly to commend another that has an Excellent Talent that way; and likewiſe it is a kind of Side-wind Satyr, the talking too much to the Praiſe of *Dryden*, whilſt *R*—— is a reading his Doggrel.

A Man of great Parts and Eminent Vertues, may ſometimes be intolerably Nauſeous; that is, if he neglects too much the outward Forms of *Civility* and *Good Breeding*; for tho' theſe be but Trifles, in Compariſon of his other Qualifications, yet they are ſuch as make the World paſs their final Verdict either *Pro* or *Con*, in the Character of a Man; a ſmall application to the Study of them, will prepoſſeſs People in our Favour, for as a little matter ſerves to make us paſs for Proud, Rude, Scornful, or Diſobliging, ſo a Cap, or a Smile, perhaps will ſerve to gain us the Reputation of the oppoſite Vertues.

The Knowledge of Courteſie and good Manners, is a very neceſſary Study; it is like Grace and Beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the firſt ſight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and conſequently that which firſt opens the door, and intromits us to better our ſelves by the Example of others, if there be any thing in their Society worth taking notice of. But we muſt take

take care not to be Rude and Troubleſom by being over-Civil.

How comes it to paſs, that *Alcippus* Salutes me to day, Smiles upon me, and almoſt throws himſelf out of a Chariot, for fear of miſſing me? My Fortune is but indifferent, I trudge it on Foot, and ſo according to the Rules of our Modern Breeding, he ought not to have ſeen me, but he did it perhaps, to be ſeen himſelf with a Lord.

* It is one of the moſt nauſeous maukiſh Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Senſe and Buſineſs, to have to do with a punctual finical Fop, that is too too Mannerly, and does every thing forſooth by Rule and Compaſs, eſpecially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority entitles him to Reſpect.

Of the Court, and Courtiers.

MAny Men at *Court* are like thoſe Trees grown up in ſome obſcure Place, and thence transplanted into fine Gardens, where they ſurprize by their bigneſs and hight, thoſe who knew neither their firſt Riſe, nor Growth and Progreſs.

The People are often preſented with agreeable Entertainments, and ſee upon the Stage of the World, thoſe Men come to a Tragical End, who have been the odious Inſtruments of their Miſeries, in the ſeveral Parts they have acted.

'Tis in one ſenſe the moſt Honourable Fault we can find in a Man, *his being a Stranger at Court.*

There are no Vertues that are not wrapt up in that Sentence.

† Courtiers cannot be too cautious, 'tis difficult to riſe, 'tis ſlippery to ſtand, but deadly to fall.

A Man, tho' never ſo Conceited, finds himſelf *Little* at *Court:* But it is one Comfort, that the Diſeaſe is general; and thoſe who are *Great* in other Places, are little there, as well as other People.

The Prince gives to the *Great ones* at Court, an Air of State, Pride, and Maſtery, for them to retail to their Inferiors. They are the very Apes of a King, and pay him a great Veneration and Reſpect, becauſe they expect the ſame from other People.

A Man is never Impudent by Choice, but by Complexion; it is a Vice to be ſo but then 'tis a Natural one, and by Conſequence, he that is not born Impudent, muſt of neceſſity be Modeſt, and can hardly paſs from one of theſe Extreams to the other. Therefore 'tis a very unprofitable Counſel to ſay to a Man, *Be but Impudent, and you'll certainly ſucceed:* A forc'd Imitation would make him Miſcarry. Upon the whole matter, nothing goes a greater way toward the making of one's Fortune at *Court*, than true and natural *Impudence.*

There muſt be Knaves at *Court* with the Great ones and Prime Miniſters, tho' never ſo well affected; but then 'tis a nice point, dextrouſly to manage and Improve them to advantage. There are occaſions where none but they can ſerve a Prince's Turn. Honour, Vertue, Conſcience, are indeed fair and Valuable at all times, but very often

ten unprofitable and uſeleſs Qualities. What is a Man of Honour good for upon ſome Exigencies?

Of all thoſe who flock to Court and crowd a Prince's Anti-chamber, there are but a Few who truly Honour and Reverence him in their Hearts. A great number pay him their Attendence out of Ambition, or Intereſt, but a greater ſtill out of a ridiculous Vanity, or fooliſh Impatience of being ſeen at Court.

If we conſider how the Looks of the Prince is the only Felicity of a Courtier, who makes it ſtill his whole application and ſtudy to ſee him, and be ſeen by him. We will in ſome meaſure underſtand how the ſight of God will make all the Glory and Happineſs of the Bleſſed.

You depend for a Concern no leſs juſt than of great Importance, upon the mutual Agreement of two courtiers; one of them tells you, I agree to it with all my Heart, provided he may have ſuch a one's Conſent. And this, tells you, he'll not be againſt it, if he can but be aſſured by word of Mouth, of the Intentions of the other; and ſo they keep you upon the Tenters whole Months and Years in a courſe of uſeleſs purſuits. I am at my Wit's end, ſay you, and cannot imagine how it can be ſo difficult to bring two Perſons together —— I underſtand the whole Buſineſs, and dare confidently aſſure you that they have been together already.

He that ſollicits an Employment for another, does it with the Confidence of one that demands Juſtice; but he who acts any thing for himſelf ſpeaks with the Confuſion and Trouble of one that begs a Pardon.

There are occaſions at Court, where Plain-dealing and Simplicity, are the beſt Game a Man can play.

If you be in Favour, any Conduct will ſucceed with you, you'll never be guilty of any Faults, all manner of ways will bring you to your Mark, otherwiſe, all things will fall croſs to you; every inconſiderable ſlip will be aggravated into an unpardonable Fault, every Path will lead you wide of your Aim.

If a Man that lives at Court, do not caution himſelf againſt the Snares that are continually laid to turn him into Ridicule, he will often wonder how a Man of much Wit, can be a Laughing-ſtock to Fools.

A Man that has lived a conſiderable time in the ſtir and buſtle of Court Intrigues, can never be happy any where elſe; any other ſort of Life is dull and languiſhing to him.

It goes againſt the grain with a Man of Parts and Merit, to be a conſtant and cloſe *Courtier*, tho' out of a conſideration very different from that which the World generally thinks. He has as much Honour and Veneration for his Prince as any of thoſe who crowd his Anti-Chamber; but he is too modeſt to believe he does him any Good, by making a Leg, or preſenting him with his Face as he goes by; He is rather apt to think that he importunes him, and has need of all the Reaſons he can draw, either from Cuſtom or his Duty, to reſolve to go to Court. On the contrary, a Self-conceited vain Fop finds a Pleaſure in ſhewing himſelf, and makes his Court with the more Confidence; that he fancies that the Great ones have as good an Opinion of his Perſon, as he himſelf has.

* 'Tis a Court Maſters-piece to draw Chefnuts out of the Fire with other People's Fingers, and to Complement a Man into a poſt of Honour, on purpoſe to have him Knock'd o'th' Head in't.

There

There is nothing at *Court*, but a perpetual Commerce and Exchange of falſe Friendſhip, pretended Honeſty, ſeeming Confidence, and affected Gratitude. And that Man who gives *Realities* inſtead of *Shows*, profeſſes himſelf, and is accounted as great a Bubble, as one that gives good Money, where Counterfeit paſſes for current Payment.

Thoſe who have lived and have been Great at Court, do often think they wiſh to Retreat, when there is no ſuch thing; and in truth, they ſeldom retire, but when they cannot ſtay; juſt as Gameſters throw away the Dice, when they have no Money left to play on.

The Contempt of *Favourites* is nothing elſe but the love of *Favour*: The vexation we reſent for our being excluded, is in ſome meaſure ſoftened and allay'd, by undervaluing thoſe that are in Poſſeſſion. And we deny to pay them our Reſpects, not being able to take that away from them, which makes them reſpected by all the World beſides.

The Court is the *Imperial* Seat of *Ambition*; all other *Paſſions*, even *Love* it ſelf, and all Laws truckle under her; and there are no ſorts of Unions, but ſhe can both knit together, or ſeparate.

There are few *Courtiers*, but what ſuffer a Change in their Reputation twice a Year, either by the fickleneſs and inſtability of other Men's Opinions, or the diverſity of their own Conduct.

A *Favourite* will ſooner find an *Adorer*, that a true *Friend*.

There are few *Favourites* that keep in Favour to the laſt; either becauſe *Princes* grow weary of their *Favourites* when they have nothing to beſtow on them: Or that *Favourites* themſelves grow

weary of the *Court* when they expect nothing more from it.

Courts would ſoon be turned into *Deſarts*, and *Kings* left by themſelves, if men were once rid of *Vanity* and Intereſt; but moſt People are contented to be Slaves at *Court*, ſo they may domineer elſewhere.

There is no other Study, but how to pleaſe in the Court of Princes, becauſe there a Man makes his Fortune by rendring himſelf agreeable. Hence it comes that *Courtiers* are ſo poliſh'd. On the contrary, in Towns and Republicks, where Men manage their Affairs by Labour, the laſt of their Cares is to Pleaſe, and 'tis that which renders them ſo Clownish.

The Wheels, the Springs, the Movements, all is hidden in a *Watch*, and nothing to be ſeen except the Needle, which inſenſibly goes round. This is the *Image* of a *Courtier*, and ſo much the truer, that after many fair ſteps, he often returns to the ſame point from whence he firſt ſet out.

If *Favour* places a Man above his Equals, his Fall places him below them.

That Man that has ſeen the *Court*, has ſeen the faireſt and beautifulleſt part of the World; and if he can deſpiſe the *Court* after he has ſeen it, he can as well deſpiſe all the World.

The Town makes a Man nauſeat the Country; the Court creates a diſguſt for the Town. The *Court* it ſelf puts a Wiſe Man out of conceit with it, and gives him a hankering after Privacy and Retirement.

A Favourite has no *Retinue*; he is without Enemies, without Ties: He may be ſurrounded with a crowd of Relations and *Creatures*, but he is [illegible] to nothing, he ſtands by himſelf.

An

An old *Courtier* of good Senſe and Memory, is a Treaſure of an ineſtimable Value. He is full of Tranſactions and Maxims; in him we find the Hiſtory of the Times, adorned with many Curious Circumſtances, not to be found any where elſe; and of him we may learn Rules for the conduct of our Affairs and Manners, which are ſo much the ſurer, as they are grounded on Experience.

It is as hard to define the *Court*, as to give a true Name to changeable Colours.

The *Country* is the Place from whence the *Court*, as in its true diſtance, appears a thing full of Charmes, and worth our Admiration. But if a Man come near it, its Perfections decreaſe, juſt as thoſe of a fine *Landskip*, when you behold it at a cloſe view.

The *Court* does neither make a Man happy, nor ſuffer him to be ſo elſewhere.

As it is good for a Gentlemen to *Travel*, ſo it is to ſee the *Court*, when he firſt comes to it, he diſcovers there, as it were, a new World, where *Vice* and *Politeneſs* have an equal ſway, and where a Man advantageouſly improves both good and bad *Qualities.*

The *Court* is like a ſtately Edifice, of Marble, I mean, becauſe thoſe that compoſe it, are very hard, but very well Poliſh'd.

Nothing ſo deforms certain *Courtiers*, as the Preſence of the Prince; it ſo alters their Air, and debaſes their Looks, that a Man can ſcarce know them by their Faces. Proud inſolent Men are the moſt disfigur'd, for they loſe moſt of their own; but a modeſt Man keeps his natural Countenance; he has nothing to reform.

It is oftentimes as dangerous to make the firſt ſteps at *Court*, as it is not to make them,

You are a *Good Man*, you neither court the Favour, nor the Reſentments of *Favourites*; you mind your own Buſineſs, and wholly apply your ſelf to your *Prince* and *Duty*.—Mark my Prophecy, *You are undone.*

As difficult as it is to get a conſiderable Place at *Court*, it is much harder yet to make one's ſelf worthy of it.

It is hard to determine which of the two is the greater ſhame, either to be deny'd a Place we deſerve, or granted one we deſerve not.

* Courtiers generally pay Services with Smoak and fair Words, and uſe a World of unprofitable Ceremony to mortifie an Honeſt Man.

Courage, and Cowardiſe.

THe love of *Honour* and *Glory*, the fear of *Shame*, the deſign of promoting an *Intereſt*, the deſire of making Life eaſie and comfortable, and the longing of pulling down others, are oftentimes the cauſes of that *Valour*, ſo much extoll'd in the World.

† A Man may be an experienc'd Warriour without being a Valiant Man.

Valour in private *Soldiers*, is a hazardous Trade, to which they have bound themſelves to get a Lively-hood.

Perfect *Valour* and abſolute *Cowardice* are Extreams that few Men fall into. The vaſt middle ſpace contains all the other kinds and degrees of *Cou-*

Courage, which differ no leſs from one another than Men's Faces or their Humours. Some Men are Valiant even to *Temerity*, in the beginning of an *Action*, that are eaſily diſheartened and dejected, if it continue: Some ſatisfie themſelves with having done what was neceſſary to maintain their *Honour* and *Reputation*, and will hardly be prevail'd upon to do any thing beſides: Some have the command of their *Fears*, and Maſter them only by intervals: Others are ſometimes carried away by general *Terrors*: Others throw themſelves into the *Action*, not daring to maintain their own Poſt: The Courage of ſome has been inur'd and harden'd againſt great *Dangers*, by their Habit and Familiarity with ſmall ones: Some are valiant with a *Sword*, that fear a *Muſket-Shot*; and others are unconcern'd at the diſcharge of a *Muſket*, and frighted at the ſight of a naked *Sword*. All theſe different ſorts of *Courage* agree in this, that night as it encreaſes the *Fear*, ſo it conceals both brave and baſe *Actions*, and gives every body Opportunity of ſaving himſelf. There is ſtill another more general Tenderneſs of a Man's ſelf, for you meet with no body that does as much as he would be capable to do, if he was but ſure to come off ſafe: So that it is very plain, that let a Man be never ſo *Stout*, yet the fear of *Death* does certainly give ſome damp to his *Courage*.

True *Valour* conſiſts in doing without Witneſſes, what a Man is capable to do before all the World.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary Strength of *Mind*, which raiſes us above the Troubles and Perturbations which the Proſpect of Dangers is apt to produce: And by this ſtrength it is, that *Heroes* remain undiſturbed, and preſerve the free uſe of their

their Reaſon, amidſt the moſt amazing and terrible Accidents.

Intrepidity is requiſite to buoy up the Mind in *Plots* and *Conſpiracies*; but *Valour* is alone ſufficient to give a Man conſtancy of Mind in honourable Actions, and the hazards of War.

Moſt Men expoſe themſelves enough in an Engagement to ſecure their *Honour*; but very few are willing to expoſe themſelves ſo far as the Deſign they go upon requires, to render it ſucceſsful.

Men are as fond of their Lives, as deſirous of getting Honour, which is the reaſon why Men of *Gallantry* uſe as many dextrous Shifts and Stratagems to decline *Death*, as your *Litigious Knaves* do to ſecure their Eſtates.

He cannot anſwer for his own *Courage*, who has never been in any danger.

Cowardice is a dangerous *Failing* to tell thoſe of, that we would reclaim from.

Valour was aſſign'd to Men, and *Chaſtity* to Women, as their principal Vertues, becauſe they are the hardeſt to practice: When theſe Vertues are not ſuſtain'd, and kept up either by Conſtitution or *Divine Grace*, they ſoon grow faint, and fall preſently a Sacrifice to the *love* of *Life* and *Pleaſure*.

If a Man would define *Victory*, he muſt be tempted to call her with the Poets, *The Daughter of Heaven*; ſince her Original is not to be found upon Earth: And indeed it is the effect of a thouſand Actions, which inſtead of aiming at it, have no other proſpect than the particular *Intereſt* of each Combatant. For all thoſe that make up an *Army* ſeeking their own Honour and Preferment, procure ſo great and ſo univerſal a *Good*.

Cowards can never be fit for great Undertakings; Their

Their eaſie belief of Dangers, ſuppreſſes their beſt form'd Deſigns, and ſo confounds their Judgments, that imaginary Suſpicions paſs with them for real Obſtacles.

Of all Enemies thoſe of a *Cowardly* Temper are moſt to be feared; their want of *Courage*, makes 'em uſe private Revenges and Treacheries, when a Valiant Man attacks you openly, and gives you warning that you may ſtand upon your Guard.

Cowards are of all Men the moſt Diſtruſtful, Credulous and Cruel. Their fearful Conſtitution makes them apprehenſive of imaginary Dangers, and Enemies: and puts them upon revenging Plots and Conſpiracies, which have oftentimes no reality, but in their wounded Fancy.

* *Courage*, without the ſoftneſs of Humane Courteſie and Candor, is but a ſavage and outragious Brutality.

* Let the Numbers be what they will, that *Army* is ever beaten where the *fright* firſt enters.

* Natural *Infirmitie*, are well nigh inſuperable; and Men that are *Cowards* by Complexion, are hardly to be made Valiant by Diſcourſe: But they are conſcious yet of the Scandal of that Weakneſs, and may make a ſhift, perhaps, to reaſon themſelves now and then into a kind of temporary Reſolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go through with.

The Law of Reſolution and Conſtancy, does not imply that we ought not as much as in us lies to decline and to ſecure our ſelves from the Miſchiefs and Inconveniencies that threaten us; not conſequently that we ſhall not fear, leſt they ſhould Surprize us: On the contrary, all honeſt ways and means of ſecuring our ſelves from Harms, are not only permitted, but moreover Commendable

mendable, and the Buſineſs of Conſtancy chiefly is, bravely to ſtand to, and ſtoutly to ſuffer thoſe Inconveniencies which are not otherwiſe poſſible to be avoided.

Valour has its Bounds as well as other Vertues, which once traſgreſs'd, the next Step is into the Territoris of Vice: So that by having too large a proportion of this Heroic Vertue, unleſs a Man be very perfect in its Limits, he may very eaſily unawares run into Temerity, Obſtinacy and Folly.

The effects of *Courage* and of *Fear* are no leſs different than the Rewards of both are juſt; the firſt, which ſeeks Dangers, often avoids them; the others often runs into them, by endeavouring to eſcape them.

* The Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Poltron Valiant. There's nothing ſo Couragious as a Coward if you put him out of Danger.

* Many a Bragging Coxcomb is ruin'd by a miſtake of Fear in an Enemy, and a fancy of Courage in himſelf.

Conſtancy, Inconſtancy.

Conſtancy in *Love* is generally a perpetual *Inconſtancy*, which fixes our Hearts to all the Accompliſhments of the Party beloved ſucceſſively; ſometimes admiring one, ſometimes another; So that this *Conſtancy* is no better than a fickle Humour ſettled, if I may ſo ſpeak, and confin'd within the compaſs of one Perſon.

Conſtancy in *Love*, is of two ſorts: One proceeds from

from the diſcovery of new Perfections, in thoſe we Love; the other from a point of Honour, and a taking a pride in being *Conſtant*.

There is an *Inconſtancy* that proceeds from an unſetled *Judgment*, a natural Levity and Weakneſs, that eſpouſes all Opinions as they come, and thinks as other People think; and there is another much more excuſable, that ariſes from a diſlike and diſapproveing of the things themſelves.

The Violence ſome Men uſe upon themſelves to be *Conſtant* to what they *Love*, is little better than *Inconſtancy*.

There is no reaſon to reproach *Inconſtancy*, as a great Crime; it is no more in the Power of certain Perſons to *love*, or not to *love*, than to be in health or out of order. All that one can reaſonably demand from fickle Perſons, is ingeniouſly to acknowledge their Levity, and not to add *Treachery* to *Inconſtancy*.

† How ſhall we know what will pleaſe us to morrow, when we know not what will pleaſe us next Minute.

It is ordinary with ſome to exclaim againſt *Inconſtancy*, and to decry thoſe that deſert them; when at the ſame time they are glad to have an Example of Change: For it happens but too often that the beſt eſtabliſh'd *Friendſhips*, the moſt ſtrict *Confidences* inſenſibly ſlacken; then we ſeek a Quarrel, we ſeem to be angry, to the end of finding ſome pretence to ſet our ſelves at Liberty.

Conſtancy, Reſolution.

THe *Conſtancy* of *Philoſophers* is often nothing elſe but the knack of concealing their ſecret Reſentments and Perturbations. † To

† To be not deny'd, we muſt reſolve not to be deny'd.

† Fortune laughs at weak endeavours, and the ſmall Opinion we have of our own Merit, juſtifies others thinking but very indifferently of us.

We often fancy to be *Conſtant* and *Patient* in our Misfortunes, when we are truly dejected and caſt down: We ſuffer without daring to hold up our Heads, juſt as *Cowards* let themſelves be knock'd o'th' Head, becauſe they have not Courage enough to ſtrike again.

No Man can be truly *good* and *Sweet-Natur'd* without *Conſtancy* and *Reſolution*; They that ſeem to be ſo, have commonly an *Eaſineſs* that quickly turns peeviſh and ſowre.

Conſtancy or Reſiſtance in Misfortunes, is only dwelling longer upon our Miſeries; it appears the moſt amiable Vertue to thoſe who are under no Afflictions, but is truly a new load to ſuch as are.

Crimes, Ills, Harm.

SOme *Crimes* not only paſs for innocent, but alſo get *Honour* and *Renown*, by being committed, with more *Pomp* by a greater *Number*, and in a higher degree of Wickedneſs than others. Thus publick *Robberies* and *Plunderings* are ſtill'd *Noble Atchievements*; and the *Uſurping* whole Countries, is dignified with the Glorious Title of gaining *Conqueſts*.

We eaſily forget our *Faults*, when no body takes notice of them.

Some Men are ſo *Good*, that one cannot fairly believe any thing *Ill* of them, without the demonſtration of ſeeing it our ſelves: But never any were

were ſo *Good*, that we ſhould be aſtoniſh'd when we do ſee it.

Thoſe that find no diſpoſition in themſelves to be guilty of great *Faults*, are not apt upon ſlight Grounds to ſuſpect others of them.

Our *Repentances* are generally not ſo much a *Concern* and *Remorſe* for the *Ills* we have done; as a dread of thoſe we are in danger of ſuffering.

Innocence does not find near ſo much Protection as *Guilt*.

The *Ill* we do never brings ſo much Hatred and Perſecution upon us, as our good *Qualities*.

Men frequently do *Good*, only to get an opportunity of doing *ill* with greater Security.

It is ſafer to do ſome Men *Hurt*, than to do them too much *Good*.

No Man can be truly *Good*, but ſuch as are in a Station that gives them the Power of Revenging the Wrongs that are done them.

* Reaſon and Conſcience are ſo Sacred, that the greateſt Villanies are ſtill Countenanced under that Cloak and Colour.

Quarrels would never laſt long, were the *Wrong* only of one ſide.

Some *Heroes* have been accounted ſo for being greatly *Ill*, no leſs than others for being greatly *Good*.

We often forgive thoſe that have *injur'd us*, but we can never Pardon thoſe we have *injur'd*.

There are but few Men wiſe enough to know all the Miſchief they do.

The *Violences* we commit upon our ſelves, are oftentimes more painful, than thoſe which other People uſe towards us.

There are ſome Miſchievous Men in the World, that would not be able to do half ſo much hurt, if they had no Goodneſs at all.

No

Nothing more diſcredits the Violence of Wicked Men, than the Moderation of the Good; and Perſecutors never become more odious, than by the Wiſdom of thoſe whom they Perſecute.

Innocence is no Protection againſt the Arbitrary Cruelty of a Tyrannical Power: For accuſing is proving, where Malice and Force are join'd in the Proſecution: Arguments then are but fooliſh Things, nay the very Merits, Vertues, and good Offices of the Perſon accus'd, are improved to his Condemnation.

CUSTOM.

Uſtom is the Plague of *Wiſe* Men, and the Idol of *Fools*.

There is no Life ſo regular, where particular Actions don't ſometimes exceed the general Habit and Conduct.

Men's Thoughts are much according to their Inclinations; their Diſcourſe and Speech is according to their Learning and infuſed Opinions; but their Deeds are after, as they have been accuſtomed.

Cuſtom is a violent and treacherous School-Miſtreſs, ſhe by little and little, ſlily and unperceived, ſlips in the Foot of her Authority; but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of Time, fix'd and eſtabliſh'd it; ſhe then Unmasks a furious and tyrannick Countenance, againſt which we have no more the Courage, or the Power ſo much as to lift up our Eyes.

Our greateſt Vices derive their firſt Propenſity from our moſt tender Infancy, and our principal Education depends upon the Nurſe. Yet ſuch Wiſe Fathers there are in the World, who look upon

upon it as a notable mark of a Martial Spirit, when they hear their Sons miſs-call, or ſee them domineer over a poor Peaſant, or a Lacquey, that dares not reply nor turn again; and a great ſign of Wit, when they ſee them Cheat and Over-reach their Play-fellows, by ſome Malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit; not conſidering that theſe are the true Seeds of Cruelty, Tyranny and Treaſon; They bud and put out there, and afterwards ſhoot up vigorouſly, and grow to a prodigious Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improved by Cuſtom. Therefore, it is a very dangerous Miſtake to excuſe theſe vile Inclinations, upon the Tenderneſs of their Age, and the Trivialneſs of the Subject.

The Laws of Conſcience, which we pretend to be derived from Nature, proceed from *Cuſtom*, every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners approved and received amongſt his own People; and he cannot without very great Reluctancy, depart from them, nor apply himſelf to them without applauſe. The Common Fancies that we find in Repute every where about us, and infus'd in our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be moſt Univerſal and Genuine. From whence it comes to paſs, that whatever is off the Hinge of Cuſtom, is believed alſo to be off the Hinges of Reaſon.

Cunning, Tricks, Shifts, Treachery.

THe ſubtleſt *Fetch* and *Diſſimulation*, is to pretend being caught; for a Man is never ſo eaſily over-reach'd, as when he is thinking to over-reach others.

The moſt *Cunning* Men pretend to blame *Tricking*, that they may uſe it with more ſecurity themſelves

ſelves upon ſome greater Occaſion or Intereſt.

Frequent *Cunnings* and *Fetches*, argue a ſhallow little *Wit*; and it generally falls out, that he that conceals himſelf in one *Inſtance*, betrays himſelf as much by it in another.

Thoſe that have been over-reach'd by ſome of our *Tricks*, do not ſeem near ſo fooliſh and ridiculous to us, as we our ſelves are in our own Opinion, when they have been too *Cunning* for us.

It is very hard to determine whither an Univerſal Goodneſs ſhew'd to all the World, without diſtinction, be the Effect of *Good-Nature*, or great *Cunning* and *Addreſs*.

Lyes, *Artifices* and *Tricks*, are as ſure Marks of a low and poor Spirit, as falſe Money is of a poor and low *Purſe*.

There is not a greater *Peſt* in Humane Society than a Perverſe Craft, under the Maſk of Simplicity.

'Tis a good Diſcretion when a Body has to do with an Adverſary, that is either too Crafty, or too ſtrong for him, to turn him off to his Match; but it would be a cleaverer way yet, to encounter the Stratagem, and to defeat one Sham with another.

'Tis a fair ſtep in *Cunning* and *Subtilty*, the poſſeſſing of other People with the belief that we are but indifferently *Cunning*.

Cunning is neither a very good nor a very bad *Quality*, it floats, if I may ſo ſpeak, betwixt *Vertue* and *Vice*: And upon all occaſions it may, nay, perhaps it ought to be improved by *Prudence*.

Cunning is the nearer occaſion of *Cheat*; from one to the other, there is but one ſtep, and a ſlippery one too, I mean a *Lye*; if a Man adds this to *Cunning*, he makes it an *Impoſture*.

With thoſe who are of *Cunning* hearken all, and ſpeak little, the beſt Method is either to ſpeak little,

little, or to ſpeak very much, and ſay little.

* There is nothing looks ſillier than a *Crafty Knave* out-witted, and beaten at his own play.

* There is no truſting to the fair Words of thoſe that have both an Intereſt and an Inclination to deſtroy us; eſpecially when the Deſign is carried on under the Mask of a Friendly Office. It is but reaſonable to oppoſe Art to Art, and where we ſuſpect falſe Play, to encounter one Trick with another; provided always that it be manag'd without breach of Faith, and within the Compaſs of Honour, Honeſty, and good Manners.

* Of all ſcandalous and lew'd Offices, *Treachery* is certainly the baſeſt; 'tis a Sin againſt common Faith, Honour and Society; a Villany in ſhort, that's never to be approv'd, how convenient ſoever it is in ſome Caſes to be made uſe of.

All Traytors are Mercenaries; and whoever betrays one Maſter for Advantage, will betray another for a better Price.

Calumny, Detraction, Slander, Talebearers.

THe while a Man lives, let him be ever ſo Eminent, there is ſtill room for Ill-nature and Jealouſie, to repreſent things, and to ſuſpect that ſomething lies hid under the faireſt appearances, which may ſhew itſelf in due time; all that goes off, when one has finiſh'd his Courſe; ſo that all appears to be of a piece, and that he has died, as he has lived.

* It is a part of Prudence, not to ſink under the impreſſion of an ill Report, provided there be Integrity and Innocence to ſupport that firmneſs of Mind.

A Wiſe Man will not make his Life precarious, he ſtands or falls to his own Conſcience, and leaves the World to take its courſe. 'Tis the Novelty not the Quality of Things that ſets People a gaping and Gazing at them; but when they come once to be Familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again.

* It is not in the Power of Calumny and Envy, to blaſt the Dignity of a Wiſe and Honeſt Man. The Principles of Good and Evil, are as firm as the Foundations of the Earth, and never had any Man Living, the Face yet to make an open profeſſion of Wickedneſs in its own Name. Not but that Men of Vicious Lives and Converſations, have found out ways of impoſing their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Vertues, and under falſe Semblances and Colours. But there's no Man all the while, that ſets up for a Knave or a Coxcomb in direct Terms. Now the Miſtery of the Cheat, lies in the artificial diſguiſing of one thing for another, and in making Evil paſs for Good, and Good for Evil: As every Vertue has its bordering Vice, and every Vice its bordering Vertue: So that the Pretence is fair ſtill, let the Practice be never ſo foul, and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot reconcile the Error to the Rule. When People have once inverted the meaſures of Moral Equity and Natural Reaſon, and brought the Queſtion of Right or Wrong, ſo far as in them lies, to a falſe Standard, there follows in courſe an envious Malevolence upon the Oppoſition. As for Example: A Fool naturally hates a Philoſopher, A Debauchee does as naturally hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. But ſtill a Man of Honour and Integrity, ſhines on like the Sun in the Firmament, unconcern'd, and continues his Courſe.

* All

* All Men revenge themſelves of an Evil ſpeaker, by ſpeaking Evil of him: And ſeeing he is alone he'll be ſooner overcome than the others, who are numerous, can be Convicted. A Detracter is eternally hated, and if ſometimes Great Men Converſe with him, it is more out of Pleaſure to hear his Satyrs, than for any Eſteem they have of him.

'Tis a pitiful ſneaking ſort of Life, that of a *Backbiter*, always to be pecking at, and feeding upon the Imperfections of others.

† We are all angry at Backbiting, and yet every Body is more or leſs ſubject to it.

Generally ſpeaking, it were a good Bargain, to renounce all that *good* Men can ſay of us, upon Conditon they would ſay no *Ill*.

Too tender a Sence of what other People ſay *ill* of us, does but entertain the *Malice* of the *World*, which deſires no more than that it may diſturb us.

† There is no ſufficient Court of Judicature againſt the Venom of Slaunder, for though you puniſh the Author, yet you cannot wipe off the Calumny.

The abſolute want of ſuch a Senſe, ſo as to be moved at nothing they ſay, is a contrary Extream, that produces the ſame Effect. This is ſuch a ſort of Contempt as the *World* is concerned to Revenge it ſelf upon.

There is a middle State and Temper to be found between theſe two Extreams; which inclines the *World* to make Allowances for ſome Actions in one Man, which yet they condemn without any Mercy in others. This makes the mighty difference between *Ladies*, that yet have taken the ſame Liberties; ſo that ſome are run down, and it is ſcandalous to be ſeen in their Company; and others are eſteem'd as Chaſt as *Nuns*, and no Reflections caſt upon them.

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the whole World into a Flame, and no body the wiſer which way it came. The Miſchief may be promoted by Miſrepreſenting, Miſunderſtanding, or Miſinterpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds; and no Wound ſo mortal as that where the Poyſon Works under a pretence of Kindneſs: Nay, there are ways of Commendation and Inſinuation, of Affection and Eſteem, that kill a Man as ſure as a Gun. This Practice is the bane of all Truſt, and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the moſt ordinary Accidents of Life. 'Tis enough to break the neck of all Honeſt Purpoſes, to ſuppreſs all Generous and publick ſpirited Motions, and to ſtifle all Honourable Inclinations in the very Conception. But next to the Practice of theſe lewd Offices, deliver all Honeſt Men from lying at the Mercy of thoſe that encourage and entertain them.

Deſigns, Undertakings, Succeſs.

† A Man has rarely Succeſs that is diffident of himſelf.

He that minds and buſies himſelf about ſmall *Intereſts*, becomes uſually unfit for great *Undertakings.*

Though an Action appear never ſo bright and glorious in its ſelf, it is not to be accounted great, if it be not the effect of *Wiſdom* and *Deſign.*

Great Men's Honour ought always to be rated by the Methods they employ to carry on and accompliſh their *Deſigns.*

A Wiſe Man ſhould order his *Deſigns*, and ſet all his *Intereſts* in their proper places. This Order is often diſturb'd by a fooliſh *Greedineſs*, which while it

puts us upon purſuing ſeveral things at once, makes us eager for matters of leſs Conſideration; and we let the Main go, while we graſp at the Acceſſories.

There muſt be a true *Proportion* of the *Actions* to the *Deſigns*, without which, it is impoſſible for a Man to gain his Ends.

There are a World of *Proceedings* that appear odd and ridiculous, which yet are grounded upon ſecret *Reaſons*, that are very ſolid and ſubſtantial.

It is hard to determine, whether a clear, open and honourable *Proceeding* be the reſult of good *Principles*, or ſubtil *Craft* and *Addreſs*.

It is with ſome *Affairs*, as it is with moſt Diſeaſes; they are rather ſowr'd and exaſperated, than allay'd by untimely *Remedies*: And the height of Skill and Wiſdom, is to know when they can bear the *Handling*.

There are but very few things impoſſible in their own Nature; and we want not *Means* to conquer *Difficulties*, ſo much as *Application* and *Reſolution* in the uſe of Means.

The diſlike we commonly have of *Negotiators*, (or *Arbitrators*,) ariſes from their being generally apt to ſacrifice all the *Intereſt* of their *Friends*, for the advancing and bringing about their *Negotiation*, which they make their own *Intereſt* by the Credit of having ſucceeded in their *Undertakings*.

It is generally in matters of no great moment, where we venture not to believe *Probabilities*.

We ſhould deſire very few things *paſſionately*, if we did but perfectly know the *Nature* of the thing we deſire.

In great *Undertakings*, the improving of *Opportunities* goes a greater way than the ſtarting of them.

No

No Commendations are thought too great for *Prudence*: And yet the higheſt pitch of it cannot enſure a Man the moſt inconſiderable *Event*.

We ſhould often *bluſh* for our beſt *Actions*, if the World did but ſee all the *Motives* upon which they were grounded.

Good Succeſs is often owing to want of Judgment, for a nice *Diſcretion* keeps a Man from venturing upon ſeveral Attempts, which meer want of Conſideration makes frequently turn to good account.

Our *Actions* are like the laſt Syllables of *Words*, which every Man makes Rhime to what he thinks fit.

We execute *ſlowly* what we reſolve upon *unwillingly*.

Any thing that is extraordinary, looks *great*, if the *Succeſs* be favourable; as every thing that's *great* looks *fooliſh*, if the *Succeſs* be contrary.

There is a Critical Point in the *declining* of all *States*, where their Ruin, would be unavoidable, if one knew how eaſie it were to deſtroy them; but for want of fore-ſight clear enough, or a ſufficient Courage, Men are content with a little, when they might do more, making either the *Meaneſs* of *Spirit*, or the want of *Greatneſs* in the *Soul*, paſs for Prudence.

Whatever we undertake, we muſt propoſe to our thoughts ſome great and extraordinary aim, and even ſuch as is above our reach: For we could hardly be perſwaded to begin our Journey, if we were ſure to go no farther than we really ſhall.

* There is not any thing ſo ſmall, but there goes Art and Application toward the acquiring of it.

* 'Tis of mighty Uſe to Men in any great and daring *Attempt*, to have their Followers and others think, there is *Deſtiny* in their behalf; that they

are

are *God's Inſtruments*, only accompliſhing what he has long deſign'd they ſhould; this renders them both moſt violent in their Motions, and incurable either by any Admonitions, or even almoſt by any Unſucceſsfulneſs or Diſcouragements.

* Any thing is a good *Reaſon* for a *Way* to him, who before hand is reſolv'd to take it; he blames or commends, condemns or juſtifies, as a corrupt *Party*, not as an equal *Judge*. *Self-love* ſteers all its Determinations; and following all its Windings, it is never true to the reality of the thing, but to its own concern therein; which being differently affected by any ways, at different Times, it accordingly either applauds or decrys them, and has a Judgment of them when they are in *our own* Caſe, and another when they are in our *Neighbours*.

Experience makes many a Wiſe Man of a Fool; and *Security* makes many a Fool of a Wiſe Man.

* There's no forcing *Nature* againſt her Biaſs, or inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Deſires and unreaſonable Undertakings, muſt expect to meet with Diſappointments: There is a proper Time for all Things, and nothing ſucceeds well, but what's done in Seaſon.

* Haſty Reſolutions are ſeldom Fortunate, and it is a piece of neceſſary Prudence for a Man, before he reſolves any thing, to conſider what may be the Conſequences of it.

* 'Tis matter of Skill and Addreſs, when a Man cannot honeſtly compaſs what he would be at, to appear eaſie and indifferent upon all Repulſes and Diſappointments. Beſide, it improves all our Diſappointments into Providences, when we can let fall the vain deſire of any thing, without feeling the loſs of it.

* Im-

* *Improbability* and *Impoſſibility*, are two frightful Words to weaker Minds, but by diligent and wiſe Men, they are generally found to be only the Excuſes of *Idleneſs* and *Ignorance*. For the moſt part, they lie not in the things themſelves, but in Men's falſe Opinions concerning them; they are raiſed by *Opinions*, but are ſoon aboliſh'd by *Works*. Many things that were at firſt improbable to the Minds of Men, are not ſo to their Eyes; many that ſeem'd unpracticable to their *Thoughts*, are quite otherwiſe to their *Hands*: Many that are too difficult for their naked Hands, may be ſoon perform'd by the ſame Hands if they are ſtrengthen'd by *Inſtruments*, and guided by *Methods*: Many that are unmanageable by a few Hands, and a few Inſtruments, are eaſie to the joint-force of a Multitude: Many that fail in one *Age*, may ſucceed by the renew'd Endeavours of *another*. It is not therefore the conceit or fancy of Men alone, that is of ſufficient Authority to condemn the moſt unlikely things for impoſſible, unleſs they have been attempted in vain, by many *Eyes*, many *Hands*, many *Inſtruments*, and many *Ages*.

* The Errors of *Young Men* are the Ruine of Buſineſs; but the Errors of *Aged Men* amount but to this, that more might have been done, or ſooner. *Young Men*, in the Conduct and Management of Affairs, imbrace more than they can hold; ſtir more than they can quit; fly to the end without Conſideration of the Means and Degrees; purſue ſome few Principles, which they have chanc'd upon abſurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown *Inconveniencies*; uſe extream Remedies at firſt, and that which doubles all Errors, will not acknowledge or retract them. *Men of Age*, object

too

too much, conſult too long, adventure too little, repent too ſoon, and ſeldom drive Buſineſs home to the full Period, but content themſelves with a Mediocrity of Succeſs. Therefore it is good to compound Employments of both; for that will be good for the *Preſent*, becauſe the Vertues of either Age, may correct the Defects of both; and good for *Succeſſion*, that *Young Men* may be *Learners*, while *Old Men* are *Actors*.

Devotion, Religion, Hypocricy, Church, Church-men.

* REligion does improve the Underſtandings of Men, by ſubduing their Luſts, and moderating their Paſſions, which ſully and darken their Minds, even by a natural Influence. Intemperance and Senſuality, and Fleſhly Luſts, do debaſe Mens Minds, and clog their Spirits, make them groſs and foul, liſtleſs and unactive; they ſink us down into Senſe, and glew us to theſe low and inferior things; like *Bird-lime*, they hamper and entangle our Souls, and hinder their Flight upwards; they indiſpoſe and unfit our Minds for the moſt noble and intellectual Conſiderations. So likewiſe the exorbitant Paſſions of Wrath and Malice, Envy and Revenge, do darken and diſtort the Underſtandings of Men, do tincture the Mind with falſe Colours, and fill it with Prejudice and undue apprehenſions of things.

* There's no Corruption like Eccleſiaſtical Avarice; no Cruelty ſo mercileſs as that of a Debauch'd Churchman. 'Tis the Devil's Maſterpiece to begin there; for he knows very well, that the ſcandalous Ex-

Examples of Perfidious and an Apoſtate Clergy, are the ready way to bring the Holy Order of Prieſt-hood it ſelf into Odium and Diſgrace.

* There never was found any pretended conſcientious Zeal, but it was always moſt certainly attended with a fierce Spirit of implacable Cruelty.

* No Treachery is ſo Mortal, as that which covers itſelf under the Mask of Sanctity.

Tho' the ſeveral Members of a Church may ſeem to compoſe but one Body, yet they have a particular Religion accommodated to every one's Temper, Humour, Inclination, Quality, and the Perſons they Converſe with.

* He that countenances, encourages, or abets Miſchief, does it.

The Seditious Lawyer or Divine, Kills no body with his own Hand, but by a falſe Gloſs perhaps upon a Law, or a Text, he may cauſe Ten Thouſand Swords to be drawn, without ſpilling one drop of Blood immediately himſelf. Shall any man now, that wilfully and maliciouſly procures the cutting of whole Armies to pieces, ſet up for an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his inſtigation, were not to be charged upon his account. He that covers Murder, Oppreſſion, Sacrilege, Rebellion with a Cloak of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government effectually the Authors of the Wickedneſs: And thoſe are the baſeſt and worſt of *Bravo*'s, that employ *Journeymen Mercenaries* under them to do the Work. What is it, but to engage our Bibles and our Law-Books in a Conſpiracy againſt themſelves? Shall he that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to waſh his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the playing of the Mine? Humane Corruptions

ruptions are as catching as Powder; as eaſily en-flam'd, and the fire afterwards as hard to be quench'd. That which a Man cauſes to be done, he does himſelf, and 'tis all a-caſe whither he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In one word, he that kindles the Paſſions of the Mobile, is anſwerable for the following Conflagration. When the Men of the long Robe have once Preach'd the People to Tinder, the leaſt Spark ſets them on fire, ſo that they have no more to do, than to inculcate the Doctrine of Diſobedience, and ſo leave the Multitude to chew upon it. A *Trumpeter* in the *Pulpit*, is the very Emblem of a Trumpeter in the *Field*, only the Spiritual *Trumpeter* is the more Pernicious Inſtrument of the two; for the latter ſerves only to rouze the Courage of the Soldiers, without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text; whereas, the other Infuſes Malice over and above, and Preaches Death and Damnation, both in one, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verſe for't.

* There's nothing cuts Religion like Religion it ſelf. Texts againſt Texts, and one Scripture made to fight againſt another; inſomuch, that the Rule of Faith is perverted into a Doctrine of Hereſie and Schiſm; and the Goſpel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion.

There is a Circulation obſerv'd in the general Corruptions of Nations, ſometimes Ignorance and Brutality overruns the World, that makes way for Superſtition and Idolatry: When Mankind is diſguſted with theſe, then Fantaſtical and Enthuſiaſtical Principles, and under theſe Hypocritical Practices have their courſe; theſe being ſeen through, give great occaſions to Prophaneneſs, and with that *Atheiſm*, and

and a disbelief of all Religion, at leaſt of all Reveal'd Religion, is nouriſhed; And that is very eaſily receiv'd by depraved Minds, but very hardly rooted out of them: For tho' it is very eaſy to bear an enquiry into Things, out of all Speculative Atheiſm; yet when a disbelief of Sacred Matters, and a prophane Contempt of them, has once vitiated a Man's Mind, it is a very extraordinary thing, and next to Miraculous, to ſee ſuch an one reduced.

It is with *Philoſophy* in Matters of *Religion*, as with a ſort of Corroſive Powders us'd by Surgeons, to eat up rotten mortified Fleſh, and which if not cautiouſly applied, will corrode the Sound Parts themſelves, and cariate the very Bones. Thus *Philoſophy* is often of great uſe to detect and confute Errors, but if truſted too far, it will go near to overthrow all Revealed Religion. *Baile.*

† Whoever ſpeaks againſt *Religion*, deſerves to be torn in Pieces by the Mobb, whom he endeavours to *Unchain.*

" The *Hypocrite* hurts no Body but *himſelf*: The " *Libertine*, the *whole Society.*

† Some People Preach and Pray themſelves into Religion, as ſome Philoſophers diſpute themſelves out of it.

* If a Divine diſigns to Edifie by his Sermons, concerning the Puniſhments of the other World, let him renounce his Luſt, Pride, Avarice and Contentiouſneſs; for whoever will make me believe a Danger, he muſt firſt ſhew me, that he is apprehenſive of it himſelf.

* Nothing is more Natural, than for Extreams in *Religion* to beget one another, like the Vibrations of a *Pendulum*, which yet the more violently you

ſwing

ſwing it one way, the farther it will return the other.

Hypocriſie is a great Wickedneſs, and very odious to God, but by no means of ſo pernicious Example as open *Prophaneneſs.*

* Hypocriſie is a more modeſt way of Sinning; it ſhews ſome Reverence to *Religion*, and does ſo far own the Worth and Excellency of it, as to acknowledge that it deſerves to be Counterfeited: Whereas, *Prophaneneſs* declares openly againſt it, and endeavours to make a Party to drive it out of the World.

* Religion in a Magiſtrate ſtrengthens his Authority, becauſe it procures Veneration, and gains a Reputation to it. And in all the Affairs of this World, ſo much Reputation is indeed ſo much Power.

The Soul is capable of greater Joys in the Imagination, than any which Nature has provided for it in the Body.

* As the practice of all Piety and Vertue is agreeable to our Reaſon, ſo is it likewiſe for the Intereſt of Mankind, both of Private Perſons, and of Publick Societies. Some Vertues plainly tend to the preſervation of our Health, others to the improvement and ſecurity of our Eſtates; all to the Peace and Quiet of our Minds; and which is ſomewhat more ſtrange, to the Advancement of our Eſteem and Reputation. For tho' the World be generally Bad, and Men are apt to approve nothing ſo much as what they do themſelves, yet I know not how it comes to paſs, Men are commonly ſo juſt to Vertue and Goodneſs, as to praiſe it in others, even when they do not practice it themſelves.

Curious

Curious Speculations and the Contemplation of things that are Impertinent to us and do not concern us, nor ſerve to promote our Happineſs, are but a more ſpecious and Ingenious ſort of Idleneſs, a more pardonable and creditable kind of Ignorance.

* All Wit which borders upon Prophaneneſs, and makes bold with thoſe things to which the greateſt Reverence is due, deſerves to be branded for Folly.

* A Jeſt may be obtruded upon any thing. And therefore no Man ought to have the leſs Reverence for the Principles of Religion, or for the Holy Scriptures, becauſe idle and Prophane Wits can break Jeſts upon them. Nothing is ſo eaſie as to take particular Phraſes and Expreſſions out of the beſt Book in the World, and to abuſe them, by forcing an odd and ridiculous Senſe upon them.

* The Church of *England* generally Preaches *Alcali's*, the *Preſbyterians*, *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Conſtitutions they meet, but the former ſeem to operate beſt with the Men of Senſe, and the latter with the Mobb.

* All Parties blame Perſecution when they feel the ſmart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. The Church of *England* was no leſs Severe upon the Diſſenters in King *Charles* the Second's time, than the *Preſbyterians* had been on the Church of *England* under the Uſurper.

* Hypocriſie may chain up a Man when 'tis his Intereſt to ſeem *Religious*; but Nature will certainly break looſe, whenever that Motive can take no place. How many Peers that can ſit out two long Sermons on a Sunday, when they are among their

Tenants, Whore and Drink, and never go to Church when they are in *London*?

* How unnatural a Sight is it, to ſee a Brawny Luſtful Divine, with a florid Countenance, preach up *Continence* and *Abſtinence* at St. *James*'s?

* A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Aſtrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to preach againſt *Uſury* at *White-hall*, and *Fornication* in *Lumbard-ſtreet*. No, invert the Tables, and the *Application* will be pat.

* The Holy fierceneſs of a certain Chriſtian Declamator, the Volubility of his Tongue, the Sonorouſneſs of his Voice, the duſting of the Cuſhion, the Zealous Toſs of the Handkerchief; in ſhort, the Fire, the vehemence, the impetuoſity of his Action, would have gone near to have made him paſs for an Inſpir'd Apoſtle, if by the Tenor of his whole Life, we had not found him to be a *Luſtful*, *Covetous*, *Ambitious Hypocrite*.

A Man of true Piety, that has no Deſigns to carry on, like one of an eſtabliſh'd Fortune, always makes the leaſt noiſe. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's occaſion for it.

* How often have I laugh'd in my Sleeve to hear a Country Parſon explain the Effects of Drunkenneſs to his Pariſh, that knew them as well as himſelf!

Bigotry is a Devotion form'd by Men's Paſſions, and Hood-wink'd by Fancy, beyond the Light of Religion to Illuminate; tho' 'tis often a Weakneſs in our Nature, and therefore eaſier Cenſur'd than Mended.

Affliction

Affliction ſeldom mends our Lives; for moſt Men under it, are like Boys, perpetually under the Rod, only hardned by Severity. Beſides, Misfortunes generally throw one into a vicious Converſation, and that ſtops up all our Returns to Vertue.

Every Vice and Folly has a Train of ſecret and neceſſary Puniſhments link'd to it.

Few Men purſue any Virtue for that Vertue's ſake; but only for the Affinity it may ſeem to have with their Favourite Vice.

* Are not we in a fair way to ſee the Nation Reform'd, when a parcel of Beggarly Informers undertake the Pious Work?

King *James* the Second might as ſoon have Enſlav'd his *Proteſtant* Subjects with a *Popiſh* Army, as our late *Societies for Reformation of Manners*, mend the Nation. Theſe *New Apoſtles* are for the moſt part, a Set of Scoundrels, who are Maintain'd by *Lying*, ſerve *God* for *unrighteous Gain*, and *Ferret Whores* for *Subſiſtence*. They conſiſt of *Fanaticks*, as well as *Orthodox*; *Saints* and *Sinners*; Knights of the *Poſt*, and Knights of the *Elbow*. And they are not more *Unanimous againſt Immorality* in their *Informations*, than *for it* in their *Practice*. They avoid no *Sins* in *themſelves*, and will ſuffer none in any Body elſe. In ſhort, the ſame Motive that carries the *Popiſh Emiſſaries* to the richer Continents, makes theſe Gentlemen ſo buſie in our *Reformation*; *Money* —— Nay, Reformation is grown a Staple Commodity, and the Dealers in't, are ſuddenly to be made into a Corporation, and their *peculiar Privileges* are to be *Perjury* and *Impunity*.

The Curtezans have already a Tax laid on them, towards the Maintenance of this Noble Society; ſo that the *Puniſhment* only raiſes the *Price* of the *Sin.*

" *Mincio* daily raiſes an Eſtate, by Cheating " both King and Country, denying Truſts, robbing " the Widow and the Fatherleſs, and lending Mo- " ney to young noble Spend-thrifts at Fifty *per Cent.* " He Dines at *Pontac*'s with his Fellow *Exchange-* " *Alley* Sharpers; goes to *Drury-Lane* Play-Houſe, " gets Drunk at Night at the *Blue-Poſts*, with " three or four Rakes of Quality, whom he bub- " bles at *Picket*, and lies with his Favourite " Miſs (for he keeps two or three) near *Red-Lyon* " *Square.* The next Morning he follows his ho- " neſt way of Thriving, and every Sunday goes " punctually to the Pariſh-Church, and very De- " voutly receives the Sacrament once a Month.

" *Clito* was bred up a Scholar, and lives quietly " upon a ſmall Eſtate of Three hundred Pounds a " Year; he is true to his Friend, relieves the " Poor, Lends without Intereſt, Wrongs no Body, " Drinks with Moderation, and is faithful to his " Wife; but *Clito* has doubts about Religion, " and ſeldom goes to Church. Now the queſtion " is, Which of the two is the better Man, *Mincio*, " or *Clito?* Why the World has already decided " the Matter; *He that goes to Church.*

We ſhould not meaſure Men by *Sundays*, without regarding what they do all the Week after; for Devotion does not neceſſarily make Men Good, tho' the want of it may endanger their Principles.

The

The *Devotion* of ſome *Ladies*, on the turning of their Years, is no better than a kind of Decency taken up to ſhelter themſelves from the Shame and the Jeſt of an antiquated *Beauty*; and to ſecure in every Change ſomething that may ſtill recommend them to the *World*.

The Profeſſors of ſtrict *Devotion*, who without abſolute Neceſſity engage themſelves in the Buſineſs and Commerce of the *World*, give us great cauſe to ſuſpect the reality of their *Devotion*.

All *Devotion* which is not grounded upon *Chriſtian Humility*, and the *Love* of one's Neighbour, is no better than Form and Pretence. 'Tis generally the *Pride* and *Peeviſhneſs* of *Philoſophy*; which thinks by deſpiſing the *World*, to revenge it ſelf upon all the Contempt and Diſſatisfaction Men have met with from it.

True *Devotion* is a Temper of Mind purely Spiritual, and derives it ſelf from God; conſequently it is a very nice Thing, and ought to be obſerved very narrowly, and with exceeding Caution, by thoſe that would keep themſelves from being deceived in it.

The *Doctrines* of *Chriſtianity*, which ought to be derived from the Truths contain'd in the *Goſpel*, are generally deliver'd to us, according to the Temper and Complexion of our *Teachers*. Some, out of an exceeding Tenderneſs and Good-Nature, and others from a ſowre and rugged Diſpoſition, form and employ differently the Mercy and Juſtice of *God*.

There is always under the greateſt *Devotion*, a Proportion of *Self-Love*; great enough to ſet Bounds to our *Charity*.

To conſider purely the Repoſe of this Life, it would be well if *Religion* had more or leſs influ-

ence upon Mankind. It compels, and does not ſubject enough; like ſome Politicks, that take away the Sweetneſs of *Liberty*, without bringing the Advantages of *Subjection*.

Nothing can be more fickle than the Judgment of Men, as to the *Religion* of others; they treat as impious Perſons thoſe who forſake the World for God's ſake; and thoſe as weak and decay'd in their Underſtanding, that ſacrifice *Fortune* to *Religion*.

I queſtion a little the Perſwaſion of thoſe *Preachers*, who offering us the *Kingdom* of *Heaven* in Publick, Sollicit in particular a ſmall Benefice with the utmoſt importunity.

* There's no ſuch Maſque for the greateſt of Impieties, as a Veil of *Religion*.

* Moſt People, Clergy as well as Laity, accommodate their *Religion* to their Profit; and reckon that to be the beſt Church, where's moſt to be got by.

* Men talk as if they believ'd in God; but they live as if they thought there were none: For their very Prayers are often down-right Mockeries, and their Vows and Promiſes are no more than *Words of Courſe*, which they never intend to make good.

* 'Tis a fault which is very incident to Men of *Devotion*, to ſtrive to make themſelves and their own Opinions ador'd, while they only ſeem zealous for the Honour of *God*. For when they have once form'd in themſelves a *perfect Model* of the *Will of God*, and have long confirm'd their Minds by continual thinking upon it, they are apt to contemn all others that agree not with them in ſome Particulars.

* Pre

* Preſumption leads People to Infidelity in a Trice; and ſo by inſenſible degrees to Atheiſm: For when Men have once caſt off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within one ſtep of laughing at it.

* There never was an Hypocrite ſo diſguis'd but he had ſome Mark or other yet to be known by.

* A Religious Hypocrite is only a Devil dreſs'd up with a Ray about him, and transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotions, and do but throw a parcel of *Church-Lands* in his way, he ſhall leap at the Sacrilege from the very Throne of his Glory, and pick your Pocket, as a *French* Poet ſays of a *Jeſuit*, in the middle of his *Paternoſter*.

* A Man that repoſes and aſſures himſelf upon Divine Protection and Favour, gathers a Force and Faith, which Humane Nature in it ſelf could not obtain. Therefore as *Atheiſm* is in all reſpects hateful, ſo in this; that it deprives Humane *Nature* of the means to exalt it ſelf above Humane *Frailty*.

* XVIII. It were better to have no Opinion of *God* at all, than ſuch an one as is unworthy of him: For the one is Unbelief, and the other Contumely.

Education.

I. THE Breeding we give *Young People*, is oftentimes but an additional *Self-Love*, by which we make them have a better Conceit of themſelves.

* II. Leſſons and Precepts ought to be gilt and ſweetned, as we do Pills and Potions, ſo as to take off the diſguſt of the Remedy; for it holds both in *Virtue* and in *Health*, that we love to be inſtructed, as well as phyſick'd with *Pleaſure*.

* III. Nothing makes a deeper *Impreſſion* upon the Minds of Children, or comes more lively to their Underſtanding, than thoſe inſtructive Notices, that are convey'd to them by Glances, Inſinuations and Surprize; and under the Cover of ſome Allegory and Riddle: Naked Leſſons and Precepts have nothing the force that Images and Parables have upon our Minds and Affections. Beſide, that the very ſtudy to unriddle a Myſtery, furniſhes the Memory with more Tokens to remember it by.

Nature is ſometimes ſo perverſe that all the Governours in the Univerſe ſhall never make this Youth a compleat Gentleman; others again are of ſo ductile a diſpoſition that they learn every Perfection without a Maſter; and theſe are without doubt the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons.

* IV. The Foundations of Knowledge and Virtue are laïd in our Childhood, and without an early Care and Attention, we are as good as loſt in our very Cradles; for the Principles that we imbibe in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Graves; and it is the *Education*, that makes the Man. To ſpeak all in a few words, *Children* are but *Blank Paper*, ready indifferently for any Impreſſion, good or bad, (for they take all upon credit) and it is much in the power of the firſt comer to write *Saint* or *Devil* upon't, which of the two he pleaſes; ſo that one ſtep out of the way in the *Inſtitution*, is enough to poyſon the Peace and the Reputation of a whole Life.

* V. All

* V. All the Extravagances of the lewdeſt Life are nothing elſe but the more conſummated Follies and Diſorders, of either a Miſ-taught or a neglected Youth: Nay, all the publick Outrages of a deſtroying Tyranny and Oppreſſion, are but Childiſh Appetites let alone till they are ungovernable. Wherefore Children ſhould be moulded while their Tempers are yet pliant and ductile; for it is infinitely eaſier to prevent ill Habits, than to maſter them; as the choaking of the Fountain is the ſureſt way to cut off the Courſe of the River: It ſhould be conſider'd too that we have the Seeds of Vertue in us, as well as of Vice; and whenever we take a wrong Biaſs, 'tis not out of a moral Incapacity to do better, but for want of a careful Management and Diſcipline to ſet us right at firſt.

* VI. It is not for every twatling *Goſſip*, or ſome empty *Pedant* to undertake ſo difficult a Province as the Education of Youth; for it requires a critical Nicety both of Wit and Judgment, to find out the Genius or the Propenſions of a Child, and to divide ſo accurately betwixt the Good and the Evil, the Gracious and Perverſe, as to hit the preciſe *Medium* of encouraging the one, without diſcouraging the other: And this Faculty of diſcerning is not enough neither, without a watchful Aſſiduity of Application. The juſt Seaſon of doing things muſt be nick'd, and all Accidents obſerv'd and improv'd; for weak Minds are to be as narrowly attended as ſick Bodies. To ſay nothing of the infinite Curioſity of the Operation, in the forming of our Lives and Manners; and that not one Man of Ten Thouſand is competently qualified for the Office. Upon the whole matter, there muſt be an Awe maintain'd on the one Hand, and at the ſame time, a Love and Reverence

Reverence preſerv'd on the other. And all this muſt be order'd too, with ſo gentle a Softneſs of Addreſs, that we may not hazard, either the ſtifling or the quenching of generous Inclinations, by bearing too hard upon them, or the Licentiating of any thing that is Courſe and Vulgar, out of a fooliſh Facility, or a miſtaken Pity.

* VII. By the happineſs of a good Education, a great part of many Mens Virtue conſiſts in their Ignorance of Vice, and their being kept out of the way of great and dangerous Temptations; rather in the good Cuſtoms they have been bred up to, than in the deliberate choice of their Wills; and rather in the happy Preventions of Evil, than their reſolute Conſtancy in that which is good.

* VIII. A Shuffling Inclination ſhews it ſelf in us betimes; and Children do naturally apply themſelves to their little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis not much amiſs to let them underſtand ſo much of the Roguery of the World, as to ſecure them from being Wheedled and Impos'd upon: Provided that under colour of teaching them to diſcover Abuſes, they be not incourag'd to practice them; for he that perfectly underſtands Falſe Play, lies under a dangerous Temptation, at ſome time or other, to make uſe on't. And when he's once in, 'tis no eaſie matter to get him out again.

* IX. We are either Made or Marr'd in our *Education*, and Governments as well as private Families are concern'd in the conſequence of it. Wherefore Wicked Diſpoſitions ſhould be Check'd betimes, for when they come once to Habits, they grow incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of timely Inſtruction, Diſcipline and Correction, than upon any incurable Pravity of Nature, and it is mightily

mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, and Governours, that ſo many Men miſcarry.

X. Inveterate Ill Habits become another Nature to us, and we may almoſt as well be taken to pieces, and new put together again, as mended. Natural Inclination indeed may be moulded and wrought upon by good Council and Diſcipline; but yet there are certain Specifick Properties and Impreſſions, that are never to be alter'd or defac'd.

Elevation, Dignities, Greatneſs, Authority.

I. THere is a kind of *Elevation* independent upon *Fortune*: 'Tis a certain *Air* of *Authority*, that ſeems to lay us out for great Things; 'tis a value we inſenſibly ſet upon our ſelves, an imperious Challenger of the Reſpects of other People; and a prevailing Quality that raiſes us more above them, than either *Birth* or *Honours*, or even *Deſert* it ſelf.

II. There is *Worth* ſometimes without *Elevation* or *Preferment*; But very few Men arrive to *Honours* and *Dignities* without ſome *Merit* or other.

III. *Dignities* and *Honours* ſet off *Merit*, as good *Dreſſing* does handſom Perſons.

IV. The generality of Men ſeem fitter for thoſe *Employments* they have not, than for thoſe they ſtand already poſſeſt of.

V. When a Man leaps into a great Preferment to which he is neither advanced by Degrees, nor raiſed before by his own Hopes, it is ſcarce poſſible for him to maintain his Poſt with Honour, and make the World think he deſerves his *Character*.

VI. We

VI. We may ſeem *great* in an *Employment below* our *deſert*; but we generally look very little in one *above* it.

VII. Good Fortune almoſt always alters the Proceedings and the Air of a Man, and makes him quite another thing in all his Behaviour and Converſation. This is a great Weakneſs to trick and ſet one's ſelf off with what is not our own. If *Virtue* were eſteem'd above all other things, no *Favour*, no *Advancement*, would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or *Countenance*.

VIII. It is a common thing to imagine we love a Man of great *Intereſt* and *Fortune*, with a very ſincere *Paſſion*; But this is what we cannot be ſure of till he be ſtripp'd of all the Advantages of *Power* and *Greatneſs*: Then one quickly diſcerns what it was that engag'd our Affection; if *Intereſt* were at the bottom of it, *Honour* may keep it up for ſome time, yet it quickly grows weary, and lets it fall to the ground.

IX. *Falſe Greatneſs* is wild and untractable; for knowing her own weak ſide, ſhe either hides her ſelf, or never ſhews her ſelf more than ſhe thinks neceſſary to impoſe upon the World, and prevent being taken for what ſhe really is, I mean, true *Littleneſs*. *True Greatneſs*, on the contrary, is free, courteous, and popular; ſhe is contented to be ſeen and handled, and loſes nothing by being examin'd at cloſe view. The more a Man knows her, the more he admires her: She bends out of Humanity to her Inferiours, and returns back to her natural Size without ſtraining her ſelf; ſometimes ſhe neglects her ſelf, and remits ſome of her Prerogatives, becauſe, ſhe knows, ſhe can reſume them again at pleaſure. She laughs, ſhe plays, but ſtill with Dignity. A Man approaches

proaches her with no leſs freedom than circumſpection; her Character is to be Noble and Eaſy; ſhe inſpires Men with Reſpect and Confidence, and makes ſome *Princes* appear *great*, without making us ſenſible that we are *little*.

X. Of all the Methods of making one's *Fortune* in the *World*, the readieſt and moſt effectual, is to make other People find their *Intereſt* in doing us good.

XI. There are but two general Methods whereby Men raiſe themſelves in the *World*, that is, either by a Man's own *Induſtry*, or the *Imbecillity* of others.

XII. We make a good Compoſition with our *Friends*, if being preferr'd to a conſiderable Poſt, they will count us among their Acquaintance.

XIII. It is not ſo difficult to raiſe one's ſelf to a Place of great Truſt, as to maintain one's ſelf in it.

XIV. We ſee oftentimes Men fall from a high Fortune, by the ſame Defaults that had raiſed them to it.

* XV. To ſcorn the Pomp and Greatneſs of the World before a Man knows them, does proceed rather from ill Manners, than Magnanimity.

* XVI. Might and Right are inſeparable in the Opinion of the World; and he that has the longer Sword, ſhall never want either Lawyers or Divines to defend his Claim.

* XVII. People ſhould have Care how they engage themſelves in Partnerſhips with Men, that are too mighty for them, whether it be in Money, Pleaſure, or Buſineſs: for in unequal Alliances, the Poor and the Weak lie at the Mercy of the Rich and the Powerful, and no remedy but Patience and Reſignation. Men in Power plunge their Clients into the Mud,

Mud, with a Ring about their Neck; ſo that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they ſhall be ever the better for: And when they come in concluſion to caſt up the Profit and Loſs of the Purchaſe, or the Project; what betwixt Force, Intreſt, and good Manners the Adventurer 'ſcapes well if he can but get off at laſt with his *Labour for his Pains.*

* XVIII. There are ſome malicious, ſpiteful People, that take ſo much Pleaſure in the deſign of hurting others, as not to feel and underſtand that they only hurt themſelves. This is the Caſe of thoſe that will be trying Maſteries with their Superiours, and biting of that which is too hard for their Teeth; but this is no better than downright Madneſs, to ſtrike where we have no Power to hurt, and to contend where we are ſure to be worſted.

* XIX. Men in *great Place* are thrice *Servants*; Servants of the *Sovereign* or *State*; Servants of *Fame*; and Servants of *Buſineſs*. So as they have no Freedom either in their *Perſons*, in their *Actions*, or in their *Times*.

Great Men hide themſelves from publick View, like Beaſts of Prey, yet are ſometimes worried by a pack of Political Hounds call'd a Parliament.

XX. It is a ſtrange deſire to ſeek *Power* and to loſe *Liberty*; or to ſeek Power over *others*, and to loſe Power over a Man's own ſelf.

XXI. The Advantages of the *Great Ones* over other People are in ſome reſpects extraordinary. I can yield them their Choice Diſhes, their Rich Furniture, their fine Liveries, their Dogs, Horſes, Jeſters and Flatterers; but I cannot but envy their Happineſs, of having in their Service thoſe that are Equal, nay ſometimes Superiour to them in Wit and Noble Inclinations.

XXII. It coſts the *Great Ones* ſo little to be generous

nerous in Words; and their *Quality* ſo much diſpenſes with them, for not performing what they Promiſe; that I look upon it as a great piece of *Modeſty*, their not being more free of their *Promiſes*.

XXIII. We get a great deal more by forſaking the great Ones, than by complaining of them.

XXIV. A Coldneſs in thoſe that are above us, a neglect in not returning a Civility, makes us perfectly hate them; but a Salute or a Smile, brings 'em back to our Reconciliation.

XXV. There are a ſort of haughty proud Men that are humbl'd and *tam'd*, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, by the Preferment of their Competitors. This Misfortune ſometimes prevails upon them ſo far, as to make them return you a Salute: But *Time*, the great Waſter of all Things, inſenſibly ſoftens their Grief, and puts them at laſt into their natural byaſs.

XXVI. 'Tis mere Hypocriſie for a Man in an Eminent Station, not to take at firſt the place which is due to his Quality, and which no Body diſputes with him: It is an eaſie matter for him to be Modeſt; for if he throws himſelf into a Crow'd, every Body preſently ſhrinks back to make way for him; or if he ſits below his Rank, all the reſt of the Company preſently force him to ſit higher. Modeſty is of much harder digeſtion to Men of an inferiour Condition; for if they chance to be in a Crowd, they run the hazard of being ſqueez'd to death; or if they chuſe to ſit in an uneaſie Place, they are ſure to be left to the free Enjoyment of it.

XXVII. The *Great Ones* have no reaſon to love the Firſt Times; they are not favourable to them in the leaſt: 'Tis a kind of Mortification for them to ſee that we all come from Brothers and Siſters, and that all men compoſe but one Family, whoſe ſeveral members only differ as to the degrees of Kindred. XXVIII.

XXVIII. If the *Great Ones* have the Opportunities of doing us good, they have ſeldom the good will to do it; and if they have a mind to do us harm, they do not always find the Occaſions; ſo that a Man may be extreamly miſtaken in the kind and degree of Worſhip he pays them, upon the Good and Ill he expects from them: We ought to honour and reſpect them, becauſe they are *great* and we are *little*, and becauſe there are others *leſs* then we that reſpect us.

XXIX. We ought to be very much reſerv'd upon the *Great Ones*: There is generally a great deal of Flattery in the Praiſe we give them; and it is as dangerous to ſpeak ill of them when they are alive, as 'tis baſe when they are out of the way.

* XXX. It is a common thing for Men to hate the Authors of their Preferments, as the Witneſſes of their mean Original.

* XXXI. A Man that enters the *World* muſt be *Induſtrious*, but not affected in diſcloſing his *Abilities*: The beſt way is to obſerve a *Gradation*, for the loweſt ſteps to *Greatneſs* are the moſt ſecure; but ſwift Riſes are often attended with precipitate Falls; and what is ſooneſt got, is generally ſhort in the Poſſeſſion.

* XXXII. A Man rais'd to *Grandures*, that makes others find their Fortunes in his, joins a great *Merit* to a great *Happineſs*: He is not the more happy by the Wealth which he enjoys, than by that which he knows how to give.

* XXXIII. 'Tis a Conſolation for *Inferiour* Perſons to find their Infirmities in thoſe that have the Authority to govern them; and a great delight to thoſe that are diſtinguiſhed by *Power*, to be made, like others, for *Pleaſures*.

* XXXIV. He

* XXXIV. He that is *aſham'd* of a mean *Condition*, would be proud of a ſplendid one.

* XXXV. Great Men had need borrow other Mens Opinions, to think themſelves happy; for if they judge by their own Feeling, they cannot find it.

* XXXVI. In *Place* there is Licenſe to do Good and Evil, whereof the latter is a Curſe; for in Evil the beſt Condition is not to *Will*, the ſecond not to *Can*; but power to do Good is the true and lawful end of Aſpiring; for good Thoughts, tho' God accept them, yet towards Men are little better than good Dreams, except they be put in uſe, and that cannot be without *Power* and *Place*.

* XXXVII. A *Place* ſhews the Man; ſome for the better, and ſome for the worſe.

* XXXVIII. It is an aſſur'd ſign of a worthy and generous Spirit, whom *Honour* mends; for *Honour* is, or ſhould be, the place of *Virtue*: And as in Nature things move violently to their *Place*, and calmly in their *Place*: So Virtue in Ambition is violent, in Authority ſettled and calm.

* XXXIX. *Oſtentation* and *Pride*, upon the account of *Honours* and *Preferments*, is much more offenſive, than upon any perſonal Qualifications. It argues Men do not deſerve great Places, when they can value themſelves upon them; if a Man would be truly valued, the way to it is to be illuſtriouſly *Good*: For even the greateſt Men are more reſpected for the Eminence of their *Parts* and *Virtue*, than for that of their *Fortune*.

* XL. Great *Offices* and great *Honours*, are moſt truly ſaid to be great Burdens: The ſlavery of them is but ſo much the greater, becauſe it concerns the Service of the *Publick*, who of all Maſters is the hardeſt to be pleas'd.

XLI. 'Tis no ſmall Misfortune for Great Men to have but few things to wiſh or hope for, and to have thouſands to loſe.

XLII. The Prepoſſeſſions of the Vulgar for *Men* in *Power* and *Authority* are ſo blind, and they are ſo generally admired in every thing they do, that if they could bethink themſelves of being *Good*, the Multitude would worſhip them as Deities.

XLIII. The *Great Ones* do generally deſpiſe *Witty Men*, who have nothing but Wit; *Witty Men*, on the contrary have no value for the *Great Ones*, who have nothing but Greatneſs. *Good Men* pity both thoſe that have Wit, and thoſe that have Greatneſs without *Virtue*.

XLIV. 'Tis an unaccountable Paſſion of *Lucilius*, to prefer the perpetual Trouble he is at, to make himſelf ſuffered in the Company of Men of Quality, before the free and comfortable enjoyment of his equals.

XLV. To diſcern true Merit, and reward it when a Man has found it out, are two great Steps to make at once, and ſuch as few of the great ones are capable of.

XLVI. 'Tis in the power of Fortune to humble the Pride of the mighty, even by the moſt deſpicable Means. Wherefore let no Creature, how great, or how little ſoever, preſume on the one ſide, or deſpair on the other.

XLVII. The Happineſs of Great Men conſiſts in having *Witty Men* about them, who clear them from the difficulties of Ignorance. To entertain Wiſe Men, is a Grandeur ſurpaſſing the Barbarous haughtineſs of that ſame *Tigranes*, who prided himſelf in being ſerv'd by Kings whom he had Conquered. It is a new kind of Dominion, to make thoſe

our

our Servants by Art, whom Nature has made our Maſters. Man has much to know, and but a ſhort time to Live; and he Lives not at all, if he know nothing at all. It is therefore a Singular piece of Skill to Study without pains, and to Learn much by Learning of all. After all, let him who cannot have Wiſdom for a Servant, endeavour at leaſt to have it for a Compañion.

Envy.

I. HOW burdenſome ſoever an Indigent Man may be to us, yet we hardly reſent any joy at thoſe Advantages, which drew him from our dependance; and likewiſe the pleaſure we find in the Preferment of a Friend, is in ſome meaſure counterballanc'd, by a ſecret Envy of his being rais'd above, or at leaſt made equal to us; ſo that we are not one with our ſelves: For tho' we are glad to have Dependants, yet we are loth to part with any thing of our own upon their account; and tho' we may wiſh our Friends well, yet when they come to riſe, rejoycing at it, is not the firſt thing we do.

* II. We are too too apt to think other People more happy, and our ſelves leſs, than in Truth, they or we are; which ſavors of Malevolence on the one hand, and of Ingratitude on the other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Perſons are rather to be envy'd of the two. To ſpeak properly, and to the Point, there is no ſuch thing as Happineſs or Miſery in this World (commonly ſo reputed) but by compariſon; neither is there any

Man ſo Miſerable, as not to be Happy; or ſo Happy, as not to be Miſerable, in ſome reſpect or other: Only we are apt to envy our Neighbours the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Advantages that we want, without ever giving Thanks for the Bleſſings, that they want, and we our ſelves enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Diſtributions of Providence, duely conſider'd, ſerves to make us eaſie, as well as neceſſary to one another; and ſo to unite us in a Conſiſtence both of Friendſhip and of Civil Convenience: For it is no leſs requiſite, to maintain a Truck in the matter of Moral Offices, and Natural Faculties, than in the common buſineſs of Negotiation and Commerce; and Humane Society cannot more ſubſiſt without the one than without the other.

III. If you be rais'd to a conſiderable Preferment, 'tis matter of Prudence in you not to let your Benefactor underſtand that you expect nothing from him: And tho your Fortune may be thought equal to his by other People, yet it highly concerns you, that he have another Opinion of it: For as long as he ſhall look upon you as his inferiour, he will be ſtill protecting you out of Vanity; but if otherwiſe, he will ſtrive to put you down out of Envy.

IV. Thoſe who do well, ſhould deſerve alone to be envied; but there is a ſweeter, more noble, and allowable ſort of Vengance upon thoſe who give us that Jealouſy, which is, an Emulation to do better.

V. Tho' it be Prudence to ſlight Envy, yet that Contempt is a ſmall matter now a days: Gallantry works a far better effect. He cannot be ſufficiently prais'd, who ſpeaks well of him that ſpeaks ill. There's not any Revenge more Heroick than that which torments Envy by doing Good. Every good

good Succeſs is a Strapado for the Envious Man, and the Glory of his Corrival is a Hell to him. To make a Man's happineſs to be a Poiſon to his Enviers, is held to be the moſt vigorous puniſhment that they can endure: For they die as often as they hear the Praiſes of the Envied revive.

* VI. Envy accuſes that which is perfect of the Fault, of being without a Fault: And the perfecter the thing is, the more it condems it. Wherefore it is convenient to commit ſome ſmall Faults on deſign, to appeaſe Ill-will, and to hinder the impoſture of Bad Humour from breaking. Beſides, that a little Negligence ſometimes ſets off good Qualities.

* VII. *Envy* and *Jealouſie* ſeem to be more particularly hated of Providence than any other Vice; for they carry their Puniſhment inſeparably along with them. The *Envious* and the *Jealous* need no other Tormentors then their own Thoughts. The *Envious* Man ruins his own, to diſturb another's Tranquility, and Sacrifices his own Happineſs and Repoſe, to a perverſe deſire of troubling his Neighbours. He feeds, like *Toads*, upon the Venom of the Earth, and ſucks his Scandal greedily, that he may at pleaſure diſgorge it to the greater annoyance of other Men. His mind has the *Vapours*; a ſweet report of any one throws it into Convulſions and Agonies, and a foul one is the Relief and Refreſhment of it. This Vice is generally diſclaim'd by both Sexes, yet generally practis'd by both.

VIII. Men are often ſo fooliſh as to boaſt and value themſelves upon their *Paſſions*, even thoſe that are moſt vicious. But Envy is ſo ungenerous and ſhameful a Paſſion, that no body ever had the Confidence to own it.

IX. There is ſomething to be ſaid in favour of *Jealouſy*, becauſe it only deſigns the Preſervation of ſome good, which we either have or think we have a right to. But *Envy* is a raging Madneſs, that cannot be ſatisfied with the good of any Body.

X. The Applauſe we give to Men that are juſt ſetting up for Reputation in the World, is often owing to a Spirit of *Envy*, and a ſecret way of detracting from others, that have eſtabliſhed a good Reputation to themſelves already.

XI. Our *Envy* out-lives generally the Proſperity of thoſe we *envy*.

XII. *Envy* and *Malice* make us know others Self-love, and Pride keeps us from knowing our ſelves.

XIII. There are fewer Men free from *Envy*, than void of *Intereſt*.

XIV. If we look nicely into ſeveral Effects of *Envy*, it will be found to carry a Man farther from his *Duty*, than *Intereſt* does.

XV. The ſureſt ſign of a great and noble *Soul*, is to be free from *Envy*.

XVI. *Envy* is leſs capable of *Reconciliation*, than *Hatred*.

XVII. The Man that complains of being born to Misfortunes and Croſſes, might in a great meaſure, become happy by the Proſperity of his Friends and Relations; *Envy* bereaves him of this laſt Reſource.

XVIII. *Envy* pretends to no other Happineſs than what it derives from the Miſery of other People; and will rather eat nothing it ſelf, than not ſtarve thoſe that would. There is in this Malevolence ſomewhat of the Puniſhment, as well as the Spite of the Damn'd: They take delight in other Peoples Miſeries, and at the ſame time are their own Tormentors.

XIX.

* XIX. A Man that has no Virtue in himſelf, ever *envies* Virtue in others. For Mens Minds will either feed upon their own Good, or upon others Evil; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other; and who is ſo out of hope to attain to anothers Virtue, will ſeek to come at even hand by depreſſing anothers Fortune.

* XX. Men of noble Birth are noted to be *envious* towards new Nobility when they riſe: For the diſtance is alter'd; and it is like a deceit of the Eye, that when others come on, they think themſelves go back.

* XXI. They that deſire to excel in too many Matters, out of Levity and Vain-Glory, are ever *envious*; for they cannot want work, it being impoſſible but many in ſome one of thoſe things ſhould ſurpaſs them.

Exaggeration.

* I. NEver to ſpeak by Superlatives, is a ſign of a Wiſe Man; for that way of ſpeaking, wounds either Truth or Prudence. *Exaggeration* are ſo many Proſtitutions of Reputation, in that they diſcover the Weakneſs of Underſtanding, and the bad diſcerning of him that ſpeaks. Exceſſive Praiſes excite both Curioſity and Envy; ſo that if Merit anſwer not the value that is ſet upon it, as it commonly happens, general Opinion Revolts againſt the Impoſture, and makes the Flattered and Flatterer both ridiculous. Excellence is rare, and by conſequence the value ought to be well weigh'd.

Examples, Imitations.

* I. GOod Example is an unſpeakable Benefit to Mankind, and has a ſecret power and influence upon thoſe with whom we converſe, to form them into the ſame Diſpoſition and Manners; it is a living Rule, that teaches Men without Trouble, and lets them ſee their Faults without open reproof and upbraiding. Beſides, that it adds great weight to Man's Council, when we ſee that he adviſes nothing but what he does, or exacts any thing from others, from which he himſelf deſires to be excuſed. As on the contrary, nothing is more Cold and Inſignificant from a bad Man, one that does not obey his own Precepts, nor follow the advice which he is ſo forward to give to others.

* II. Example works a great deal more than Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Councels without Effect. When we do as we ſay, 'tis a Confirmation of the Rule: But when our Lives and Doctrines do not agree, it looks as if the Leſſon were either too hard for us, or the Advice not worth the while to follow. We ſhould ſee to mend our own Manners, before we meddle to reform our Neighbours; and not condemn others for what we do our ſelves.

* III. The Words and Actions of our Superiours have the Authority and force of a Recommendation: So that it is morally impoſſible to have a ſober People under a mad Government. For where Lewdneſs is the way to Preferment, Men are wicked by Intereſt, as well as by Inclination.

IV. No-

IV. Nothing is of ſo Infectious and Peſtilent a Nature as *Example*; and no Man does an exceeding good, or very ill thing, but it produces others of the ſame kind. We imitate the good out of *Emulation*, and the bad out of our natural *Corruption* and *Malignity*; which being confin'd and kept up cloſe by *Shame*, is unlock'd and let looſe by *Example*.

V. *Imitation* always ſucceeds ill; and whatever is counterfeit and affected, grows nauſeous and diſgraceful, even with thoſe things, which when *Natural*, are moſt graceful and charming.

VI. We are better pleas'd with thoſe that ſtrive to *imitate* us, than with thoſe that endeavour to *equal* us. For *Imitation* argues *Eſteem*; but a deſire *of Equality* argues *Envy*.

*VII. *Authority* in Sin is an incentive to it; and it is at leaſt an Excuſe, if not a Warrant, to tranſgreſs after great *Examples*.

*VIII. 'Tis as much as a Man's Life, Fortune and Reputation are worth to keep *good Company*, (over and above the Contagion of lewd Examples) for as *Birds of a Feather will flock together*; ſo if the good and the bad be taken together, they muſt expect to go the way of all Fleſh together.

*IX. People that live by Example ſhould do well to look very narrowly into the Force and Authority of the Precedent, without ſaying or doing things at a venture; for that may become one Man, which would be abſolutely intolerable in another, under differing Circumſtances.

*X. He that follows Nature is never out of his way; and that which is beſt for every Man, is fitteſt for him too: He does it with eaſe and ſucceſs, whereas all *Imitation* is putoid and ſervile.

Failings

Failings, Defects.

I. EVery Man generally finds thoſe *Faults* in others, which others find in him.

II. If we had no *Failings* of our own, we ſhould not be half ſo much delighted, as we are, at the diſcovery of thoſe of other People.

III. Men are not ſo unacquainted with their own *Failings*, as we are apt to imagine; for they are ſeldom in the wrong, when we hear them talk of their Conduct. The ſame *Self-Love* that blinds them at other times, guides them on theſe occaſions, with ſo quick and penetrating a *Light*, as to make them either ſuppreſs, or diſguiſe the leaſt matters that are liable to be condemned.

IV. Our bad *Qualities* generally take better in the intercourſe of familiar Converſation, than our good ones.

V. The *defects* of the *Mind*, like the Wrinkles and Blemiſhes of the *Face*, grow ſtill proportionably with Age

VI. Men make themſelves ridiculous, not ſo much by the *Qualities* they have, as by the Affectation of thoſe they have not.

VII. As ſome Men diſpleaſe with *Merit*, ſo on the other hand, ſome are pleaſant and agreeable with *Failings*.

VIII. We confeſs our *Faults* with deſign by our Sincerity, to make amends for the injury they have done us in the Eſteem of others.

IX. 'Tis only for great Men, to have great *Failings*.

X. Our

X. Our greateſt Errors proceed not from want of Wit, or want of Wiſdom, but what we call common Senſe, at ſome time, and at ſome particular occaſions; As the making Father *Peters* a Privy-Councellour in King *James*'s time, and the Treaty of Partition in the next Reign.

XI. The *Defects* of the *Mind* are like *Wounds* in the *Body*; which never can be ſo well heal'd up, but there remains ſtill a *Scar*, which is in a continual Danger to open again.

XII. We own our ſmall *Failings*, with a deſign, to make People believe that we have no great ones.

XIII. There are ſome *Failings*, which when ingeniouſly manag'd and improv'd, make a brighter ſhew than *Virtue* it ſelf.

XIV. We have not the Confidence to ſay in general Terms, that our ſelves have no ill *Qualities*, and that our Enemies have no good ones; but when we talk of Particulars, we are pretty near thinking ſo.

XV. The greateſt part of our *Faults* are more excuſable, than the Methods we commonly uſe to conceal them.

XVI. We value our ſelves, and take a pride in the *Faults* more diſtant from our own; when we are fickle and irreſolute, we brag of being obſtinate and peremptory.

XVII. We eaſily forgive our *Friends* thoſe *Faults*, that are not contrary to our Intereſts.

XVIII. Moſt Men attempt to vindicate and take a pride in thoſe *Faults* they have no deſign to mend.

XIX. A great many Men, as if they had not *Faults* enough, are ſtill perpetually adding to the number of them, by the Affectation of ſome particular *Qualities*, which they cheriſh and cultivate ſo carefully,

carefully, that they come at laſt to be *natural*; and paſt their power to mend, though they would.

XX. Moſt Men are aſham'd of their *Self-conceit*, when they come to know their *Failings*.

XXI. *Gravity* is a myſterious Behaviour of the *Body*, to conceal the *Defects* of the *Mind*.

XXII. Proſperous Perſons ſeldom mend their *Faults*; they always think themſelves in the right, ſo long as *Fortune* contenances their ill Conduct.

XXIII. The counterfeit Honeſt Man diſguiſes his *Faults* to others and himſelf; the true unaffected Honeſt Man knows his own *Failings* perfectly, and confeſſes them ingenuouſly.

XXIV. The grace of *Novelty*, and the length of *Cuſtom*, though never ſo oppoſite to each other, yet do both alike diſguiſe to us the *Failings* of our *Friends*.

XXV. There are no good *Copies*, except ſuch as expoſe the *Ridicule* and *Folly* of the *Original*.

XXVI. Few Men fear to be deſpis'd, except thoſe who really deſerve to be ſo.

XXVII. It argues a great Mind, the free and ſincere confeſſion both of our *Faults* and *Perfections*.

XXVIII. Did Men but take as much care to mend, as they do to conceal their *Failings*; they would both ſpare themſelves that trouble which Diſſimulation puts them to; and gain over and above the Commendations they aſpire to by their ſeeming Virtues.

XXIX. When a Man has any notable Defect or Infirmity about him, whether by Nature or by Chance, 'tis the beſt of his play to try the Humour, if he can turn it into a Faſhion.

XXX. To deny our *Faults* when others are acquainted with them, ſerves but to make us the more ridiculous, by adding Arrogance to our firſt Error.

XXXI. We

XXXI We may learn as much by other Peoples *Faults*, as by their *Inſtructions*.

XXXII. It is an ordinary *Failing* with moſt Men, never to be contented with their *Fortune*, or diſſatisfied with their *Wit*.

XXXIII. As *Perfumes* affect more ſtrongly other People, than thoſe that carry 'em; ſo the *Failings*, of others, offend us much ſooner than our own. The continual Commerce we have with our Inclinations, diſguiſes them to us. Nothing is new in our ſelves, but every thing appears ſo in others. Our Reaſon contracts a kind of Familiarity and Friendſhip with our *Defaults*, when at the ſame time it weighs, examines and condemns thoſe of our Neighbours with the utmoſt Severities.

XXXIV. There is ne'er a Man ſo perfect and neceſſary to his *Friends*, but he has ſome *Defect* or other, that Counterbalances, in ſome meaſure, his good Qualities, and renders his loſs leſs ſenſible to thoſe that out-live him.

*XXXV. Men are not ſo much aſham'd of their *Crimes*, as they are of their *Weakneſs* and *Vanity*. He that is openly Unjuſt, Violent, Perfidious, and a Slanderer, conceals his *Love* or his *Ambition*, with no other deſign, than to conceal it only.

* XXXVI. Men labour under many Imperfections, that no Body would take notice of, if themſelves were not over-ſolicitous to conceal them.

Families,

Families, Maſters, Servants,

MOſt *Maſters* cry out upon all *Servants*, that they are Rogues, and the Plagues of a *Family*; and if *Servants* ever come to be *Maſters*, they will ſay juſt the ſame thing. The Reaſon is, becauſe generally it is not the Qualities, but the Fortunes of Men, that make the difference between them.

Families are often inwardly torn and divided, by Diſtruſts, Jealouſies and Antipathies; while a contented, cheerful and ſmiling *Out-ſide* impoſes upon the World, and makes us imagine, that there is nothing but Peace and Quietneſs *Within*: There are few *Houſes* that get any thing by being too nicely look'd into; and Viſits generally ſuſpend a Domeſtick Quarrel, which will begin a-freſh as ſoon as the Company goes off.

* No Men are ſo ſtrict Exacters of Modeſty in a Servant, as thoſe that are moſt prodigal of their own.

* Age is well-nigh ſufficient to deface with ſome Maſters, every Letter and Action in the Hiſtory of a Meritorious Life; and old Services are generally bury'd under the Ruins of an old Carcaſs.

* 'Tis a common thing for a *Maſter* to ſacrifice a *Servant* to his own Eaſe and Intereſt; but there's no medling with Men of that Inhoſpitable Humour, where the *Domeſticks*, how faithful ſoever, can never be ſecure.

* It's a barbarous inhumanity in great Men to their Servants, to make their ſmall Failings to be a Crime, without allowing their paſt Services to have been a Virtue; and this is found with Maſters and Miſtreſſes,

as

as well in Courts as in private Families; where one ſtumble is oftentimes enough to deface the Character of an honourable Life.

* That which *Men* are to *Horſes*, in the Scale of Creatures, Men in Power and Authority, are in ſome proportion to the Poor and Weak; that is to ſay, in the Analogy of Servitude and Drudgery, and in the carrying of ſome ſort of Burdens, that are a ſhame to the Bearer. They to that end Moil for the Intereſt of their Maſters, that in requital, break the very Hearts of them for their Pleaſure; and the Freer they are of their Fleſh, the more Scandalous is the Bondage. When they have done all that *Horſes* can do, they are Laſh'd, Spurr'd, Revil'd, and ill-treated for not being able to do more; they are Hurry'd on without either Reſpite or Reaſon, and after they have carry'd the Riders ſafe over all Leaps, and through all Dangers, and by all ways and means contributed to the Eaſe, Credit and Security of their Maſters, What comes of them in the end, but to be Strain'd, Founder'd, Broken-winded? Old Age overtakes 'em, and they are e'en glad to take up in a Mill at laſt, with Grains and Thiſtles, and there ſpend the remainder of a wretched Life, in a circulation of Miſery and Labour. If any Man of War or State, ſhall find this caſe to be his own, and himſelf touch'd in this Moral, let him keep his own Council, and learn to be wiſer hereafter.

* 'Tis an unhappy thing both for Maſter and Servant, when the Love, and Loyalty, and Zeal of the one, ſhall be ill-taken at the Hands of the other; for he that will not believe and depend upon the Faith of a *Try'd Friend* and Servant, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a

ſecret

ſecret Enemy : Beſide, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Addreſs, when he has done his utter moſt for his Maſter's Service, to fall under that ſcandalous Character of Officious and Impertinent for his Pains.

Falſe Pretenders.

THere's nothing more frequent, or more ridiculous in the World, than for a *Divine* to ſet up for a *Doctor*, a *Beggar* for a Man of an *Eſtate*, a *Scoundrel* for a *Cavilier*, a *Poltron* for a *Sword-man* : But every Fool ſtill has ſome mark or other to be known by, through all diſguiſes ; and the more he takes upon him, the erranter Sot he makes himſelf ; when he comes to be unmaſqu'd, every Fool, or Fool's Fellow, carries more or leſs in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, tho' the Character may be much more Legible in ſome, than in others. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may paſs Muſter perhaps for a Man of ſome Senſe ; but if he comes to open once, he's loſt. For Nature never put the Tongue of a Philoſopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb: But however, let him be, in Truth, what he will, he is yet ſo conſcious of what he ought to be, that he makes it his buſineſs to paſs for what he is not. And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men, as it is with falſe Money : One piece is more or leſs paſſable than another, as it happens to have more or leſs Senſe or Starling in the Mixture. One general mark of an Impoſtor, is this, that he out-does the Original.

* Pretence goes a great way in the World, with Men that will take fair Words, and Magiſterial Looks for current Payment; but the ſhort and the certain way of bringing the Cauſe to a fair Iſſue, is to put the Pretenders to the Teſt of doing what they ſay.

* There's Quacking in all Trades: Bold ignorance paſſes upon the Multitude for Senſe; and it is with Men as 'tis with Brutes, ſome are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confident Knaves live upon credulous Fools.

Fidelity, Infidelity.

SMall *Infidelity*, whereby our ſelves are Sufferers, leſſen the *Committers* of them in our Eſteem, more than great ones committed againſt other People.

Fidelity in moſt Men, is nothing elſe but a *Contrivance* of *Self-Love*, to make our ſelves truſted. It is a Trick to raiſe our ſelves above other People, and get the moſt important Matters depoſited in our Hands.

Flattery, Praiſe, Satyr.

† THere is no Subject ſo Foreign, but a *French* Author will force in a Complement upon his Prince.

Flattery is a falſe Coyn, which our own *Vanity* has made Current.

† *Flattery* ill-tim'd, is like rubbing where it don't itch.

Men never would enjoy much *Pleaſure*, if they never *flatter'd* themſelves.

If we did not *flatter* our ſelves, the *Flatteries* of others could not hurt us.

No Body loves to be upon the *Commending* Strain; and indeed we ſeldom touch upon it without ſome By-end. *Praiſe* is a more ingenious, conceal'd and nicer kind of a *Flattery*, which humours and affects ſeverally, both the *Giver* and *Receiver*; the one accepts it as a Reward due to his Merit; the other gives it, that he may be look'd upon as a juſt and diſcreet Perſon.

We extol and value the Excellencies of other People, rather out of the Eſteem of our own Opinions, than of their Worth; and when we pretend to commend other Mens Virtues, 'tis but a Side-wind to put other Men upon commending ours.

We often chooſe to make uſe of *Commendations*, that carry a Sting in the Tail; and by taking Men at the rebound, as it were, lay open ſome *Defects* in the Perſons ſo commended, which we dare not venture to expoſe any other way.

Few Men are ſo wiſe as to prefer uſeful *Reproofs* to treacherous *Praiſe*.

As there are commending *Reproofs*, ſo there are abuſive *Praiſes*.

He that declines Praiſe the firſt time it is offer'd, does it from a deſire of being prais'd over again.

The deſire of being worthy the Commendations of the World, is a great aſſiſtance and ſtrengthning to our Virtues; and the extolling of Mens *Wit*, *Courage* or *Beauty*, goes a great way towards the improving them.

We

We generally pull down one Man's *Reputation* to ſet up another's; and ſometimes Men would not enlarge ſo much upon the Praiſe of the Prince of *Conde*, and Mareſchal *Turenne*, if it were not out of a deſign to leſſen them both.

We ſeldom commend any Body in Goodneſs, except ſuch as admire us.

To commend *Princes* for *Vertues* they have not, is no better than a ſafe way to abuſe them.

Nothing ſo much leſſens the Merit of thoſe that have deſerv'd great *Praiſes*, than the trouble they are eternally at, to make themſelves valued by Trifles.

When we commend good and noble *Actions*, we make them in ſome meaſure our own.

Nothing ought in Reaſon to mortifie our Self-Satisfaction, more than our applauding and crying up at one time, what we blame and run down at another.

Former *Times* are ſometimes cry'd up, only to run down the preſent; and we value what is now no more, that we may ſlight that which is.

Men fancy ſometimes they have an Averſion to *Flattery*, when it is only to the manner of being *flatter'd*: And that *Modeſty* that would ſeem to decline *Praiſe*, is at the bottom only a deſire of having it better expreſt.

* There is a kind of Inſinuation and Compliance, that is far from any ſervile Baſeneſs, or ſordid *Flattery*, and may be term'd *Diſcretion* rather than *Adulation*.

* Whoſoever is vex'd at a *Reproach*, would be proud if he were commended.

* 'Tis difficult to write juſtly in any thing, but almoſt impoſſible in *Praiſe*.

There are ſome Men greedy of Honour, that love *Praiſe* even from the meaneſt ſort; and are leſs ſatisfied to be commended by a few Judicious Perſons, than to be admired by an ignorant Multitude.

† To be prais'd by Fools, is little better than being diſcommended by Men of Senſe.

To *commend the great Ones*, is a nice Phraſe in its Original, and ſignifies undoubtedly, to *commend one's Self*, by publiſhing all the good a Man rais'd in Honours has done us, or that he ever deſign'd to do us.

We generally *commend* the Great Ones, to acquaint others that we approach them, and very ſeldom out of Eſteem or Gratitude: Nay, ſometimes we commend thoſe we never ſaw in our Lives; and which is yet more ſtrange, there are occaſions where our *Vanity* prevails againſt our *Reſentments*, and make us commend thoſe, of whom we have reaſon to complain.

All the Fortune of a *Prince*, is too little to recompence a baſe *Flatterer*, if he deſigns to make him amends for what he forfeits of his own, (I mean, his Honour and Reputation:) But on the other hand, all the Power of a *Prince* is not too great to puniſh him, if he will make his Revenge proportionable to the Wrong he ſuffers by being flatter'd.

A *Flatterer* has neither good Opinion of himſelf nor others.

'Twould be a kind of Fierceneſs and Brutality, for a Man to reject all manner of *Praiſes*: We may be ſenſible of thoſe of the *Good*, becauſe they commend in us nothing but what really deſerves to be commended.

* There's

* There's hardly any Man living, that may not be wrought upon more or leſs by Flattery: For we do all of us naturally over-wean in our own Favour; but when it comes to be apply'd once to a vain Fool, it makes him forty times an erranter Sot than he was before.

* *Flattery* will never be out of Credit, ſo long as there are Knaves to give it, and Fools to take it.

Flattery is never more pernicious, than in the Courts of Princes, becauſe a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Caſes it carries a face of Friendſhip. The way to riſe, is to pleaſe; and whatſoever is gotten by it, comes by Treachery.

The only benefit or good of *Flattery* is this; that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

† Praiſe ſavours of Flattery, and Cenſure of Malice, be they never ſo juſt. The beſt way to advance another's Vertue is to follow it; and the true Means to cry down another's Vertue is to decline it.

* The Power of *Flattery*, where it is once entertain'd, is well-nigh irreſiſtible, for it carries the Countenance of Friendſhip and Reſpect; and fooliſh Natures are eaſily wrought upon, and perverted under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakneſs of Judgment meet in the ſame Perſon, there's no reſiſting the Temptations of a fair Tongue, and conſequently, no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Deſigns of a falſe Heart. Nothing ſo ridiculous, nothing ſo impoſſible, but it goes down whole with him for Truth and Earneſt: Nay, and the Folly is ſo unaccountable, and the Madneſs ſo notorious, that in this Humour, the moſt ſpiteful

Enemies we have in the World, paſs upon us for Friends.

* *Satyr* and Invectives are the eaſieſt kind of Wit; almoſt any degree of it will ſerve to abuſe and find Fault: For Wit is a keen Inſtrument, and every one can Cut and Gaſh with it, but to Carve a beautiful Image, and to Poliſh it, requires great Art and Dexterity; a little Wit, and a great deal of Ill-Nature, will furniſh a Man for *Satyr*; but the greateſt Inſtance of Wit is to commend well.

* The beſt things are the hardeſt to be duly commended: For tho' there be a great deal of Matter to work upon, yet there is a great Judgment required to make choice; and where the Subject is great and excellent, it is hard not to ſink below the Dignity of it.

* If ſmart Sayings, biting Sentences, and poinant Words, could have any good Effect upon bad People, it would be neceſſary for every City to have a School to learn 'em in.

Fortune; Chance.

† *Fortune* gives us nothing, ſhe does but lend it; 'tis our Pride as well as Diſhoneſty that makes us angry when ſhe demands it again.

All the Advantages and Endowments of *Nature*, cannot make a *Hero* without the help of *Fortune*.

Though Men are apt to flatter and value themſelves upon their great Actions and *Atchievements*, yet theſe are ſeldom the Effects of Deſign and Induſtry, but generally of a lucky *Chance*.

Fortune

Fortune turns and converts every thing to the advantage of her *Darlings*.

Our *Happineſs* and *Miſery* depends as much upon our own *Humour*, as upon *Fortune*.

† 'Tis not often our Merit that makes us riſe, but we ſeldom fall but by our own Fault.

Our *Actions* ſeem to be influenc'd by lucky and unlucky *Stars*, to which they owe the greateſt part of the *Praiſe* or *Blame*, which is given to the *Actions* themſelves.

No Man can tell what he will do, except he can anſwer what *Fortune* he ſhall have.

† The beginning of things are in our own Hands, but the end indeed is not ſo.

Fortune mends many *Faults* in us, which could not have been mended by *Reaſon* and *Judgment*.

In the midſt of all the various and uncertain Accidents in the *World*, there is ſtill to be obſerv'd a ſecret Order and Concatenation of Things, directed and over-rul'd by *Providence*; which makes every one move in its Rank, and follow the Courſe of its Appointment.

The making of a great Man, depends upon the improving all *Accidents* to ſome Advantage.

Opportunities make us known to others, but much more to our ſelves.

Men appear Vicious or Honeſt more or leſs, according to the Station they are in; ſo that *Fortune* is to *Virtues* and *Vices*, what *Light* is to the *Objects* of the Sight.

No Body thinks *Fortune* ſo blind, as thoſe ſhe has been croſs to.

We ſhould manage our ſelves with our *Fortune*, as we do with our *Health*; enjoy it, when *Good*; bear it patiently, when *Ill*; and never uſe deſperate *Remedies*, but upon deſperate *Occaſions*.

Fortune, oftentimes makes a Man's *Failings* the means of his Riſe; and there are ſome troubleſome impertinent Coxcombs, who deſerve to be rewarded ſo far, as to have their *Abſence* purchaſed by Preferment at a Diſtance.

* The Grants of *Fortune*, are always made with a Power of Revocation; and a Man that holds of her, is a meer Tenant at Will, and may be turn'd out the next Day, for ought he knows to the contrary. *Reſumptions* are as ordinary with this Lady, as with a Houſe of Commons; and there's no depending upon her Favour. Therefore we ought to be looſe and indifferent with her; and neither be Tranſported when ſhe gives, nor Dejected when ſhe takes away; for ſhe never acts upon Reaſon, but throws out every thing at Peradventure. The Rule is, never to be ſurpriz'd at any of her Proceedings; nor behave our ſelves like ſome unreaſonable Bankers, who when there's Money lodg'd in their Hands, are pleas'd with receiving it, and look upon it as their own; but when it is drawn out again, they are as much out of Humour, as if they had ſome real Injury done 'em: Never remembring they are but Caſheers, and that they were truſted with the Sum, upon Condition of repaying it upon Demand.

Mens Merit is generally judg'd of by the *Vogue* of the Fortune they are in.

There is an Exceſs both in *good* and *ill Fortune*, which is beyond our Senſibility.

Greater *Virtues* are required to bear a *good*, than *ill Fortune*.

Fortune has as great an Influence upon our *Wiſdom*, as upon our *Poſſeſſions*.

The

The generality of Men are like Plants, whoſe *Vertues* and unheeded *Properties* are found out by *Chance*.

Fortune gives out the *Parts* Men are to play upon the *Stage* of the *World* blindly, and juſt according to her unaccountable Humour; this is the Reaſon why there is ſo much ill *Acting*; becauſe Men very ſeldom hit upon thoſe Characters that are fit for them. Or to ſpeak in a more *Chriſtian* Style, what we call *Fortune*, is no other than the *Providence* of *God*, which permits theſe diſorders, for *Reaſons* which we are not able to dive into.

Great *Politicians*, manage and command *Fortune*, as great Captains do their *Soldiers*.

As much as Men rail at *Fortune* upon the Account of her *Blindneſs* and *Whimſies*, yet it muſt be confeſt, that there is no Prudence like hers. Her deſigns is ſo well contriv'd, and carried on with a ſuch a Dexterity, that it is paſt our foreſight to prevent them; and in ſpite of our own Conduct, ſhe never fails to bring about her Undertakings.

Fortune makes *Crimes* paſs for *Frolicks* in her Favourites; and *Frolicks* for *Crimes* in thoſe ſhe's averſe to.

The Caprices of *Fortune* are obſervable in Mens Opinions, as well as in their Poſſeſſions. Some Years ago the *Pope* was Infallible at *Paris* no leſs than at *Rome*: But now he is accounted liable to Errors in *France*, while he remains ſtill Infallible in *Italy*.

* When things go ill, each Coxcomb ſets up for a Stateſmen, and thinks himſelf the wiſeſt, if he chances to be more happy than his Neighbour.

* There

* There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our ſtrict Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct, that we may learn the Leſſon of *Reſignation*, and not truſt too much to ourſelves.

* *Fortune* is like the Market, where many times, if you can ſtay a little, the Price will fall. And again, it is ſometimes like *Sybilla*'s offer, which at firſt offers the Commodity at full, then conſumes part and part, and ſtill holds up the Price.

Friends, Friendſhip, Enemies.

† NOne but good Men can be true Friends.

What we call *Friendſhip* is no more than an Intercourſe of *Society*; 'tis only a mutual Care and Management of *Intereſts*, and an exchange of good Turns and Services. In a Word, it is only a ſort of *Traffick*, in which *Self-Love* has always Profit and Proſpect.

That which makes Men ſo unſteady and fickle in *Friendſhip*, is both the difficulty of knowing the Qualities and Diſpoſitions of the *Soul*, and the Facility of knowing thoſe of the *Wit*.

It is impoſſible for Men to love any thing without ſome reſpect to their private *Intereſts*: And we only follow our own Inclination and Pleaſure, when we prefer our *Friends* before our ſelves; and yet this Preference is the only thing that can render *Friendſhip* perfect and ſincere.

† Few

† Few will tell you the Truth but Friends, and they will not always tell you your Failings.

The *Reconciliation* of Enemies, is commonly Men's deſire to better their Condition; a Wearineſs of Acts of Hoſtility, and a fear of ſome ill Accident, which they are willing to prevent.

'Tis more diſgraceful for a Man to diſtruſt his *Friends*, than to be cozen'd by them.

We oftentimes fancy that we love Perſons in Authority, when it is nothing but Intereſt that makes us fond of them. And all our Applications and Attendances are not ſo much upon the account of any good we deſire to do them, as for what we expect and hope they may do us.

It ſhews that our Affection is but ſmall, when we are not ſenſible of our Friends Coldneſs and Indifference.

† It is next to impoſſible to have three Friends; if you have but two, the one muſt be for Advice, the other for Reproof: If once they begin to interfere, the Band is half diſſolv'd, and an implacable Enmity hanging over your Heads.

Moſt *Friends* create a diſguſt for *Friendſhip*, and moſt Religious Hypocrites for *Religion*.

We often complain of our *Friends* Fickleneſs, only to juſtifie before-hand our own Inconſtancy.

We are but little concern'd for our *Friends* Diſgraces, when they give us an occaſion of ſignalizing our Tenderneſs for them.

When we proclaim and aggravate the Tenderneſs our *Friends* have for us; 'tis not ſo much out of *Gratitude*, as for a deſire to poſſeſs other People with a good Opinion of our own Worth.

'Tis

'Tis not an eaſie matter to love thoſe, for whom we have not a real Eſteem; but 'tis much harder ſtill to love thoſe, that we think deſire a great deal more than our ſelves.

No Man can continue long in the reſpect he owes to his *Friends* and *Benefactors*, that allows himſelf the liberty to talk of their *Faults*.

We may ſooner be brought to love thoſe that hate us, than thoſe that love us more than we deſire they ſhould.

The boldeſt attempt of *Friendſhip*, is not to diſcover our *Failings* to a *Friend*, but to ſhew him his own.

† There is one thing neceſſary in Friendſhip, and yet what none can bear, that is a true Narration of our own Character.

The Deceitfulneſs of our *Friends* may juſtifie our Indifference to the Expreſſions of their Tenderneſs; but in no manner, our Inſenſibility of their Misfortunes.

The Reaſon why moſt *Ladies* are ſo little affected by *Friendſhip*, is, becauſe it taſtes very flat and inſipid, after the reliſhing of *Love*.

In *Friendſhip* as well as *Love*, *Ignorance* very often contributes more to our Happineſs, than *Knowledge*.

There is a certain *Reliſh* in true *Friendſhip*, above the ſenſibility of thoſe that are *meanly* born.

Time ſtrengthens *Friendſhip*, and weakens *Love*.

† A private Reſolution to wink at each others Faults, is the moſt general Foundation of that Familiarity we are pleas'd to call by the Sacred Name of *Friendſhip*: And this Partiality to each other, has this unhappy Conſequence in it, that our Vices become habitual.

As long as Love laſts, it ſubſiſts by it ſelf; nay, ſometimes by thoſe very things that ſeem to be moſt for

for its Deſtruction, as *Caprices*, Cruelties, Abſence and Jealouſies. *Friendſhip*, on the contrary, muſt have ſomething to ſupport it, and faints away for want of mutual Offices, Confidences and Complaiſance.

Love and *Friendſhip* do reciprocally exclude one another.

Hatred is not ſo far from *Friendſhip*, as *Antipathy* is.

To live with our *Friends*, as if they were to be one day our *Enemies*; and with our *Enemies* as with thoſe that may become our *Friends*, is neither according to the Rules of *Friendſhip*, nor the Nature of *Hatred*.

We ought to take Care not to make thoſe our *Enemies*, which if better known, we ſhould be glad to count among our *Friends*: And on the other ſide, we ought to chuſe *Friends* ſo true and ſo honeſt, that when they ceaſe to be ſo, will ſcorn to take an Advantage againſt us of our former Confidence.

Men can never go a great way in *Friendſhip*, without a Diſpoſition to wink mutually at one anothers ſmall Defects.

There's more hazard in the Succour of a new powerful Friend, than in the Hoſtility of an old dangerous Enemy.

A principal fruit of *Friendſhip*, is, the eaſe and diſcharge of the fulneſs and ſwellings of the Heart, which are cauſed by Paſſions of all kinds. We know Diſeaſes of Stoppings and Suffocations are the moſt dangerous in the Body, and it is not much otherwiſe in the Mind.

We may obſerve how high a rate Princes do ſet upon this *Fruit* of *Friendſhip*, ſince they purchaſe it many times at the hazard of their own Safety and Greatneſs;

Greatneſs: For Princes, by reaſon of the diſtance of their Fortune from that of their Subjects and Servants, cannot gather this *Fruit*, except they raiſe ſome Perſons to be as it were Companions, and almoſt equal to themſelves; which many times proves of dangerous Conſequence.

As uncommon a thing as *True Love* is, it is yet more frequent than *True Friendſhip*.

† A Man at Forty thinks himſelf Superannuated for a new Friendſhip, yet will Marry at Fourſcore.

True Friendſhip deſtroys *Envy*, as *True-Love* breaks a *Coquet* Humour.

Though we ought not to love our *Friends*, only for the good they do us, yet it is a plain caſe, they love not us, if they do not do us good, when they have it in their power.

Though the generality of *Friendſhips* contracted in the World, do by no means deſerve that honourable Name; yet a Man may very well make his beſt of them, as he ſees occaſion, as of a Trade, that is not fixed upon any ſure Fund, and where nothing is more uſual, than to find our ſelves cheated.

There is in all *Sciences* ſome *Chimera* or other, which we eternally purſue in vain. As *Chymiſtry* has its *Philoſopher's Stone*; ſo has *Geometry* its *Quadrature* of the *Circle*; *Aſtronomy* its *Longitudes*; *Mechanicks* their *perpetual Motion*: It is impoſſible to find out all theſe, but it is very uſeful to ſearch after them, by reaſon of the Diſcoveries we make by the way. *Mera's* have alſo their *Chimera*, that is, *Diſintereſtneſs*, or Perfect *Friendſhip*: No Man will ever come up to it; yet it is good that all ſhould pretend to it, ſince by that they attain to many other *Virtues*.

A true *Friend* is but a pleaſing *Dream* of the *Love* of our ſelves, which Adverſity and Experience diſſipate.

* We ſpeak well of our *Friends* to get the *Friendſhip* of others, by a ſhew of *Gratitude.*

* It is as hard to be a good *Friend* and a Lover of *Women*, as it is to be a good *Friend* and a Lover of *Money.*

He will be much out in his account, who numbers his *Friends* by the viſits that are made him, and confounds the Decencies of Ceremony and Commerce, with the Offices of United *Affections.*

* He will find himſelf in as great a Miſtake, that either ſeeks for a *Friend* in a *Court*, or tries him at a *feaſt.*

* A falſe *Friend* is like the Shadow in a *Dial*; it appears in clear Weather, but vaniſhes aſſoon as that is cloudy.

† Friendſhip in Adverſity ſhews a dal value for the Perſon.

* The Name of *Friends* is commonly given to ſuch as are linked by any Ties of Conſanguinity, Affinity, Intereſt, Mutual, Obligations, Acquaintance and the like: But theſe are ſuch *Friendſhips* (if they may be call'd ſo) as are always contracted with a tacit reſerve to Intereſt on both ſides; and ſeldom laſts longer than the Proſperity of either Party; and during that, are frequently renounc'd upon ſlight diſobligations, or languiſh and die of themſelves.

* He that wants either *Senſe* or *Courage*, can never make a real *Friend.*

There are ſome Friends, whoſe only Proſpect is their own Satisfaction; provided they have nothing to reproach themſelves withal, the Misfortune of ano-

another does not much affect them; nay, they would be concern'd, that it was ended ſo ſoon. They continue it ſometimes for the continuance of their own Glory. They Rejoyce, they Triumph in ſecret for a Diſgrace, which gives them an occaſion of ſhewing themſelves, inſtead of ſearching the moſt ready means to aſſiſt you, they ſearch the moſt ſignal ones to make themſelves honoured, and look upon their Friends, as Victims devoted to their Reputation.

The Offices of true Friends, have ſomething of Livelineſs, which always precedes our Wants, and even prevents our very Deſires. But Honour, which diſguiſeth it ſelf under the Name of Friendſhip, is nothing but a Self-Love, that ſerves it ſelf in the Perſon it makes an appearance of ſerving. The Friend, who Acts but by this Motive, advances to do good in Proportion only to the encreaſe of his Reputation. He ſtops ſhort when his Witneſſes are gone: 'Tis a falſe Brave, that turns his Eyes to ſee if he is regarded: 'Tis a Hypocrite that gives Alms with an unwilling Mind, and pays this Tribute to God, only to impoſe upon Men.

It is matter of Prudence, and Neceſſity, for People in many caſes to put up the injuries of a weaker Enemy, for fear of incurring the diſpleaſures of a Stronger.

A high ſpirited Man never forgives one who has found him in fault, and complains of him with reaſon, till he regains his ground, and can caſt the fault upon the other.

We muſt hold to our *Friends* by no other Ties than thoſe of Virtue, without a regard to their Fortune, either good or bad; and when we find our ſelves ſo diſpoſed, as to be able to follow them in

in their Diſgrace, we may boldly, and without any mannet of Scruple, cultivate their Affection, in their greateſt Proſperity.

We ought to be more ſolicitous to avoid *Enemies*, than to gain *Friends*; by reaſon that the opportunities of doing miſchief are generally more frequent than thoſe of doing good.

* The miſtake of a *Friend* for an *Enemy*, or of an *Enemy* for a *Friend*, is one of the moſt pernicious Errors of a juſt Man's Life; for there's Judgment, Good-nature, Generoſity, Juſtice, Common Prudence, and all at Stake. Nothing can be more diſobliging to a *Friend* on the one hand, or more ruinous to ones ſelf on the other. Charity however, bids us hope, and think the beſt, provided at the ſame time, that we ſecure the main Chance.

† With three ſorts of People it is not Prudence to contract Friendſhips, *viz.* The Ungrateful Man, the Blab, and the Coward. The firſt cannot ſet a true value on our Favours, the Second cannot keep our Secrets, and the third dares not vindicate our Honour.

* Tho' *Friendſhip* be the moſt important Point of Life, yet there is leaſt care taken about it. Some make their *Friends* by the intervention of others, and moſt part by chance.

* There are few *Friends* of the Perſon, but many of the Fortune.

* A Prudent *Friend* eaſes many Troubles, whereas, one who is not ſo, multiplies and increaſes them.

* If thou would'ſt not loſe thy *Friends*, never wiſh them a Fortune.

* There's no Tryal of a true *Friend*, but in caſes of difficulty; as loſs, trouble or danger; for that's the time of diſtinguiſhing what a Man does for my ſake, and what for his own.

* It is an unhappy thing that Princes and Great Men, who ſeem to have the leaſt need of *Friends*, ſhould in Truth have the greateſt difficulty of knowing them too, for want of occaſions to put them to the Tryal: There is no Proof of *Friendſhip* like frequent Experiment. Now Princes are above the want of thoſe common Offices, that paſs for *Friendſhip* betwixt Man and Man, as in matter of Money, Liberty, Protection and the like. People do not flock to Courts ſo much for their Maſters Service, as for the making of their own Fortunes. How ſhall any Man diſtinguiſh now betwixt a Paraſite and a Man of Honour, where they are all on the receiving Hand, and where Hypocriſie and Intereſt looks like Duty and Affection.

* *Revenge* ſtops at nothing that is Violent and Wicked: It divides the deareſt *Friends*; Embroils Governments, and tears Families to Pieces; beſide, that it hardens People into a Brutal Contempt of Death, where they may but ſee their *Enemies* fall for Company.

* No Man lives without *Enemies*, and no *Enemy* is ſo deſpicable, but ſome time or other he may do a Body a ſhrewd Turn. 'Tis Prudence to paſs over thoſe Indignities, which are either too little for our conſideration, or out of our Power to reach and puniſh; for there is nothing more ridiculous, than an impotent Anger, that ſpends it ſelf to no manner of purpoſe; and there's no better way of dealing with it, than to laugh it out of Countenance.

* The

* The wiſe Man draws more advantage from his *Enemies*, than the Fool does from his *Friends*. The Envious are a Spur to the Wiſe Man, to make him ſurmount a Thouſand Difficulties: Whereas Flatterers many times divert him. The Hatred of a Man's Enviers are a Looking-Glaſs, wherein he ſees himſelf far better than in that of Kindneſs: That Looking-Glaſs ſhews him the Faults, which he corrects, and thereby prevents Back-biting; for Men keep upon their cloſe Guard, when they have Rivals or *Enemies* for Neighbours; But Flattery Palliates our Faults, and renders them, in ſome meaſure, incorrigible.

Geſture, Countenance.

ALL *Paſſions* and *Reſentments* of the Soul, have their *Tone* of *Voice*, their *Geſtures* of the *Body*, and their Forms and Air peculiar to them; and the mutual Relation of them, either good or bad, makes accordingly Perſons either pleaſant or unpleaſant.

All Men affect an *Air* and *Out-ſide*, ſuitable to their *Profeſſion*, that may make them appear what they have a mind to be taken for; So that we may ſay, That the *World* is made up of nothing but formal Countenance and Shews.

The *Air* and *Affectation* of a *Citizen*, is ſometimes loſt in an *Army*, but never in a *Court*.

Hatred, Revenge.

WHen our *Hatred* is too fierce, it ſubjects us to the Perſons we hate.

† Never ſeek Revenge but when it cannot fail.

† The greateſt Misfortunes in ſome Affronts, is that we can't revenge 'em.

The moſt illuſtrious *Revenge*, is to pardon where we might deſtroy.

As we love more and more thoſe we ſtill oblige; ſo we hate moſt violently thoſe we have injur'd.

It is as hard to ſmother the *Reſentment* of a freſh *Injury*, as to preſerve it after a certain Time.

Some People, to gratifie their *Reſentments*, court their Enemies Perſecution, that they may have deeper grounds for Revenge.

Hatreds, are generally ſo obſtinate and ſullen, that the greateſt ſign of *Death* in a ſick Body, is his deſire of being reconciled to his Enemies.

The moſt ſubtle and artificial Revenge, is to make as if one was not offended; For the grief and ſmart our Enemy intended us by the Affront, falls foul upon him, and cruelly torments him with the Sting of the Diſappointment.

Weakneſs makes us *hate* an Enemy, and ſeek to be reveng'd on him: But *Lazineſs* generally allays our Reſentment, and makes us paſs by the Affront.

* *Revenge* is a kind of wild Juſtice, which the more Man's Nature runs to, the more ought Law to weed it out: For as the firſt Wrong, it does but offend the Law; but the *Revenge* of that Wrong, puts the Law

Law out of Office. Certainly in taking *Revenge*, a Man is but even with his Enemy; but in paſſing it over he is Superiour; for it is only a Prince's part to pardon.

* The moſt tolerable ſort of *Revenge*, is, for thoſe Wrongs, which there is no Law to Redreſs: But then, let a Man take heed that the *Revenge* be ſuch, as there is no Law to puniſh; elſe a Man's Enemy is ſtill before-hand, and it is two for one.

* Some People are Slaves to their Revenge, and are ſometimes ſo angry with others, as to hurt themſelves for it.

† Revenge will ſweeten the moſt uneaſy Pangs of Death.

Health.

'TIS a troubleſome ſort of *Diſeaſe*, the Living ſtrictly by Rule, for the Preſervation of *Health*.

Sobriety, in the generality of Men, is only a fondneſs of *Health*, or the effect of a weak Conſtitution, which will not bear *Intemperance*.

We ingratiate our ſelves with other People, either by humouring their Reigning Paſſion, or being compaſſionate to, and bearing with their Bodily *Infirmities*. To theſe may be referr'd all our Applications and Attendances; and hence it is, that Men in perfect *Health*, or free from Paſſions, are more difficult to be managed.

Honour.

HOnour and *Diſgrace* are miſtaken and imaginary Appellations, if not related to the real *good* or *ill* that attends them.

† Men of Honour often fight for a Trifle; not but that there are ſome provocations not to be born with.

Nothing can be more Fooliſh and Chimerical, than the Paſſion of thoſe, that through a world of Hardſhips and Dangers, endeavour to tranſmit a famous Name to after Ages. All this *Honour* and *Reputation*, which they look upon as boundleſs, is yet confin'd within the narrow compaſs of their Imagination, which, crowding all Poſterity into one Age, ſets before their Eyes, as if they were preſent together, thoſe future *Honours*, which they ſhall never live to enjoy.

It is with *Glory*, as with *Beauty*; for as a ſingle fine Lineament cannot make a handſom Face, neither can a ſingle good *Quality* render a Man Accompliſh'd; but a Concurrence of many fine Featurſes and good Qualities, makes True *Beauty* and True *Honour*.

Honour is but an imaginary Duty, which robs us often of real Conveniences.

* Every Man ſets up a Court of *Honour* within himſelf, Pronounces every thing *Honourable* that ſerves his purpoſe, and laughs at them that think otherwiſe.

Humour,

Humour.

THE *Caprice* of our *Humours* are more whimſical and unaccountable, than thoſe of Fortune.

We are ſenſible only of great *Tranſports*, and extraordinary *Emotions* in our *Humour* and Conſtituition; as of *Anger*, when it is violent; but very few take notice that theſe *Humours* have a regular and ſtated Courſe, which moves and winds our Wills to different Actions, by gentle and inſenſible Impreſſions. They go their Rounds, as it were, and command us by turns; ſo that a conſiderable part of what we do is theirs, though we are not able to ſee how it is ſo.

All the Gifts of *Fortune* are no more, than our *Humour* is pleas'd to rate them.

There are always more *Defects* in the *Humour*, than in the *Mind*.

It is with our *Humours*, as with the generality of Buildings; they have ſeveral Facings and Proſpects, ſome of them fine and pleaſant, and ſome rough and diſagreeable.

Fools and Blockheads ſee every thing through their own *Humour*.

The Compoſedneſs, or Perturbation of our *Humour*, does not depend ſo much upon the great and moſt conſiderable Accidents of our Lives, as upon a ſuitable or unſuitable Management of little Things that befal us every day.

† Unacquaintedneſs with danger makes the fiery Temper ſeem brave, the Flegmatick fearful; this apprehends too much, the other too little.

Some Men adapt themſelves to all ſorts of Characters, with ſo dextrous a Compliance, that one would ſwear their Humour were that of all others; they appear Generous with Men of Honour; ſubtile with Intriguing Perſons; without Parts to the Stupid; and commit voluntary Fopperies to agree with real Fops.

As thoſe who concert things the beſt, don't always ſtick to the Juſtice of Rules; ſo the moſt irregular don't always follow the Diſorders of their Inclinations and Humours.

Some People are always in good Humour, becauſe they are never out of Conceit with themſelves.

When we ſay of a Man who is haſty, paſſionate, inconſtant, quarrelſome, moroſe, exceptious, whimſical, *&c. That's his Humour*, we do not ſo much excuſe him, as confeſs unawares, that his Faults are ſo great that they are paſt mending.

Hope.

HOpe, though never ſo uncertain and deceitful, ſtill is of this good Uſe to us, that it conducts us to our Journey's End an eaſier and more pleaſant way.

In a miſerable Condition, where all things are deſpair'd of, a Man is eaſily perſwaded rather to confide in another, than in himſelf.

Happineſs

Happineſs, Misfortunes.

† TO ſleep in Health, and wake in Plenty, to live in the Eſteem and Affection of every Body; what is wanting to make ſuch a Man happy? Why, a great deal: no wonder then ſo many are miſerable.

* It is the Lot of Mankind to be Happy and Miſerable by Turns: The Wiſdom of Nature will have it ſo; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage, that it ſhould be ſo. By the Mediation of this Mixture we have the Comfort of *Hope* to ſupport us in our Diſtreſſes, and the Apprehenſions of a change, to keep a check upon us in the very Huff of our Greatneſs and Glory; So that by this Viciſſitude of *Good* and *Evil*, we are kept ſteady in our Philoſophy, and in our Religion; the one minds us of God's Omnipotence and Juſtice, the other of his Goodneſs and Mercy; the one tells us, that there's no truſting to our own ſtrength, the other preaches Faith and Reſignation in the Proſpect of an over-ruling Providence that takes care of us.

The Vigour and Jollity we enjoy, makes the contrary Eſtate appear in ſo great a Diſproportion to our preſent Condition, that by imagination we magnifie and make thoſe Inconveniencies Ten times greater than they are; and apprehend them to be much more troubleſome, than we find them really to be, when they lie the moſt heavy upon us.

* No Body pities a Man for any Misfortune that befalls him in Matters out of his way, Buſineſs or Calling. Every Man has his Poſt aſſign'd him, and in that Station he is well, if he can but think himſelf

ſo;

ſo; and he that cannot keep himſelf well when he is well, may thank himſelf. But Men of Curioſity and Levity can never be at reſt; for let their preſent State be what it will, it never pleaſes them; they have a ſickly uneaſineſs upon them, which way ſoever they lye, or in what condition ſoever they are; no Place, no Poſture, no State either of Life or of Fortune agrees with them; but they run on ſhifting and changing, from one Error, and from one Qualm to another, hankering after Novelties, and trying new Experiments. We are naturally given to be peeping into forbidden ſecrets, and groping in the Dark after I know not what. We never think of the main buſineſs of Life, till a vain Repentance minds us of it at the wrong end on't; and then we find that we have been doing of one thing all this while, when we ſhould have been doing another; and abandon the Station, that God and Nature allotted us, to our irreparable ruin.

† He cannot be without a great deal of Compaſſion that is always ſenſible of anothers Miſery.

* 'Tis Fancy, not the reaſon of Things, that makes Life ſo uneaſie, as we find it. 'Tis not the Place, nor the Condition, but the Mind alone that can make any Body Miſerable or Happy. And Men that are Impatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change commonly for worſe.

* The impreſſion of any notable Misfortune, will commonly ſtick by a Man as long as he lives: For things that we have once ſet our Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of our Head, but every Hint and Occaſion, will be putting us in mind of 'em again: So that upon the whole, the only way to be Happy and Quiet, is to make all Contingencies indifferent to us.

Hap-

Happineſs lies not in the Things themſelves, but in our own Palate, and the reliſh we have of them: We are happy by the Enjoyment of what we fancy and deſire, and not what other People think lovely and deſirable.

One conſiderable part of *Happineſs*, is, to know how far a Man may be *Unhappy*.

We generally make a falſe Eſtimate, both of our *Misfortunes* and *Felicities*; and we are never ſo happy or unfortunate, as we think we are.

† The diſappointments of this World bring a Man to himſelf: The Smiles of Fortune only make him fond of himſelf.

If a Man cannot find Eaſe within himſelf, 'tis prepoſterous for him to ſeek it any where elſe.

Nothing goes ſo far in the *Happineſs* of our Lives, as to know things as really they are; and this Knowledge is to be acquired by frequent Reflections upon Men, and the ſeveral Affairs of the World, rather than by the peruſal of Books.

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, than to find himſelf undone by his own Folly; or but any way acceſſary to his own Ruin.

† Every misfortune would be a Felicity if our Ignorance and peeviſhneſs did not put 'em in falſe Lights.

Pity and Compaſſion is often a Reſentment of our own Miſeries, occaſion'd by thoſe of our Neighbours: It is an Ingenious Foreſight of the Diſgraces we may fall into; we relieve others, to engage them to return the like, when our own occaſions call for it; and the good Offices we do them, are, in ſtrict ſpeaking, ſo many Kindneſſes done to our ſelves before-hand.

It

It goes a great way towards *Felicity*, the uſing of our ſelves to other Peoples *Follies*, and not taking offence at every Impertinence that paſſes in our Company.

It is an ordinary Impertience, for Men in *Diſgrace*, to infect every thing with their *Misfortunes*.

There are ſome common *Misfortunes*, which have a Relation to all Men; but every Man has his particular Sentiments of them, and ſo endures in that Senſe, the whole weight of his Affliction ſingly. But in our private *Diſgraces*, that which affects us moſt, is to ſee no body bear a Reſemblance to us. We cannot with Patience behold our ſelves deſtin'd to ſuffer an Unhappineſs alone, which all the World may be affected with as well as we: And nothing ſo much augments the Sharpneſs of our Afflictions, as the Fierceneſs and Pride of thoſe who ſeem to brave and deſpiſe them.

The more we ſtruggle with our *Misfortunes*, we draw the Knot the harder; as the more the Bird flaps and flutters in the Snare, the ſurer ſhe is caught.

* The *Miſery* and *Happineſs* of the whole Life of Mortals, are Themes ſcarce worth a Paſſion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or poſſeſs as a *Good*, are both ſo ſhort, that as the one need not ſink us to an Exceſs of *Grief*, ſo neither does the other deſerve an Exceſs of *Joy*.

There is but one real Misfortune that can befal a Man, which is to be in Fault, and to be reproacht with any ill Thing by one's own Conſcience.

* No Man is to account any thing a loſs, if he gets *Wiſdom* by the bargain; for as we ſay, *Bought Wit is beſt*. And it is in ſome Proportion in the Buſineſs of this World, as it is in that of the

the next; in the Caſes, I mean, of Loſſes, Miſcarriages and Diſappointments: We are in both Reſpects the better for them, for they are Monitory and Inſtructive. Affliction makes a Man both Honeſt and Wiſe; for the Smart brings him to a ſenſe of his Error, and the Experiment to the knowledge of it.

* There are no People ſo *Miſerable*, but that at ſome time or other, in ſome thing or other, they have reaſon to account themſelves happy. And if they would but duly conſider, how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be thankful, that it is no worſe with themſelves; for it is ſome Relief to the Unfortunate, to ſhew them that there are others yet more Miſerable.

* It may ſeem to be a kind of a malicious Satisfaction, that one Man derives from the Misfortunes of another. But the Philoſophy of this Reflection ſtands upon another Ground; for our Comfort does not ariſe from other People's being Miſerable, but from this Inference upon the Ballance, that we ſuffer only the Lot of Humane Nature; and as we are Happy or Miſerable, compar'd with others, ſo other People are Miſerable or Happy compar'd with us: By which juſtice of Providence, we come to be convinc'd of the Sin, and the miſtake of our Ingratitude.

* In all the Caſes of our Lives, we fancy our ſelves much more Miſerable than we are; for want of taking a true Eſtimate of Things, we fly into Tranſports without Reaſon, and judge of the Happineſs or Calamity of Humane Life, by falſe Lights. A ſtrict Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will help up in the one, and Compariſon will ſet us right in the other.

Idleneſs,

Idleneſs, Sloth.

MAny People are kept within their Duty, becauſe they have not the Courage, or will not be at the Pains of being Wicked: And in ſuch Caſes *Virtue* runs away with that Praiſe, which is due only to *Timidity* or *Sloth.*

When *Idle Men* have indulg'd themſelves, as much as they think fit, no body is then ſo full of Haſte and Activity as they; becauſe, they hope, this quickning of others will give them the reputation of Diligence

Of all the *Paſſions* we are expos'd to, none is more conceal'd from our knowledge than *Idleneſs*; it is the moſt violent, and the moſt miſchievous of any, though its Violence be inſenſible, and its Miſchievouſneſs unheeded and ſecret: If we carefully conſider its power, it will be found upon all occaſions to have an abſolute Sway over our Sentiments, our Intereſts, and our Pleaſures. This is a *Remora* that can ſtop the largeſt Ships, and a Calm more dangerous to our Undertakings than any *Rocks* or *Sands*, or even the moſt violent *Storms.* The Eaſe and Tranquility of *Sloth* is a powerful *Charm*, that ſuppreſſes on the ſudden our moſt vigorous purſuits, and controuls our moſt peremptory Reſolutions: In a Word (to give a true Notion of this *Paſſion*) *Idleneſs* is a Bleſſedneſs of the *Soul*, that makes her eaſie under all her Loſſes, and ſupplies the place of her Enjoyments and Advantages.

'Tis a mighty Error to ſuppoſe, that none but violent and ſtrong *Paſſions*, ſuch as *Love* and *Ambition*, are able to conquer the reſt. Even *Idleneſs*, as feeble and languiſhing as it is, does often triumph over

over them all: This *Uſurps* the Throne, and ſits Paramount over all the Deſigns and Actions of our Lives; and inſenſibly waſtes and deſtroys both all our *Virtues* and *Vices*.

† 'Tis having nothing to do, makes us do nothing.

Of all our *Failings*, we are apt to confeſs *Lazineſs* the more eaſily, becauſe we perſwade our ſelves, that it ſticks cloſe to all peaceable *Virtues*; and as for the reſt, that it does not deſtroy any of them utterly, but only ſuſpends the Exerciſe of them.

There is more *Lazineſs* in the *Mind*, than in the *Body*.

Idleneſs and *Conſtancy* fix the Mind to what it finds eaſie and agreeable: This Habit always confines and cramps up our Notions, and no body was ever at the pains to ſtretch and carry his Underſtanding, as far as it could go.

We have very often more Strength than good Will to uſe it; but we fancy things impoſſible to be done, to reconcile our ſelves to our own *Idleneſs*.

If we caſt an Eye on all the *Tempeſts* which ariſe within our Breaſts, and conſider the Cauſes and Remedies of all the violent *Deſires*, malicious *Envies*, intemperate *Joys*, and irregular *Griefs*, by which the Lives of moſt Men become *Miſerable*, or *Guilty*; we ſhall find that they are generally produc'd by *Idleneſs*, and may be moſt naturally cur'd by *Diverſion*. What-ever *Art* ſhall be able to buſie the *Minds* of Men, with a conſtant Courſe of *Innocent Works*, or to fill them with as vigorous and pleaſant Images, as thoſe ill *Impreſſions*, by which they are deluded; it will certainly have a ſurer Effect in the compoſing and purifying of their thoughts, than all the *Precepts* of the *Moraliſts*.

Jealouſie.

Jealouſie.

Jealouſie lives upon *Doubts* and *Suſpicions*; but as ſoon as theſe become *Certainties*, then the Paſſion either ceaſes or turns abſolute Madneſs.

Jealouſie is always born with *Love*, but it does not always dye with it.

Unfaithfulneſs ought to quench our *Love* quite; and we do ill to be jealous when there is no Reaſon: No body deſerves the Jealouſie of another, who will give any juſt occaſion for it.

Jealouſie is not ſo much the effect of the *Love* of another, as the *Love* of our ſelves.

The reaſon why the pains we feel from *Shame* and *Jealouſie* are ſo ſmart and cutting, is, becauſe *Vanity* cannot aſſiſt us to bear them.

Jealouſie is the greateſt of *Evils*, and yet the leaſt pity'd by thoſe that occaſion it.

Intereſt.

Intereſt ſpeaks all manner of Languages, and acts all ſorts of Parts, even that of *Impartiality*.

Intereſt makes ſome People *blind*, and others *quickſighted*.

We promiſe according to our *Hopes*, and perform according to our *Fears*.

Virtues are loſt in *Intereſt*, as Rivers are ſwallowed up in the Sea.

The bare Name and Pretence of *Virtue*, is more ſerviceable to a Man's *Intereſt* than *Vice*.

The

Intereſt puts Men upon exerciſing *Virtues* and *Vices*, as the occaſion requires.

Intereſt, upon which we generally lay the blame of all our ill Actions, oftentimes deſerves to be commended for our good ones.

* He that trims between two *Intereſts*, loſes himſelf with both, when he comes to be detected, for being true to neither.

Luxury and too great *Delicacy* of Manners in a State, are infallible Symptoms of its Declenſion: For when Men are ſo over-curious and nice in their own *Concerns* and *Intereſts*, the Good of the Publick is generally neglected.

Magnanimity deſpiſes all, that it may graſp all.

* Whoſoever *gains* by the Dead, has not much Kindneſs for the Living.

Intereſt ſuperſedes all Arguments of *Affection* and *Conſanguinity*.

Juſtice, Injuſtice, Judgment.

Juſtice, in ſtrict ſpeaking, is nothing elſe, but a quick and intimate Fear of loſing one's own. This makes Men tender of their Neighbours Property and Intereſts, and religiouſly careful not to invade it. This Fear holds Men in, within the compaſs of that Eſtate which either *Birth* or *Fortune* has given them; and were it not for this, they would continually be making Incurſions upon one another.

Juſtice, in moderate and well-behav'd *Judges*, is often only the love of their Preferment.

We except againſt ſame *Judges* in matters of very little concern, when at the ſame time we are con-

tent to have our Reputation and Honour depend upon the Judgment of Men, which are byaſs'd againſt us, either by Jealouſie, Prejudice or Ignorance: And we expoſe our Eaſe and our Loves only to bribe them, to give Sentence in our Favour.

Men and *Actions* are like Objects of Sight, and have alſo their *Points of Perſpective*; ſome muſt be ſeen at a diſtance, and others, at cloſe view, to be exactly judged of.

The *Judgments* our *Enemies* make concerning us, come nearer to the Truth, than thoſe we paſs concerning our ſelves.

Every one erects a *Court* of *Judicature* for himſelf: There he ſits ſupream Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as Arbitrary and Authoritative a manner, as if he had ſome particular Prerogative over him. But, methinks, we ſhould be more modeſt and ſparing, in paſſing Sentence thus upon others, if we did but conſider, that they too will take the ſame Freedoms, and uſe us with the ſame Severity, when in their power.

*Of all *Injuſtices*, that is the moſt abominable and capital, which impoſes upon us under the colour of Kindneſs and good Meaning.

* It is not only generous but profitable too, for a Man in ſome Caſes to remit ſomewhat of the ſtrictneſs of his juſt due.

The Duty of a *Judge* is to adminiſter *Juſtice*, and his *Trade* to delay it: Some know their Duty, and only follow their Trade.

Thoſe that make ill *Judgments* of us, without being acquainted with us, do not wrong us in the leaſt; 'tis not us they condemn, but only an imaginary *Chimera* of their own making.

We are revenged upon the ill *Judgments* ſome Men make of our Wit and Manners, by the Unworthineſs of thoſe they approve of.

* The Wickedneſs of other Men we have always in our Eye, but we caſt our own over our Shoulders. He that loves his Neighbour's Wife, and for that very reaſon, becauſe ſhe is anothers, locks up his own: And a worſe Father chaſtiſes a better Son.

* It is very hard to find an equal Judge: There are no great exacters of Faith, than the Perfidious; no greater Perſecutors of Falſhood, than the Perjurious: A Tyrant is offended at Bloodſhed, the Sacrilegious puniſhes Theft, and the greater part of the World quarrels with the Offender, rather than with the Offence.

* It is with Juſtice as with ſick Men: In time paſt, when we had few Doctors, as well of *Law* as of *Phyſick*, we had more *Right* and more *Health*: But we are now deſtroy'd, by Multitudes and Conſultations, which ſerve to no other end, than to enflame both the *Diſtemper* and the *Reckoning*.

* It may ſeem ſomewhat a hard Caſe for the greater Thieves to puniſh the leſs, and for publick Purloiners and Oppreſſors to ſit in Triumph upon the Lives of the little ones, that go to the Gallows; for the tye of Morality is the ſame upon both, and they ſtand both accountable to the ſame Maſter: But Time, Power and Corruption give a Reputation to the worſt of Practices; and it is no longer Opreſſion when it comes gilded, with the Name of Authority. Now in the ſight of Heaven, the greater the Tempation, the leſs is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it paſſes for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to run away with

whole Countries, that they have no Colour or Pretence to; when many a poor Devil ſtands condemned to a Halter, or a Whipping-Poſt, for the pilfering of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the robbing of a Hen-Rooſt.

* We cannot judge of Characters of Things and Perſons, given at ſecond hand, unleſs we know exactly how capable thoſe Perſons, from whom ſuch Characters were firſt taken, were to paſs a right Judgment upon ſuch Subjects; and alſo the particular Motives that byaſs'd them to paſs ſuch Cenſures.

It is eaſie for Men to fall into groſs Errors, and to miſtake the wrong Cauſes for the true, in the Judgment which they make of others Opinions and Inclinations: When they behold them addicted to ſuch or ſuch *Vices*, and to have withal ſome good Qualities, in which they themſelves do not excel, they preſently are apt to imagine the *bad* to raiſe from the *good*, and ſo condemn both together; whereas, perhaps, it ſprung from ſome other hidden Cauſe, of which they took no notice.

Knowledge, Learning, Ignorance.

† HE has learnt but little that values himſelf upon what he knows, or deſpiſes another for what he knows not.

There are two ſorts of *Curioſity*, the firſt proceeds from *Intereſt*, and is a deſire to learn things that can be uſeful and beneficial to us; the other ſprings from *Pride*, and is a deſire of being wiſer than our Neighbours.

'Tis

'Tis much eaſier to know what Men are in gene-ral, than to know a ſingle Man in particular.

The love of new *Notions* and greater *Knowledge*, proceeds not ſo much from our being weary of what we had before, or any Satisfaction there is in Change, as from the concern for being too little admir'd by thoſe that know us well, and from the hope of being admir'd more by them that know us but little.

It is with ſome good *Qualities*, as with our *Senſes*; thoſe that never had the uſe of them, can never have any Notion of them.

It is ſo uſual with moſt Men to judge of things ſo very ſlightly and ſuperficially, that the moſt ordinary *Words* and *Actions*, ſet off with a good Grace, and ſome little Knowledge how Matters go in the World, very often gain a Man more Reputation than the moſt profound Wiſdom and Learning.

It is not ſo very difficult for Men to know themſelves, if they did but take the pains of enquiring into themſelves; but they are more ſolicitous to be thought what they ſhould be, than really careful to be what they ſhould be.

Ignorance creates Weakneſs and Fear, but *Learning* makes Men bold and aſſured: Nothing affects or diſturbs a Mind, that has a true Apprehenſion of Things, and knows how to diſtinguiſh them rightly.

Study and the enquiry after *Truth*, have ſeldom any other Effect, than to make us experimentally convinc'd of our natural *Ignorance*.

This Maxim, *Let a thing be never ſo ſecret, yet it will be diſcover'd at one time or other*: is very uncertain, if not falſe: For it has no other ground, than thoſe things that have been found out; and for ought we know, there may be as many that never did or ſhall come to our knowledge.

There are ſome ſort of People that never look into a Book, and yet with their own ſtock of natural Parts, have a better Senſe of Things that depend upon clear and true *Reaſon*, than ſome great and bookiſh *Profeſſors*.

A great many People are fond of Books as they are of Furniture, to dreſs and ſet off their Rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their Minds.

If we ſet aſide thoſe Caſes, in which *Reaſon* is concern'd, a Man ought to meaſure his Studies and his Books by the *Standard* of his own *Reaſon*, and not enſlave his *Reaſon* to his Books.

Studious Men propoſe to themſelves the filling their Heads with Notions, that they may talk fluently and nicely, and be taken notice of in the World; more than their own real Improvement, and better Information, that they might be qualified to make a right Judgment of Things.

Such words as *Sympathize*, *Je ne ſcay quoy's*, *Occult Qualities*, and a thouſand more of the ſame ſtamp, have no Senſe nor Signification at all. A Man is wonderfully deceiv'd, if he fancies himſelf one jot the wiſer for them. They were only found out to ſupply thr want of *Reaſon*, and to be uſed when we would fain ſay ſomething, but indeed have nothing to ſay.

In the ſtudy of Humane *Learning*, our *Mind* ought always to preſerve its own Freedom, and not to enſlave its ſelf to other Peoples Fancies. The liberty of the Judgment ſhould have its full ſcope, and not take any thing upon truſt, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different *Opinions* are propos'd to us, we ſhould conſider and chuſe, if there are ſuch odds between them, as to admit of a Choice; and if there be not, then we ſhould continue in ſuſpence ſtill.

The

The higheſt Pitch of Humane Underſtanding, is to be throughly acquainted with our own Weakneſs, Vanity and Miſery; and the leſs Wit a Man has, the leſs he knows of theſe Matters.

That ſort of *Ignorance*, which is but a Privation or Emptineſs of *Knowledge*, is much leſs deſpicable than the other kind of *Ignorance*, which is full of, and puff'd up with Error and Impertinence, and which the World oftentimes miſtakes for Learning and Knowledge.

Too ſervile a ſubmiſſion to the Books and Opinions of the *Ancients*, has ſpoil'd many an ingenious Man, and plagu'd the World with abundance of *Pedants*.

The knowing of others well is a fair ſtep to gain an *Aſcendant* and *Maſtery* over them; for the Man that is throughly known, depends in ſome meaſure upon the Perſon that knows him.

As there is no Man but may draw great Supplies and Advantages from *Learning*, ſo there are very few who do not find great Prejudices from the Notions they acquire by Studies, except they uſe them as if they were natural to them.

Men are moſt eſteemed when the *World* does not know the utmoſt of their Parts and Abilities. For things that are underſtood but by halves, are always preſum'd greater than really they are.

The eager deſire Men have of making their Parts and Abilities known, hinders 'em generally from acquiring any conſiderable: For whilſt they are buſie to let the World ſee what knowledge they have, they loſe the opportunity to learn that which they want.

The beſt Diſpoſition, when untaught, is always blind and unſettled. A Man ought to take all imaginable Care to inform himſelf, that his *Ignorance*

may make him neither *Childiſhly* Baſhful, nor *Ridiculouſly* Confident.

None but little Souls are diſturb'd at having their *Ignorance* reprov'd; and the reaſon is, that being generally very *Blind* and *Fooliſh*, they never trouble themſelves with *Doubts*; and are fully ſatisfied they ſee thoſe things clearly, which they ſaw only through the thick Miſt of a clouded Underſtanding.

To know things judiciouſly, we ought always to be upon our guard, againſt the Reputation of him that ſpeaks them; the *Air* of the Face; the Manner of Speaking; the Quality, the Time, the Place, all impoſe.

Study makes a greater difference between a *Scholar* and an *Ignorant* Man, than there is between an *Ignorant* Man and a *Brute*. But the *Air* of the World, yet makes a greater Diſtinction between a *Polite* and a *Learned* Perſon. *Knowledge* begins the *Gentleman*; and the Commerce of the World compleats him.

'Tis the fault of weak Reaſoners to venture upon many things they don't underſtand, and to renounce them as ſoon as they come to know them.

All *Objects* have different *Faces*, and the Mind, which is in continual Motion, looks upon them as it turns, inſomuch that we have nothing, if I may ſo ſpeak, but new *Aſpects*, thinking to enjoy new *Diſcoveries*.

The great Commerce in the World hinders all Attention; what we ſee in others, keeps us from examining well our ſelves.

By a little knowledge of *Nature* Men become *Atheiſts*; but a great deal returns them back again to a ſound and religious Mind.

* Though

* Though it may be an Argument of great Wit, to give ingenious Reaſons for many wonderful Appearances in Nature; yet it is an Evidence of ſmall Judgment, to be poſitive in any thing, but the acknowledgment of our own *Ignorance*.

* Our *Pride* is always greater than our *Ignorance*; and what we want in *Knowledge* we ſupply by *Sufficiency*. When we have look'd about us as far as we can, we conclude there is no more to be ſeen; when we have ſhot our beſt, we are ſure none ever did, nor ever can ſhoot better, or beyond it. Our own *Reaſon* is the certain meaſure of *Truth*; our own *Knowledge* of what is poſſible in *Nature*. Though our *Mind* and our *Thoughts* change every ſeven Years, as well as our Strength and our Features: Nay, though our Opinions change every Week, or every Day, yet we are ſure, or at leaſt confident, that our preſent *Thoughts* and *Concluſions* are juſt and true, and cannot be deceiv'd: And among all the Miſeries to which Man is born and ſubjected in the whole Courſe of his Life, he has this one Felicity to comfort and ſupport him, *That in all Ages, in all things, every Man is always in the right* A *Boy* of fifteen is wiſer than his *Father* at forty; the meaneſt *Subject*, than his *Prince* or *Governours*; and the *Modern Scholars*, becauſe they have for a Hundred Years paſt learnt their *Leſſon* pretty well, are much more knowing than the *Ancient* Maſters.

* It is undoubtedly true, that ſcarce any Man's Mind is ſo capable of thinking ſtrongly, in the preſence of one whom he *Fears* and *Reverences*, as he is when that Reſtraint is taken of. And this is to be found, not only in weighty Matters, but alſo in the Arts of *Diſcourſe* and *Raillery* themſelves: For we have often ſeen Men of bold Tempers, that have

over-

over-aw'd and govern'd the Wit of moſt Companies; to have been diſturb'd and dumb, and baſhful as Children, when ſome other Man has been near, who us'd to out-talk them. Such a kind of natural Sovereignty there is in ſome Mens Minds over others, which muſt needs be much greater when it is advanc'd by long uſe, and the venerable name of a *Maſter*.

* Thoſe who take their Opinions from others Rules, are commonly ſtricter impoſers upon their Scholars, than their own Authors were on them, or than the firſt Inventors of things themſelves are upon others. Whatever the Cauſe of this be, whether the firſt Men are made meek and gentle, by their long ſearch, and by better underſtanding all the Difficulties of Knowledge; while thoſe that learn afterwards, only haſtily catching things in ſmall *Syſtems*, are ſoon ſatisfied, before they have broken their Pride, and ſo become more imperious; or whether it ariſes from hence, that the ſame meanneſs of *Soul*, which made them bound their Thoughts by other Precepts, makes them alſo *Inſolent* to their Inferiours, as we always find *Cowards* the moſt *Cruel*: Or whatever other Cauſe may be alledg'd, the Obſervation is certain, that the *Succeſſors* are uſually more poſitive and tyrannical, than the *Beginners*.

It is *Liberty* alone which inſpires Men with lofty Thoughts, and elevates their Souls to a higher Pitch, than Rules of Art can direct. Books of Rhetorick make Men Copious and Methodical; but they alone can never infuſe that true Enthuſiaſtick Rage which *Liberty* breaths into their Souls who enjoy it, and which, guided by a ſedate Judgment, will carry Men further than the greateſt Induſtry, and the quickeſt Parts can go without it. All

All Men who make a Mystery of Learning, and industriously hide their Knowledge to conceal their Defects, give the World great reason to suspect, that their Knowledge is Pedantry and Trick.

* No Pretences to greater measures of Knowledge, grounded upon account of long Study of Learned Men in any Country, ought to be heard, when set against the Learning of other Nations, that make no such Pretences, unless *Inventions* and *Discoveries* answerable to those Advantages, be produced by their Advocates.

* The growth of *Learning*, as well as of Natural Bodies, has some short Periods beyond which it cannot reach, and after which it must begin to decay. It falls in one Country or one Age, and rises again in others, but never beyond a certain Pitch. One Man, or one Country, at a certain time runs a great length in some certain kinds of Knowledge, but lose as much ground in others, that were perhaps as useful and valuable. There is a certain degree of *Capacity* in the greatest Vessel, and when 'tis full, if you pour in still, it must run out some way or other, and the more it runs out on one side, the less runs out at the other: So the greatest *Memory*, after a certain degree, as it learns or retains more of some Things or Words, loses and forgets as much of others. The largest and deepest reach of Thought, the more it pursues some certain Subjects, the more it neglects others.

It is natural to all Ranks of Men, to have some one Darling, upon which their Care is chiefly fixt. If *Mechanicks* alone were to make a Philosophy, they would bring it all into their Shops; and force it wholly to consist of Springs, and Wheels, and Weights: If *Physicians*, they would not depart from

from their Art; ſcarce any thing would be conſider'd beſides the *Body* of *Man*, the *Cauſes*, *Signs*, and *Cures* of *Diſeaſes*. So much is to be found in Men of all Conditions, of that which is called *Pedantry* in Scholars, which is nothing elſe but an obſtinate Addiction to the forms of ſome private Life, and not regarding general things enough.

We meet with very few Authors that are plain and natural; for even the Beſt are ſeldom contented either with their firſt *Thoughts* or with thoſe *Expreſſions*, which preſent themſelves without ſtudy. The generality of Men miſtake the Perfection of the Productions of *Wit*, and value them in Proportion to the pains and troubles they ſtand them in; as if Thoughts and Expreſſions were like Silver and Gold, which muſt be digg'd out of Earth, and purg'd of their Droſs with great Labour, before they can be good for any thing.

A *Dogmatical Tone*, is generally the effect of great *Ignorance*. He that knows nothing, thinks that he teaches others what he has learnt himſelf a Moment before: On the contrary, he that knows much, does hardly think, that what he ſays can be unknown to other People, and ſo he ſpeaks with a kind of indifference.

* The Men of *Reading* do very much buſie themſelves about ſuch *Conceptions*, which are no where to be found out of their own Chambers. The *Senſe*, the *Cuſtom*, the *Practiſe*, the *Judgment* of the World is quite a different thing from what they imagine it to be in private: And therefore it is no wonder, if when they come abroad into Buſineſs the Sight of Men, the Tumult and Noiſe of Cities, and the very Brightneſs of Day it ſelf affright them.

* The *ſtudious* Men, while they continue heaping up in their Memories the Cuſtoms of paſt Ages, fall inſenſibly

inſenſibly to imitate them, without any manner of Care *how* ſuitable they are to *Time* and *Things*. In the Ancient *Authors*, which they turn over, they find Deſcriptions of *Virtues* more perfect than indeed they were: The Governments are repreſented better, and the ways of Life pleaſanter than they deſerv'd. Upon this, theſe *Bookiſh* Wiſe Men ſtrait compare what they read with what they ſee; and here beholding nothing ſo heroically Tranſcendent, becauſe they are able to mark all the *Spots* as well as *Beauties* of every thing, that is ſo cloſe to their ſight, they preſently begin to deſpiſe their own *Times*, to exalt the paſt, to contemn the *Virtues*, and aggravate the *Vices* of their *Country*; not indeavouring to amend them, but by ſuch Examples as are now unpracticable, by reaſon of the Alteration of *Men* and *Manners*.

Kings, Princes, Courtiers, Favourites, Government.

* NOthing is of ſo much Moment to a Prince as Reputation, and none more than that of being a Religious obſerver of his Word and Promiſe; but eſpecially of his Oaths, without which he could never be truſted by his Subjects or Neighbours.

* No Condition of Humane Life is ever perfectly ſecure, nor any force of Greatneſs, or of prudence, beyond the reach of Envy, and the blows of Fortune. Princes, as well as private Men, are often in moſt danger, at thoſe Times, and in thoſe Parts, they think themſelves ſafeſt; as ſtrong Towers

ers are ſometimes taken on thoſe ſides, that are thought impregnable, and ſo left undefended, or little regarded.

† A Prince may be Familiar with his Subjects, without derogating from his Majeſty, but not Supercillious without Danger.

* The Infelicities of ſome Princes, may be occaſion'd only by ill timing their Councils, when to attempt and when to deſiſt, in the juſteſt endeavours; and the greatneſs of others, may be preſerved by unforeſeen Accidents, where the greateſt reach of foreſight and conduct, might have failed.

* The Decrees of Heaven are wrapp'd up in the Clouds, and the Events of future things, hidden in the Dark, from the Eyes of mortal Men. The wiſeſt Councels may be diſcompoſed by the ſmalleſt Accidents; and the ſecureſt Peace of States, and Kingdoms, may be diſturb'd by the lighteſt Paſſions, as well as the deep deſigns of thoſe who Govern them. For though the wiſe Reflections of the beſt Hiſtorians, as well as the common Reaſonings of private Men, are apt to aſcribe the Actions and Councils of Princes, to Intereſts or Reaſons of State; yet whoever can trace them to their true Spring, will be after forc'd to derive them from the ſame Paſſions and perſonal Diſpoſitions, which Govern the Affairs of private Lives.

*No injuries are ſo ſenſible to Mankind in general, as thoſe of Scorn; and no Quarrels purſued between Princes, with ſo much ſharpneſs and Violence, as thoſe which ariſe from perſonal Animoſities or private Paſſions, to which they are ſubject like other Men.

* The Secrets of Government, ought not to be touch'd with unwaſh'd Hands, and expos'd to the Mul-

Multitude; for upon granting the People a Privi-ledge of debating the Prerogatives of Sovereign Power, they will infer naturally enough a Right and a Title to the controuling and the over-ruling of it.

* An affectation of Popularity has often prov'd a Snare, ſtrong enough to tempt many Men, who have otherwiſe been in great Temperance and Virtue. Nor indeed, can there be any more dangerous Enemies to a State or Kingdom, than ſuch as come ſober to endeavour its deſtruction.

* When a *Prince* fails in Point of *Honour* and *Common Juſtice*, 'tis enough to ſtagger his People in their Faith and Allegiance.

† 'Tis an unhappy thing for *Princes* to be ſometimes neceſſitated to promiſe, when they know it would not be prudence to perform.

* It is as impoſſible for a Government to be without Faults, as for a Man to be ſo.

* *Reaſon of State* in the Simpility of the Notion, is only that of *Political Wiſdom*, abſtracted from the ordinary Rules and Methods of *Conſcience* and *Religion*; it conſults only legal Utility, and never matters it, provided the Publick may be the better for't, tho' the Inſtruments and Managers go to the Devil. In ſhort, it is moſt certain that *Reaſon of State* is a very deviliſh thing under a ſpecious Name, and a Cover for all Wickedneſs. What are Alliances and Ruptures, but Temporary Expedients? And the ordinary Reaſons of War and Peace, are very little better than Banter and Paradox.

* Laws with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple and the Weak, like Cobwebs, to catch Flies; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no diſputing with it, but upon the Swords Point.

'Tis

'Tis matter of Prudence, to have a care not to out-do ones Maſter. All Superiority is odious, but in a Subject over his *Prince*, it is ever Fooliſh or Fatal: An accompliſh'd Man conceals vulgar Advantages, as a modeſt Woman hides her Beauty under a negligent Dreſs. There are many who will yield in good Fortune, or in good Humour; but no body will yield in good Wit, and leaſt of all a Sovereign. *Princes* are willing to be aſſiſted, but not ſurpaſſed; thoſe who adviſe them, ought to ſpeak, as if they put them in mind of what they forgot, and not as teaching them what they knew not.

* Religion is a kind of Two-Edged-Sword in the Hands of a Man of Might, that cuts both ways alike, and it is either right or wrong, or wrong or right, as occaſion ſerves. Power, in ſhort, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all good things together in one, where Slaves and Paraſites are Judges.

We read in Hiſtory, that moſt *Princes*, who have been in the apprehenſion of Conſpiracies, have taken the courſe to meet and prevent them by Puniſhment and Revenge; but I find very few who have reaped any advantage by this proceeding, and whoever finds himſelf in this danger, ought not to expect much either from his Vigilancy or Power; For how hard a thing, is it for a Man to ſecure himſelf from an Enemy, who lies conceal'd under the Countenance of the moſt officious Friend we have; and to diſcover, and know the Wills and inward thoughts of thoſe who are continually doing us Service? And moreover, this continual ſuſpition, that makes a *Prince* jealous of all the World, muſt of neceſſity be a ſtrange Torment to him.

* There

* There are few inſtances found in Story, of a *Prince* that began and atchieved any great and famous Enterprize after Fifty years of Age; whether the decline of Nature leaves not Vigor enough for ſuch Deſigns or Actions; or Fortune, like her Sex, have no kindneſs left for Old Men, how much ſoever ſhe favour'd them when they were Young.

* The ſafety of a *Prince*, is never ſo firm and well eſtabliſhed upon any other bottom, as the general Safety, and thereby Satisfaction of the Common People, which make the bulk and ſtrength of all great Kingdoms, whenever they conſpire and unite in any common Paſſion, or Intereſt: For the Nobles without them, are but like an Army of Officers without Soldiers; and make only a vain ſhew or weak noiſe, unleſs raiſed and encreaſed by the Voice of the People; which for this Reaſon, is in a common Latin Proverb, called the Voice of GOD.

* As Clemency is produced by Magnanimity, and Fearleſſneſs of Dangers, ſo is Cruelty by Cowardiſe and Fear; and argues not only a depravedneſs of Nature, but alſo a meanneſs of Courage and imbecility of Mind; for which reaſon it is both hated by all that are within its reach and danger, and deſpiſed by all that are without.

† Tyrants can never be ſafe; for Cruelty is more terrible than any danger we are expos'd to, by indeavouring to avoid it.

* There is not any thing more dangerous for a *Prince*, than to conſult only with Perſons that he thinks are of his own Mind, or will be ſo when they know it; nor more pernicious in a Coun-

cellor, than to give only ſuch Advices as he thinks moſt agreeable to him that asks, or receives them.

We do ſo willingly ſlip the Collar of Command upon any pretence whatever, and are ſo ready to uſurp upon Dominion, and every one does ſo naturally aſpire to Liberty, and Power, that no Utility whatever, derived from the Wit or Valour of thoſe he does imploy, ought to be ſo dear to a Superiour, as a downright and ſincere Obedience. To obey more upon the Account of Underſtanding, than of Subjection, is to corrupt the Office, and ſubvert the Power of Command.

† That muſt be a wonderful good Prince, and a Miracle of a Favorite, whoſe Exaltation will not at one time or other make the Prince uneaſy or the People invidious.

* The common Subjects of a Kingdom, are not ſo apt to trouble themſelves about the Rights and Poſſeſſion of a Crown, as about their own; and ſeldom engage in the quarrels of the firſt, but upon ſome general and ſtrong apprehenſion that the laſt are in danger.

Some make the quaintneſs of their Wit to conſiſt in imploying bad Inſtruments: A dangerous Point of Honour, and worthy of an unhappy iſſue. The Excellence of the Miniſter has never leſſened the Glory of the Maſter: on the contrary all the Honour of the ſucceſs, rebounds upon the Principal cauſe, and in like manner, all the Blame; for Fame always ſounds the Praiſes of the firſt Authors. Therefore a Prince muſt endeavour to chuſe his Miniſters well, ſince on them depends the immortality of his Reputation

* *Govern-*

* *Government* can no more ſubſiſt without Subjection, than the Multitude can agree without Government: And the duty of obliging, is no leſs of Divine Appointment, than the Authority of Commanding.

Princes may be ſaid in ſome ſence, to command every thing that they do, and to forbid every thing that they do not; their Example has an attractive Power to draw others after them: Both their *Virtue* and their *Vices* ſpread themſelves over all their Dominions, and are, in ſome meaſure, eternized by imitation. The leaſt *Crime* that they commit, renders them guilty of a Thouſand others; and all the *Virtues* with which they are adorned, are inceſſantly reproduc'd in the Hearts of an infinite Number of Perſons that are ambitious of reſembling them.

They who give the firſt Shock to a State, are voluntarily the firſt over-whelm'd in its Ruin. The Fruits of Publick Commotion are ſeldom enjoy'd by him who was the firſt Maſter: He only troubles the Water for anothers Net; and beats the Buſh whilſt another gets the Hare.

* As the abſence of an ill *Prince* ſeldom fails of raiſing Diſquiets and Commotions among the People in a Government which is obey'd only from fear, ſo nothing contributes more to the Satisfaction and Obedience of Subjects, than the preſence of a good King; and this is the reaſon why all diſtant Provinces, govern'd by Commiſſions, or ſubordinate Authorities, are ſo ſubject to frequent Seditions and Revolts, how lawfully ſoever they are inherited, or how well ſoever they are eſtabliſhed, after any new Conqueſt, or Acquiſition; the Force and influence of Authority,

growing ſtill weaker by the change of Hands, and diſtance of Place.

* To have been privy to the Secrets of Superiours, has been the undoing of many. Confidence is not the favour, but the impoſt of a *Prince*; many break their Looking-Glaſs, becauſe it ſhows them their Uglineſs. A *Prince* cannot abide to ſee the Man, who may have ſeen him; and the witneſs of an ill art, is always ill look'd upon. He that has entruſted his Secret to another has made himſelf his Slave: And in Sovereigns, it is a violence that cannot laſt long; for they are impatient to redeem their loſt Liberty. In a word, the beſt Maxim for *Secrets*, is, *neither to hear them, nor tell them.*

" *Princes* are generally kept ſo much in the " Dark, as to *Things*, and have ſo ſeldom a *true* " *Character* given them of *Perſons*, that 'tis a won- " der they commit no greater Errors, either in " the management of Affairs, or in the choice of " their Miniſters.

† A *Prince* ſhould conſtantly reflect, that he Governs Men, and that he himſelf is but a Man.

† Our Hatred of Favorites, ſhews our Eſteem of the Favour, and our Envy makes us refuſe them that Reſpect which their Intereſt and Power procures 'em from others.

† Reaſons of State are ſo very intricate, that a *good Miniſter* can hardly be a good Man.

† The Affability of ſome Great Men, is to make us believe their *Goodneſs* greater than their *Fortune.*

† Courage is not always *innate*; and Men may learn to be *Brave*, as well as to Exerciſe a *Battalion.*

* 'Tis

* 'Tis great Wiſdom in a *Prince*, to underſtand the Critical Seaſons and Circumſtances for Rigour or Remiſſneſs; when 'tis proper to take up, and when to ſlacken the Reigns of Government.

" 'Tis the higheſt Pitch of Greatneſs in a *Prince* " to know how to ſupport his Authority, with- " out the Ceremony of Guards; to ſhrink himſelf " almoſt into the Figure of a private Gentle- " man, and yet act nevertheleſs, with all the " Force and Majeſty of his Character, when the " Government requires it. How creditable is it " to the Sex, we account the weaker, that this " was never done in *England*, but by Queen " *Elizabeth*?

* Falſhood and Legerdemain, ſink the Character of a *Prince*, and make him look like a Royal *Juggler*; Publick Character and *Common Good*, as they call it, are no defence in ſuch caſes. *Sextus* VI. who was a great Man, us'd to ſay, That 'twas ſhort thinking, which made Conſcience impracticable, and *Politicks* fall foul upon *Morals*; That if *Stateſmen* were well qualified, and work'd their Heads, there would be no occaſion for *Latitude* and *Inſincerity*. *Reaſon*, without doubt, well manag'd, would fence againſt inconvenience much better than *Craft*: In earneſt, 'twould be a very hard Caſe, and a great Reflection upon Prudence, if Men could not be happy, without breaking their Faith, and blemiſhing their Honour. However, to ſay nothing more, ſome People are too *Lazy* to be *Honeſt*; but this ill Cuſtom apart, there's no neceſſity to make *Reaſon of State* incompatible with the Laws of Juſtice.

* Court Civilities, are either meer empty Grimaces, or ſtudy'd deſign. In 1598. when Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-bar* along *Fleet-ſtreet*, the Lawyers were rank'd on one ſide, and the Companies of the Cities on the other: Said Maſter *Bacon*, (ſince Lord-Chancellor) to a Lawyer that ſtood next him; *Do but obſerve the Courtiers: if they bow firſt to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if firſt to us, they are in Law.*

" No Men more dangerous in a free State, than " thoſe who have nothing to loſe; for under the " Plauſible Pretence of *Liberty* and *Publick-good*, " they raiſe Clamours againſt the preſent *Miniſters*, " that ſo either themſelves, or thoſe who ſupport " 'em, may get imployment. *Corbulo* would ne- " ver have been at the Pains of writing ſo ma- " ny Volumes againſt the Court, had he ei- " ther preſerv'd his *Place*, or better managed his " *State.*

" We envy the Great for thoſe very Things, " which are the greateſt *Plagues* to them; I mean " their great *Retinue.*

" Nothing can make a King of *England* abſo- " lute but his Goodneſs, and ſtrict Regard to the " Laws.

" A *Prince*, who has the Hearts of his Subjects, " has no occaſion either for a Standing Army, or a " Brib'd Senate; for whoever Commands the " *Affection*, Commands the *Purſe.*

† The *Duties* are at preſent ſo high upon Preferment, that Men of Honour don't care for Trading.

† *Favourites* are juſtly the Envy of the People: They get *every Thing*, and generally merit *nothing.*

† There

† There is nothing ſo odious to Men in Favour, as Men in diſgrace: it is a ſort of Momento to 'em of the fickleneſs of Fortune or the capriciouſneſs of Princes.

" A good Architect takes care to make thoſe " Figures, which he places, on the Top of Build- " ings, *bigger than the Life*; that ſo they may loſe " nothing of the *juſt Size* they repreſent, notwith- " ſtanding their Elevation; But Fortune, or ra- " ther, *Princes*, who generally Act by Caprice, " and without Rule, place oftentimes in the high- " eſt Poſts, Perſons of ſo inconſiderable Merit, that " they appear no more than *Shrimps*, to the gazing " Spectator.

" He that firſt invented the Names of *Whigg* and " *Tory*, has done the Nation as much Harm, as the " Gun-Powder Treaſon would have done it, if it " had taken effect.

" The Words of *Whigg* and *Tory*, have under- " gone almoſt as many Revolutions in their Signi- " fication, as the Parties to which they have been " given: Now a Days a *great Whigg* or a *great Tory*, " ſignifies little elſe, than a Man who ſtirs to be in " a *great Employment*.

" We have lately had the Hiſtory of Unfortunate " Favourites: 'Tis pity the Author has not given " us at the ſame time the Hiſtory of *Princes*, that " have been undone by them. I'm ſure this Second " Part would have been as ſeaſonable and uſeful as " the firſt.

* A *Private Man* is judg'd of by his *Companions*, a *Prince* by his *Miniſters*.

† *Good* and *bad Times*, are only modeſt Terms for *good* or *bad Men* in Employments.

" *Truth* is only agreeable to the *Virtuous*: And " 'tis no ſmall Reflection on *Princes* and Great Men, " that few of 'em can bear to hear it.

" An *Engliſh* King will never be able to hold the " Ballance of *Europe*, if he knows not how to hold " the Ballance of *England*: For his Reputation a- " broad will raiſe or ſink, as his Affairs go well or " ill at Home.

" A King of *England* ſhould cauſe his Corona- " tion Oath to be written in Golden Capitals in " his Cloſet, as the Ten Commandments are in " his Chappel; the obſervation of the firſt being " as neceſſary for his Happineſs in this World, " as the keeping of the other for his Felicity " hereafter.

" A *Prince* that Governs by Parties, is like a " Philoſopher that grows wiſe by Starts and broken " Fancies.

" Governing by Parties may keep a *Prince* a- " bove Water for a while, but will ſink him at " laſt.

" A wiſe *Prince* had much better make a *Favou-* " *rite* of his *Miniſter*, than a *Miniſter* of his *Favourite*. " But Beaſts of *Pleaſure*, are ſeldom Beaſts of " *Burthen*.

" As King *James* II. was undone by Truſting too " many; ſo other *Princes* may be ruin'd by truſt- " ing no body.

" A King who never gave his Subjects a cauſe of " Diſſatisfaction, can never truſt 'em too far; where- " as a *Prince* who has once rendred himſelf ſuſpect- " ed, will do well not to truſt 'em at all; Queen " *Elizabeth* juſtifies the Firſt; and King *Charles* I. " and *James* II. the latter.

" Innova-

" Innovations are generally pernicious in Govern-
" ment as well as in Religion; and therefore
" 'tis much better to bear with ſmall Grie-
" vances than unravel the preſent Conſtituti-
" on.

† Changing Officers is very ill Husbandry; for where a Man finds he is not like to make a long Gain, he will make a quick one.

" Changing the *Miniſtry*, is ſometimes as fatal
" as changing the whole *Conſtitution.*

" When a *Prince* has overcome the Rebels, he
" ſhould deliver the forfeited Eſtates into the
" Hands of his People, who have before hand paid
" the Purchaſe by enabling him to Triumph o'er
" his Enemies.

" The Diſeaſe of a Kingdom firſt breaks out in
" the Miniſtry, which if not remov'd, 'twill in-
" fallibly Corrupt and Deſtroy the whole Body
" Politick.

† Great Men care not to Converſe with any but ſuch as are inferiour to 'em in Parts.

† We are often miſtaken for Men of *Pleaſure*, becauſe we are not Men of *Buſineſs*; and for *Men* of *Buſineſs*, becauſe we are not *Men of Pleaſure.* A Man of Great Parts finds leiſure for both; an inferior Genius for neither.

† Whilſt Courtiers ſpeak for one another, all of them obtain what none of them deſerve.

" A *Steddy Conduct* is the great Art of Govern-
" ing a *Fickle* People: Whereas chopping and
" changing of Meaſures keeps 'em always in a Fer-
" ment, and ready to Rebel.

† A *Prince*, who has the Love and Veneration of his People, may eaſily ſatisfy all Parties; whereas Courting them is endleſs.

" It

" It is with a *Court*, as with a great many other " Things, *a neceſſary Evil.*

† 'Tis more difficult to find an *Honeſt Man*, than an *Able* one; *Buſineſs*, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

Opportunity corrupts Men, as well as Women.

† Among the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, the Philoſophers and Orators were *Brave*, and the *Brave Men* Studied *Philoſophy* and *Eloquence*; among us the *Scholar* is *but a Scholar*, the Lawyer does but plead, and the Soldier only Fights. It ſhort, *if a Man excel in any one thing, he either diſpiſes the reſt*, or is unfit for it.

" All Men love *Flattery*, tho' ſometimes they " may hate and deſpiſe the *Flatterer.*

" Learning improves the *Honeſt Man* and the " *Knave* alike; the Reading of *Tacitus* and *Matchi-* " *avel*, has made as many ſound *Politicians*, as " *State-Jugglers.*

† A *Roman* Conſul had the thanks of the Senate (tho' he was beaten) that he did not deſpair; *and a* French *General was made a Mareſchal of* France, *after he had loſt* Namur; but with us, if any thing goes croſs, we are preſently for changing the Miniſtry.

* The wiſeſt Politicians may ſometimes be drawn into wrong Meaſures by being over cunning; but then their miſtakes are ſo many Leſſons of inſtruction.

" 'Tis impoſſible to frame *Oaths*, but what " ſome People will readily Swallow, to gratify " their *Ambition: Addreſſes*, *Aſſociations*, *Abjurati-* " *ons*, and the like, paſs with them for inſig- " nificant Promiſes, which they keep for their " Intereſt, and will break for their Conveni- " ence.

" For-

" Formerly our Nobles ſignalize d their en-
" trance upon the Stage of the Word, with
" Fighting Two or Three Battles, or at leaſt a
" Duel: Now a Days, our Young *Patricians* ge-
" nerally make themſelves firſt talk'd of, either by
" Debauching an Actreſs, or by loſing eight or ten
" Thouſand Pounds at *New-market.*

* Nothing ſhews more the weakneſs of a Government, than a looſe Adminiſtration of the Exchequer; for it argues either a Princes negligence, or that he is unſettled in his Throne, and oblig'd to make Creatures with exorbitant Gifts.

* The Times paſt, read uſeful Lectures to the Time preſent: He that would ſee what ſhall be, let him conſider what has been.

* A wiſe *Prince* ought to obſerve Popular Sects, and to nip 'em in the Bud; but being once full aged, it is Prudence not to oppoſe 'em with too ſtrong a Hand, leſt in ſuppreſſing one, there ariſe two. A ſoft Current is ſoon ſtopt; but a rapid Stream reſiſted, breaks into many, or over-flows all.

* The firſt and chiefeſt Part of a good Patriot is to over-look perſonal Wrongs.

* *Popular Love*, and *Popular Hate*, have many times prov'd equally dangerous and fatal.

'Tis a hard Matter to determine whether thoſe who preach'd *Paſſive Obedience*, did King *James* more Harm, than thoſe who ſpake againſt his *Prerogative.* We may rail againſt the King of *France* as much as we pleaſe; but to give him his due, he ever rewarded *Virtue* and *Merit*, and puniſh'd *Vice* better than ſome of his Neighbours.

" The

" The unequal diſpenſation of *Rewards* and " *Puniſhments*, will ſoon or late prove Fatal to a " *Prince.*

* *Knaves* have generally the greateſt ſhare of managing, if not making Laws; as *Fools* have of bringing up. New *Faſhions*, and forming *Cuſtoms.*

* Kings that have been Fortunate Conquerors in their firſt Years; it being not poſſible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they muſt have ſome Check, in their Succeſſes turn generally Superſtitious and Melancholy in their latter Years.

The ſureſt way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a *Husband* and a *Prince*, ſometimes to yield ſomething of their Prerogative.

A Neighbouring Monarch has oftentimes taken wrong Meaſures, upon account of our inteſtine Jars; not conſidering that thoſe who are Factious among themſelves, and Jealous of one another, are more ſtrongly prepared to encounter with a Common Enemy.

" 'Tis an eaſier matter for a *Prince* to maintain a " Conqueſt made by the Sword, than one gain'd " by Cunning and Stratagem.

* *Liberty* in a *Prince*, is no Virtue, when maintain'd at the Subjects unwilling Coſt; and it is leſs Reproach, by Parſimony to deſerve *Popular Love*, than by Profuſeneſs to deſerve *Private Thanks.*

* It is the excellent Property of a good and Wiſe *Prince*, to uſe *War* as he does *Phyſick*, carefully, unwillingly, and ſeaſonably

* Let

* Let a *Prince*, that would beware of Plots, be rather Jealous of ſuch whom his *Favours* have *advanc'd*, than of thoſe whom his *Diſpleaſure* has diſcontented. Theſe want the *Means* the others have to execute their deſires; and *Ambition* to *Rule*, is more vehement than *Malice* to *Revenge*.

* It is very dangerous to try Experiments in a State, unleſs in caſes of extreme neceſſity; and 'tis better to connive for a while at any Inconveniencies, than ſuddenly to run upon a Reformation.

* It is a neceſſary Wiſdom for a *Prince* to grow in ſtrength, as he encreaſes in *Dominions*: for Conqueſts, not having power anſwerable to their greatneſs, invite New Conquerors to the ruin of the Old.

* A Kingdom is a great Building, whoſe two main Supporters are the *Laws* and the *Church*; and it is the part of a Wiſe Maſter, to keep thoſe Pillars in their firſt Poſture irremoveable. If either fail, it is Prudence rather to *repair*, than *remove* it; leſt he ſhould endanger the ruin of the whole *Fabrick*.

* When the Humours of the People are ſtirr'd by Diſcontents, 'tis Policy in a *Prince* to give them moderate Liberty to vent their Spleen. He that turns the Humour back, makes the Wound Bleed inwardly, and fills the Body with Malignity.

* It is almoſt impoſſible for any *Prince*, or Magiſtrate, utterly to avoid the Evil Report of Men; for if he be *Good*, he incurrs the offence of wicked People; if he be *Evil*, Good Men will exclaim againſt him. This Danger therefore Wiſe and

and Vertuous Princes have little regarded, becauſe Hate may be gain'd, as well by *Good* as *Evil doing*.

* No *Prince* ever loſt the love of his Subjects by puniſhing the Wicked, if at the ſame time he rewarded the Good and well deſerving; for no Man can think him Cruel, that for Love to Vertue uſes ſeverity, which will appear when he is bountiful to the Virtuous.

* Next to *Senſuality* and *Sloth*, are the ſuſpicion of *Simplicity*, *Cowardiſe*, or any ſuch Vice. Nothing renders a *Prince* more contemptible to his People, than his being *mutable*, *irreſolute*, *light* and *inconſiderate* in beſtowing *Honours* and *Offices* of State.

* Tho' Frankneſs and Plain-dealing be moſt worthy Praiſe, chiefly in private Perſons; yet becauſe all Men do not act upon ſuch Principles, it behoves Wiſe Men, and *Princes* above others, to *Diſſemble* upon ſome Occaſions; For as in all Actions, a *Prince* ought to be ſlow and advis'd; ſo in conſent and believing, Haſte and Facility is moſt dangerous.

* As I wiſh a *Prince* would not over-ſlightly believe all Men; neither would I have him, for ſmall cauſes, diſtruſt every Man.

* *Diſſimulation*, is only tolerable in *Princes* and *Magiſtrates*; and is chiefly to be uſed with Strangers and Enemies, for good and neceſſary ends.

* A Peace cannot be laſting, except the Conditions of it be Reaſonable and Honourable to both Parties; for no People can live contented under ſuch a Law as forces them to loath the State wherein they are.

† All

† All States ought to deſire Peace; yet ſo as to be always prepar'd for War.

* The Time does not always ſerve to put an Enterprize in Execution: Yet whoever expects every opportunity, ſhall either attempt nothing at all, or if he do, the ſame, for the moſt part, turns to his own diſadvantage. A Wiſe Politician *forces Occaſions*, not *waits* for them.

* Every *Wiſe Prince* ought to Govern his *Subjects* and Servants in ſuch manner, that by his Affability and Virtue, they may be endear'd to his Service, rather Voluntarily, than for Pay or Hope of Preferment: For otherwiſe, whenever the *Prince* ſhall want means to reward, the Subjects likewiſe will fail in their Good-will to ſerve. But he that faithfully Loves, does neither become arrogant in *Proſperity*, nor withdraw in adverſe Fortune.

* All Nations do naturally imitate the Manners of their *Prince*; and obſerving his Proceedings, reſolve either to *Hate* or *Love* him. "Therefore it highly imports a King, upon his firſt "Acceſſion to the Throne, to give a Good "Opinion of himſelf to his People; for 'tis that "firſt ſtep which determines either the *Happi-* "*neſs* or *Miſery* of his Reign. If the People happen once to *Hate* their Sovereign, then his Actions, Good or Evil, are never afterwards accounted Good: But if at the beginning he gains the Love of the People, then every bad Action is reputed a Virtue; as tho' he could not be induc'd to do amiſs, without good Cauſe or Reaſon.

* All

* All Men are naturally *Good*, when no reſpect of profit or pleaſure draws them to become Evil. But the Corruption of this World, and our Frailty is ſuch, as eaſily, and often for our particular Intereſt, we incline to the worſt; which was the cauſe that Wiſe Law-givers found out *Rewards* and *Puniſhments*; the one to invite Men to Good, the other to deliver them from being Evil.

* The Laws and Conſtitutions made at the firſt ſettlement of a State, or Commonwealth, when Men were Good, do often prove unprofitable when they are become Evil; and therefore new Laws are made according to the Accidents which happen.

* A *Prince* that deſires, by means of his Ambaſſador, to deceive any other *Prince*, muſt firſt abuſe his own Ambaſſador, to the end he ſhould Act and Speak with more earneſtneſs, as being perſwaded that the intent and meaning of his Maſter is real; which perhaps he would not do, at leaſt ſo effectually, if he was privy to his Maſters diſſimulation.

* 'Tis a dangerous thing in all Common-wealths, by continual Puniſhments to hold the minds of Subjects in ſuſpicion; for Men ever fearing their Ruin, will, like thoſe in deſpair, reſolve to ſave themſelves any way, and ſo attempt innovations. All capital Executions ought therefore to be done ſuddenly, ſo to ſecure the minds of Men from further Cruelties.

* In a State divided by Sects and Parties, the Leader of any ſide is able to kindle Civil War, yet is he unable to moderate the Victory; For to ſtir up Seditions and Troubles, the worſt Man commonly bears the ſtroke; but Peace and Quiet-

Quietneſs are only ſettled by Men of rare Gifts and excellent Virtue.

* The Authority which *Princes* communicate to their Subjects, is chiefly in reſpect of *Wiſdom* or *Valour*; yet it generally happens, that they account them the wiſeſt and braveſt Men, that can beſt accommodate themſelves to their Humour.

* Ancient and well-govern'd Common-wealths were wont by their Conqueſts to fill the Treaſuries with Gold and Silver, to give Rewards to Soldiers; to exempt the People from Taxes; to make Triumphs and Publick Feaſts; but now a-days, as *Princes* manage the Wars, the Exchequer is exhauſted, the People impoveriſhed without being ſecur'd from their Enemies; and the Soldiers disbanded unrewarded.

* Every State well govern'd, rewards Men of Merit, and puniſhes all Offenders; and if any Perſon that has well deſerv'd of the Common-wealth, ſhall afterwards wilfully offend, he ought to be puniſh'd, notwithſtanding his former Services.

* Some People being diſpleaſed with Innovations that happen in the State, do ſometimes without juſt reaſons, complain of thoſe that Govern; not unlike a Sick Man, who ſhould think the Phyſician, not the Feaver to be the cauſe of his Pain.

* A *Prince* makes himſelf firſt unhappy, when he makes others ſo.

* There are ſome fierce Souls, who have but an imperfect Pleaſure in being *Maſters*, if they don't make their Power felt by others, who place Greatneſs in Force, and the Happineſs of their

Condition in making People miſerable at their Pleaſure.

'Tis as great a *Severity* in a *Prince* to pardon all Crimes, as to pardon none.

Frequent *Executions* caſt as great blemiſh on the *Reputation* of a *King*, as frequent *Funerals* on that of a *Phyſician.*

* The Publick is but one Body, and the Prince the Head on't; ſo that what Member ſoever withdraws his Service from the Head, is no better than a Negative Traitor to his Country and himſelf.

Princes and their *Miniſters* have their Nature much like that of *Celeſtial Bodies*; they have much Splendor, but no Reſt.

Princes are no farther touch'd with one anothers Misfortunes than concerns their own *Intereſt.*

* The Periods of *Empires*, like Natural Bodies, grow for a certain Time, and to a certain Size, which they are not to exceed.

* The Sources of *Conqueſts*, like thoſe of great Rivers, are generally obſcure, or taken little notice of; until their Streams increaſing by the Influence of many others, make ſo mighty Inundations, as to grow famous in Stories, as well as Maps of the World.

Uſurpers and *Tyrants* do commonly Juſtice upon themſelves, for the Injuries they have done to others; their own Conſciences doing the Office of *Tormentors*, and avenging their Publick Crimes, by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguiſh of Thought, with Fears and Jealouſies.

* It is an eaſie matter for Princes to cover and defend their unlawful Deſires, and unfaithful Vows, with many outward ſeeming fair Pretences; eſpecially,

cially ſeeing there is no Umpire or Moderator of Matters concluded upon, to whom a Reaſon ſhould be tendred.

* When Princes that ought to be common Parents, make themſelves as a Party, and lean to a Side; it is a Boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one ſide. For when the Authority of Princes is made but an Acceſſary to a Cauſe, and that there are other Bands that tye faſter than the Band of Sovereignty; Kings begin to be almoſt put out of Poſſeſſion.

It is a miſerable ſtate of Mind, to have few things to deſire and many things to fear; and yet that commonly is the Caſe of Kings, who being at the higheſt, want matter of Deſire which makes their Minds more Languiſhing; and have many Repreſentations of Perils and Shadows, which makes their Minds the leſs clear.

* Nothing deſtroys Authority ſo much, as the unequal and untimely interchange of Power, *preſs'd* too far, and *relaxed* too much.

* The Honour of a *Prince*, is a good excuſe, when he has no mind to engage in a deceitful or unjuſt War; but it is often forgotten, when the Circumſtances are more favourable.

* There is no way more effectual to engage all to adhere to the *Crown*, than the grateful Acknowledgments of paſt Services.

* In a weak Government, an ill-digeſted Inſurrection raiſes the Power of the *Prince*, and adds as much Spirit to his Friends, as it depreſſes the Faction againſt him; and it alſo gives a handle to do ſome things, for which it were not eaſie otherways to find either Colours or Inſtruments.

* A *Prince* that does not ſecure Friends to himſelf, while he is in Power, and Condition to oblige them, muſt never expect to find 'em when he is Old and Impotent, and no longer able to do them any Good. If he governs Tyranically in his Youth, he will be ſure to be treated Contemptibly in his Old Age; and the baſer his Enemies are, the more inſolent and intolerable will be the Affront.

* There is no Subject ſo inconſiderable, but his Prince at one time or other, may have occaſion for him; and it holds through the whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have need of one another.

† A great many Men riſe we know not how, and fall we know not why: But there are ſecret Cauſes for both; and we only wonder becauſe they are out of reach, it may be, as well as our ſight.

There's no medling with *Princes*, either with *Text* or *Argument*. *Morality* is not the Province of a Cabinet-Council; and Ghoſtly Fathers ſignifie no more than Spiritual Bug-bears in the caſe of an unaccountable Privilege.

Truth diſcovers it ſelf to *Princes*, no longer than while they are Young and under Age: It flies a *Crown*, and vaniſhes out of ſight, as ſoon as they come to be inveſted with Power. If theſe firſt Years be not made uſe of to give them good Advice and Inſtruction, there will be no retrieving it in the following part of their Lives; for all then goes off in mere juggle and diſguiſe.

There

There wants nothing more to make a Prince compleatly happy than the Sweetneſs of a private Life: If any thing can make him amends for ſo great a Loſs, it muſt be the Charms of *Friendſhip*, and Fidelity of true *Friends*.

One of the greateſt Misfortunes that can attend a Prince, is, that he has often Secrets that lye heavy upon his Soul, and which it is not ſafe for him to diſcloſe. His Happineſs conſiſts in finding a true boſom Friend, on whom he may throw off his Burden.

Nothing is ſo much for a *Prince's* Credit, as the Modeſty of his *Favourites*.

† A Courtier never deſires to retire till he is almoſt ſure of being ſent Home, if not further out of the way.

What a happy Condition is that, which gives a Man ſo frequent Opportunities, to do good to ſo many Thouſands! What a dangerous Poſt is that, which expoſes a Man to do hurt to ſo many Millions!

* All Precepts concerning *Kings*, are ſummarily comprehended in theſe two; *Remember that thou art a Man, and that thou art inſtead of God*: The one Bridles their Power, and the other their Will.

Laughing, Raillery, Bantering.

NOthing is more rare, than to ſee a Man either *Laugh* or *Weep* to the purpoſe.

The Enjoyments which a plentiful Fortune affords, and the Calm and Smoothneſs of Proſperity, furniſh Princes and great Men with ſo much Mirth, that they can *Laugh* at a Monkey, a Dwarf, and oftentimes at a Cold Jeſt: But Men of Inferiour Fourtunes ſeldom *Laugh* but where there is occaſion.

All the World is plagu'd with Cold *Jeſters*, we tread every where upon thoſe *Inſects*. A good *Jeſter* is a thing very uncommon; and even thoſe that are born ſuch, find it a very hard Task to make good their Character a conſiderable Time: And beſides, he that makes other People *Laugh*, ſeldom makes himſelf Eſteem'd.

To *Laugh* at *Witty Men*, is the Priveledge of *Blockheads*: They are in the *World* what your *Scurrilous Jeſters* are at *Court*.

* No Men are more unwilling to bear a Jeſt, than thoſe who are forward to break it.

† There is more Wit in Reparteeing than in Raillying; the one may be ſtudied, the other is *extempore*.

† We love to hear Jeſts, becauſe we are naturally envious and malicious.

* The Wounding of a Friend for the ſake of a *Jeſt*, is an Intemperance and Immorality not to be endur'd.

* Men ought to find the difference betwixt Saltneſs and Bitterneſs; for he that has a Satyrical Vein, as he makes others afraid of his Wit, ſo he had need be afraid of others Memory.

† He that ſays a ſevere thing merrily, may be pardon'd, but if he dwells upon the Subject he ſhews rankour and ſhould be piſtol'd.

* It

* It is commonly the Fate of Apes and Buffoons, that while they think to make ſport with others, they ſerve only in the Concluſion for a Laughing-ſtock themſelves.

† Ill Language ſhews an ill Mind, and the fineſt Raillery is but a finer Dreſs for the Malice of our Inclinations.

* The true *Raillery* ſhall be a Defence for *good* and *virtuous Works*, and ſhould only deſign the deriſion of extravagant, and the diſgrace of vile and diſhonourable Things. This kind of *Wit* ought to have the nature of *Salt*, to which it is uſually compar'd; which preſerves and keeps ſweet the good and ſound Parts of all Bodies, and only frets, dries up, and deſtroys thoſe Humours which putrify and corrupt.

† We are always cunning enough to paſs by the Jeſt we can't return.

* There's not one Man of a Thouſand, that underſtands the juſt, the ſafe, warrantable, decent and preciſe Limits of that which we call *Bantering* or *Fooling*; but it is either too Courſe, too Rude, too Churliſh, too Bitter, too much on't, too Pedantick, too Fine, out of Meaſure, or out of Seaſon. Now the leaſt Error or Miſtake in the Management of this Humour, lays People open to great Cenſure and Reproach. It is not every Man's Talent to know when and how to caſt out a pleaſant Word, with ſuch a regard to Modeſty and Reſpect, as not to Tranſgreſs the true and fair Allowances of Wit, good Nature and good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of Governing this Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Diſcretion, goes a great way in the Character of an agreeable Converſation; for that

which we call *Raillery*, in this Senſe, is the very Sawce of Civil Entertainment; and without ſome ſuch Tincture of *Urbanity*, even in Matters the moſt ſerious, the good Humour flattens for want of Refreſhment and Relief. But there is a Medium yet betwixt *All-Fool* and *All-Philoſopher*; I mean, a proper and diſcreet Mixture, that in ſome ſort partakes of both, and renders Wiſdom it ſelf the more grateful and effectual.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of Jeſters and Buffoons, to be inſolent towards thoſe that will bear it; and as ſlaviſh to others that are more than their Match.

Life, Death, Time.

ONE cannot look either the *Sun* or *Death* in the Face.

Very few People are acquainted with *Death*; it it is generally ſubmitted to, rather out of Inſenſibiliy and Cuſtom, than Reſolution; and all Men yield to *Death*, only becauſe they cannot help it.

We often ſee thoſe that are led to Execution, effect a Conſtancy and Contempt of *Death*; which in truth, is nothing elſe, but the fear of looking it in the Face: So that this pretended Bravery and Contempt, may be ſaid to do their Mind the ſame good Office, that the Head-band or Night-cap does their Eyes.

Nothing can be more counterfeit and deceitful, than the *Contempt* of *Death*. That *Contempt* of it,

I

I mean, which the *Heathens* pretended to out of their natural Reaſon and Conſtancy, without the Hopes of a better Life. There is a great deal of difference between Dying with Bravery and Reſolution, and ſlighting *Death*. The former is frequent enough, but I look upon the other to be never real and ſincere; and yet *Philoſophers* have us'd all the Arguments that the *Subject* can bear, to perſwade us that *Death is no Evil*; and Men of very inferiour Characters, as well as Heroes, have furniſh'd us with a great many Eminent Examples in Confirmation of that Opinion. Nevertheleſs, I do ſtill queſtion whether any *Thinking Man*, ever gave his aſſent to it; nay, the trouble they are at to perſwade others and themſelves, plainly ſhews that this was no ſuch eaſie Undertaking. A Man indeed may have a great many Reaſons to be out of conceit with Life, but he can have none to deſpiſe Death: Even thoſe, who voluntarily lay violent hands upon themſelves, do not look upon it as an inconſiderable matter, but are ſtartled at it, and decline it as much as others, if it approach them in any other ſhape, but that of their own chuſing. The Unevenneſs of *Courage*, obſervable in a world of Brave Men, has no other Bottom, than the various Influence of *Death*, which works more powerfully upon their Fancy, upon ſome Occaſions, and at ſome Times, than it does at others. Hence it is, that after having ſlighted what they did not know, they fear it now, when they come to be better acquainted with it. If a Man would perſwade himſelf, that it is not the greateſt of Evils, he muſt decline looking it in the Face, and conſidering all its *Ghaſtly Circumſtances*. The Wiſeſt and Braveſt Men, are they that take the faireſt and moſt honourable Pretences

Pretences to keep their View from it. But every body that knows it, as it really is, finds it to be a thing *full of Horror.* The Conſtancy of *Philoſophers*, was nothing elſe but the Neceſſity of Dying; they thought when there was no Remedy, but a Man muſt go, it was beſt to go with a good Grace. And ſince they were not able to make their Lives *Eternal*, they would ſtick at nothing to make their Names ſo; and ſecure all that from the *Wreck*, which was capable of being ſecur'd. Let us put the beſt Face upon the Matter we can, content our ſelves with not ſpeaking all we think, and hope more from a happy Conſtitution, than all the feeble Reaſonings, that gull us with a fancy that we can approach it without concern. The Glory of Dying gallantly, the Hope of being Lamented when we are gone, the deſire of leaving a good Name behind us, the Aſſurance of being ſet free from the Miſeries of the preſent Life, and of depending no longer upon a fickle and humourſome Fortune, are Remedies not altogether to be rejected, though they be far from being Sovereign. They help no more to put us in Heart, than a poor Hedge in an *Engagement* contributes to encourage the *Soldiers* that are to march near where the Enemy is firing; it appears a good Shelter at a diſtance, but proves a very thin Defence at cloſe view. We do vainly flatter our ſelves to think that *Death* will be the ſame when near, as we fancy it to be when remote; and that our Reaſonings, which in Truth are Weakneſs it ſelf, will prove of ſo harden'd a Temper as to hold out proof, and not yield to the ſevereſt of all Tryals: Beſides, it ſhews we are but little acquainted with *Self-Love*, when we imagine, that it will do us any Service toward

ward the looking upon that very thing as a Trifle, which muſt unavoidably cauſe its utter Ruin; and Reaſon, from which we expect ſo many Supplies, is then too weak to perſwade us what we wiſh to be true: Nay, Reaſon it ſelf generally betrays us upon this occaſion, and inſtead of animating us with a *Contempt* of *Death*, gives us a more lively Repreſentation of its Terrors and Gaſtlineſs: All it is able to do in our behalf, is only to adviſe us to turn our Heads another way, and divert the Thought by fixing our Eyes upon ſome other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* choſe Noble Ones. A Lackey, not long ago, ſatisfied himſelf with dancing upon the *Scaffold*, whither he was brought to be broke upon the Wheel. And thus, though the *Motives* be different, they produce ſtill the ſame Effects. So true it is, that after all the diſproportion between Great Men and the Vulgar, People of both ſorts do often meet Death, with the ſame Face and Diſpoſition: But ſtill with this difference, that in the *Contempt* of *Death* which Great Men expreſs, the Deſire and Love of Honour is the thing that keeps *Death* from their ſight; and in the Vulgar, 'tis Ignorance and Stupidity that leaves them at liberty to think upon ſomething elſe, and keeps them from ſeeing the greatneſs of the Evil they are to ſuffer.

Every thing in this Life is Accidental, even our Birth, that brings us into it: *Death* is the only thing we can be ſure of; and yet we behave our ſelves juſt as if all the reſt were certain, and *Death* alone accidental.

* We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery, or every trivial Croſs:

Croſs: But our Tongues run quite to anothe Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earneſt.

* Nothing but the Conſcience of a Virtuous Life can make Death eaſie to us: Wherefore there's no truſting to a Death-bed Repentance. When Men come to that laſt Extremity once by Langor, Pain or Sickneſs, and to lye Agonizing betwixt Heaven and Hell, under the ſtroke, either of a Divine Judgment, or of Humane Frailty, they are not commonly ſo ſenſible of their Wickedneſs, or ſo effectually touch'd with the remorſe of a true Repentance, as they are diſtracted with the Terrors of Death, and the *dark Viſionary* Apprehenſions of what's to come. People in that Condition, do but diſcharge themſelves of burdenſom Reflections, as they do of the *Cargo* of a Ship at Sea, that has ſprung a *Leak*: Every thing is done in a Hurry, and Men only part with their *Sins* in the one Caſe, as they do with their *Goods* in the other; to fiſh them up again ſo ſoon as the Storm is over. *Grace* muſt be very ſtrong in thoſe Conflicts, wholly to vanquiſh the Weakneſſes of diſtreſſed Nature. That certainly is none of the Time to make choice of for the great Work of reconciling our ſelves to Heaven, when we are divided and confounded betwixt an Anguiſh of Body and Mind: And that Man is worſe than Mad, that ventures his Salvation upon that deſperate Iſſue.

There is not any thing that Men are ſo prodigal, and at the ſame time, ſo fond of, as their *Lives*.

Death

Death happens but once; but the Senſe of it renews in all the Moments of our Lives; and the fear we have of it, is ten times worſe than the ſubmitting to it.

That part of *Death* which is certain, is much alleviated by that which is uncertain.

We hope to grow Old, and yet we fear Old Age; that is to ſay, we love *Life*, and decline *Death*.

Nature generally makes a long Sickneſs, intermediate betwixt *Life* and *Death*: with deſign, it ſeems, to make *Death* it ſelf a kind of Releaſe, both to him that Dies, and thoſe that Survive him.

That *Death* which prevents a crazy *Old Age*, comes in better time, than that which terminates it.

There are but three great Events for us Men, *Birth*, *Life* and *Death*: We are not ſenſible of our Birth; we ſuffer in Dying, and forget to Live.

Moſt Men ſpend the firſt part of their Lives in rendering the other miſerable.

* Men fear *Death*, as Children fear to go in the Dark; and as that natural Fear is encreaſed in Children with Tales, ſo is the other. Certainly the *Stoicks* beſtowed too much coſt upon *Death*, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little Infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.

* It is obſerveable, that there is no Paſſion in the Mind of Man, but it maſters the Fear of *Death*: And therefore *Death* is no ſuch terrible Enemy, when a Man has ſo many

many Friends about him, that can gain him the Victory. *Revenge* Triumphs over Death; *Love* ſlights it; *Honour* aſpires to it; *Grief* flies to it; *Fear* procures it. Nay, we read, that *Pity* it ſelf, which is the Tendereſt of all Affections, has provok'd many to die out of meer Compaſſion. Nay, *Seneca* adds *Niceneſs* and *Satiety*; *A Man* (ſays he) *would die, though he were neither Valiant nor Miſerable, only upon a Wearineſs to do the ſame thing ſo oft over and over.*

* We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery, or every Critical Croſs; but our Tongues run quite to another Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earneſt.

The Point of Death, if once abſtracted from the Pomp and Terror of the Ideas, is nothing more than a pure Natural Action: Now he that dreads the Courſe of Nature is a Child.

Suppoſe, you were to live Three thouſand, or if you pleaſe, Three millions of years, yet you are to remember that no Man can loſe any other Life than that which he lives by. From whence it follows, that the longeſt Life, as we commonly ſpeak, and the ſhorteſt, come all to the ſame reckoning. The Proof lies thus: The *Preſent* is of the ſame Duration every where, and of the ſame Extent to all People; every Bodies loſs therefore is of the ſame bigneſs, and reaches no farther than to a point of Time. For to ſpeak ſtrictly, no Man is capable of loſing either the *Paſt* or the *Future*; For how can any one be depriv'd of what he has not? So that from this Reflection

we

we may gather theſe two important Notions: One is, that a little while is enough to view the World in; for things are repeated and come over again apace: Nature treads in a Circle, and has much the ſame Face through the whole Courſe of Eternity. The other Hint is, that when the longeſt and ſhorteſt-lived Perſons come to die, their loſs is equal: For as I obſerve, the *Preſent* is their *All*, and they can ſuffer no farther.

The Extent of humane Life, is but a Point; Matter is in a perpetual Flux; the Faculties of Sence and Perception are weak and unpenetrating; the Body ſlenderly put together, and but a Remove from Putrefaction; the Soul a rambling ſort of Thing. Fortune and Futurity are not to be gueſs'd at; and Fame does not always ſtand upon Deſert and Judgment. In a Word, that which belongs to the Body, Streams off like a River; and what the Soul has, is but Dream and Bubble: Life, to take it rightly, is no other than a Campaign, or courſe of Travels; and Poſthumous Fame has little more in't than Silence and Obſcurity. What is it then that will Stick by a Man and prove Significant? Why, nothing but Wiſdom and Philoſophy; for Wiſdom brings the Mind to take Things as they fall, and acquieſce in the diſtributions of Providence; and above all to have an eaſie Proſpect of Death.

Don't Manage as if you had Ten thouſand years to throw away: Look you, Death ſtands at your Elbow; make the moſt of your Minute, and be Good for ſomething while 'tis in your Power.

What

What a great deal of Time and Eaſe that Man gains who is not troubled with the Spirit of Curioſity, who lets his Neighbours Thoughts and Behaviour alone; confines his inſpections to himſelf, and takes care of the point of Honeſty and Conſcience.

How can Death be a Misfortune to a Man which is no diſappointment to his Nature? And how can that croſs upon a Man's Nature, which falls in with the very intention and deſign of it.

* 'Tis part of the Buſineſs of Life, to loſe it handſomly.

You may remember at a Play, or ſuch reſembling Diverſions; coming over and over with the ſame thing, tires the Sence, and palls the Pleaſure. Remove this Contemplation into Life: For here all Things come round, and bring the ſame Cauſes and Appearances along with them. Recollect your own Memory, you'll perceive the *Sences* of Life ſtrangely Uniform, and nothing but the Old Plays *Reviv'd*, only the Actors are Different. How long then will it be before you are cloy'd with thoſe Repititions?

You are not angry becauſe you weigh ſo light in the Scale, and don't ride Thirty Stone; Why then ſhould you be diſſatisfied becauſe your Life is not drawn out to an unuſual and extraordinary Period? You ought to be no more Covetous of Time, than you are of Bulk, but be contented with the common Allowance.

I'll tell you a way how you may live your time over again: Do but Recollect, and Revive what you

you have ſeen already, and the Work is done.

By looking back into Hiſtory, and conſidering the Fate and Revolutions of Government, you will be able to draw a Gueſs, and almoſt Prophecy upon the future. For Things *Paſt*, *Preſent*, and to *Come*, are ſtrangely Uniform and of a Colour; and are commonly caſt in the ſame Mould; So that upon the matter, forty Years of Humane Life, may ſerve for a Sample of ten Thouſand.

† The beſt Dreſs we can put upon Death, is the Goodneſs and Wiſdom of God.

* To be afraid of *Death*, is to be long a dying.

The Birds of the Air, the Beaſts of the Field, and the Fiſhes of the Sea, die and ſuſtain us, and find their common Sepulchres in our Stomachs. Good God! With how many Deaths are our Lives patch'd up! How full of Death is the Miſerable Life of Momentary Man!

* If we riſe again with Bodies, ſure there muſt be Coporeal Pleaſures after the Reſurrection; for ſince the Organs are not now in vain, much leſs will they be ſo when perfect.

* The Difficulty is not ſo great to *Die* for a Friend, as to find a Friend *worth Dying for.*

We are ſeldom Weary of the World, before the World has been Weary of us.

Of a Publick, or Private Life.

* THE Advantages of a Private Life, above thoſe of a Publick, are certainly very great, if the Bleſſings of Innocence, Security, Meditation, good Air, Health and ſound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine and Luſt, and the Contagion of Idle Examples, can make them ſo: For every thing there is Natural and Gracious. There's the Diverſion of all Healthful Exerciſes for the Body, the Entertainment of the Place and of the Rivers, without any Baſe Intereſt to corrupt, either the Virtue or the Peace of our Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town, is a kind of a Petty Prince in the Country. He Loves his Neighbours without Pride, and Lives in Charity with the whole World. All that he ſees is his own, as to the Delight of it, without Envying the Property. His Doors are not troubled either with Duns or Fools, and he has the Sages of all Times in his Cabinet for his Companions. He Lives to himſelf as well as to the World, without Brawls or Quarrels, of any ſort whatſoever. He ſees no Bloody Murders; he hears no Blaſphemous Execrations. He Lives free from the Plagues of Jealouſie and Envy: And this is the Life, in fine, that the Greateſt, and the Wiſeſt Men in the World have, or would have made Choice of, if Cares and Buſineſs had not hinder'd them from ſo great a Bleſſing.

† Thoſe

† Thoſe that are the moſt in Love with the World, are the moſt ſenſibly jilted by it.

* 'Tis againſt common Juſtice to paſs Sentence without hearing both ſides: And the only way to come to a true eſtimate upon the odds betwixt a Publick and a Private Life, is to try both. Virtue is only Glorious in the Native Simplicity of it; and while it holds no Communication with Intereſt, Fancies, Senſe or Ornament. What ſignifies the Splendor and the Luxury of Courts, conſidering the Slaviſh Attendances, the Invidious Competitions, and the Mortal Diſappointments that go along with it? The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of thoſe that judge by Hear-ſay, or appearance, without either Reaſon or Truth; to ſay nothing of the innumerable Temptations, Vices and Exerciſes, of a Life of Pomp and Pleaſure. Let a Man but ſet the Pleaſure of his Palate, againſt the Surfeits of Gluttony and Exceſs; the ſtarving of his Mind againſt a pamper'd Carcaſs; The reſtleſs Importunities of Tale-bearers and Back-Friends againſt fair Words and Profeſſions only from the Teeth outward: Let him, I ſay, but ſet the one in Ballance againſt the other, and he ſhall find himſelf Miſerable, even in the very Glut of his Delights. To ſay all in a Word: Let him but ſet the Comforts of a Life ſpent in Noiſe, Formality and Tumult, againſt the Bleſſings of a Retreat, with Competency and Freedom, and then caſt up his Account.

† If Man were not a converſable Creature, he could not delight in Solitudes; the Proſpect of himſelf would give him ſo juſt an Idea of what he was, that it would put

his Vanity out of Countenance, and make him asham'd of himself.

† He that has given over the vain pursuit of the World, is by so much the nearer a perfect Sublunary Felicity, as he is less dependent. He is exempted from the tedious Attendance upon this Duke; he has nothing to with that fluttering Lord; no Petitions to deliver to a supercilious Secretary of State; apprehends no delays in his affairs from a hollow-hearted Favorite; no being jostled out of the Ring at Court, or being insulted for knocking twice at a proud Prelates Door. One day well spent in this Retreat, will convince a Man more than the judged Arguments of his most zealous and instant Friends could do before.

† Tho' the continued Traverses of Fortune may make us out of humour with the World, yet nothing but a noble Inclination to Virtue and Philosophy can make us happy in Retirement.

Liberality, Prodigality.

Liberality is oftentimes nothing else but the Vanity of Giving, of which we are more fond than the Things we give.

There goes a great deal of Art and Address to make a *Denial* go down, and by fair and civil Expressions, to supply the Kindness we cannot grant.

There

There are a ſort of Perſons that ſay *No* ſo very naturally, that their *No* always uſhers in whatever they are about to ſay. This renders them ſo diſagreeable, that though they be prevail'd upon with much Importunity to grant any Requeſt, yet all the Grace and Commendation of ſuch *Grants* are utterly loſt by ſo very untoward a beginning.

All things are not to be granted at all times, nor all Men to be gratified: And it is altogether as commendable to refuſe, upon *Occaſion*, as to give. This makes ſome Peoples *No* better received than other Peoples *Yes*. A *Denial*, accompanied with Sweetneſs and Civility, pleaſes more a Man of Underſtanding, than a Courteſie granted coldly and rudely.

We engage others more effectually to ſerve us by *Promiſes*, than by *Preſents*; for while Men are kept upon the Tenters, they endeavour to deſerve thoſe Kindneſſes they expect from us.

* He that gives to all without Diſcretion, will ſoon ſtand in need of every Body.

* He that defers Charity till Death, is rather Liberal of another Man's, than of his own.

Liberality does not conſiſt ſo much in giving largely, as in giving ſeaſonably.

† Princes never mind what they give, becauſe it is not their own that they do give.

There is ſomething Heroical in great *Liberality*, as well as in great Valour; and there is a great Analogy between thoſe two Virtues; the one raiſes the Soul above the Conſideration of Wealth, as the other beyond the Management and Deſire of Life. But with all theſe Gay and Generous Motives, the one becomes Ruinous, and the other Fatal.

There are ſome Men jealous of the Honour of their Motions, who refuſe all things at the Inſpirations of others, becauſe they would not be prevented in their Deſigns, and troubled in the order of the good they would do. That may proceed ſometimes from a good Principle, and be met with in very lofty Souls; but for the moſt part they are Diſhoneſt, Jealous, and falſe Niceties of Honour, which produce a true Repugnancy to the doing of Favours.

Thoſe whom croſs Accidents of Fortune have undone, are pitty'd by all the World, becauſe it is a Misfortune the Condition of Humanity ſubmits us to: But thoſe who are reduc'd to Miſery by *Vain Profuſion*, raiſe more Contempt than Commiſeration; becauſe it is the iſſue of a peculiar Folly, from which every Man has the good conceit to think himſelf exempt.

Love

Love.

IN *Friendſhip* we take notice of thoſe *Failings* that may prejeduce our *Friends*: In *Love* we never ſee in the Party beloved, but thoſe Defects only by which we are offended.

† *Love* never produces *Friendſhip*; and when *Friendſhip* produces *Love*, it is quickly deſtroy'd by it.

There is but the firſt Quarrel in *Love*, as the firſt Fault in *Friendſhip*, which may turn to good account.

Coldneſs or Slackneſs in *Friendſhip*, has generally a Cauſe: In *Love* there is moſt commonly no other reaſon for People loving no more, than their having lov'd too much.

Both the beginning and Decay of *Love*, ſhew themſelves by the Uneaſineſs and Trouble *Lovers* are in, when they are together by themſelves.

When a Man has a Paſſion for an ill-favour'd *Woman*, it muſt needs be an extraordinary one: For either his *Love* proceeds from his own Weakneſs, or is influenc'd by more ſecret and irreſiſtable Charms than thoſe of *Beauty*.

When a *Paſſion* is worn out, we often viſit a *Miſtreſs* out of Cuſtom; and tell one another that we love ſtill, when our Actions teſtifie that we love no more.

Being abſent from what we *love*, is a Good, in compariſon of living with what we *hate*.

As diſintereſted as a Man may be, either in *Friendſhip* or *Love*, he ought ſometimes to put a Conſtraint upon himſelf, and be ſo generous as to *receive a Preſent.*

Love is to the *Soul* of a *Lover*, what the *Soul* is to the *Body.*

It is very hard to give a juſt *Definition* of *Love*; the moſt we can ſay of it, is this: That in the *Soul*, it is a greedy Deſire to *Govern*; in *Spirits*, it is a *Sympathy*; and in the *Body*, it is only a nice and ſecret *Longing* to enjoy the thing *beloved*, after a great deal of Buſtle and Formality.

If there be any ſuch thing as *Love* pure, and untainted with the Mixture of any other Paſſion, it is that which lurks in the deepeſt Receſſes of our *Hearts*, unknown to our ſelves.

Love has ſuch peculiar diſtinguiſhing *Characters*, that it is as hard to hide it when *true*, as to diſſemble it when *falſe.*

Conſidering how little the *Beginning* or the *Ceaſing* to *love*, is in our own Power, it is equally unreaſonable for a *Lover* to complain of his *Miſtreſs*'s Fickleneſs, as for a *Miſtreſs* of her *Lover*'s Inconſtancy.

If we judge of *Love* according to moſt of its Effects, we ſhall find that it more reſembles *Hatred* than *Friendſhip.*

Love can no more continue without a conſtant motion, than *Fire* can; and it ceaſes to be, when it ceaſes either to *Hope* or *Fear.*

It is with true *Love*, as it is with *Ghoſts* and *Apparitions*, a thing that every body talks of, and ſcarce any body has ſeen.

We father upon *Love* ſeveral Dealings and Intercourſes, in which it is no more concern'd,

cern'd, than the *Doge* is, in all that is done at *Venice.*

When we have loved our ſelves weary, the kindeſt and moſt welcome thing that can be, is, the *Infidelity* of others, which may give us a fair Pretence to diſengage our Faithfulneſs.

The more paſſionately a Man loves his *Miſtreſs* the readier he is to hate *her.*

When a *Woman* has once given her ſelf over to entertain *Love*, *Loving* is then the leaſt Fault ſhe can be guilty of.

Some Perſons had never been in *love*, had they never been entertain'd with any diſcourſe of it.

The greateſt Pleaſure of *Love*, is *Loving*; and a Man is more happy in his own Paſſion, than in that he influences in another.

Abſence cools moderate *Paſſions*, and inflames violent ones; juſt as the *Wind* blows out Candles, but kindles Fires.

It is much eaſier to uſher in *Love* into one's Breaſt, than to drive it out when it is once admitted.

In *Love*, loving but little, proves often the beſt way to be lov'd again.

The Sincerity which *Lovers* and their *Miſtreſſes* bargain for, in agreeing to tell one another when they can love no longer, is not ask'd ſo much out of a Deſire to know when their *Love* is at an end, as to be ſatisfy'd that *Love* does really continue, ſo long as they are told nothing to the contrary.

In *Love*, he that's firſt cur'd, is beſt cur'd.

To ſpeak *feelingly* of *Love*, is as *coquetiſh* in a young Woman, as 'tis *ridiculous* in an old Man.

* *Love* is a kind of penurious *God*, very niggard of his *Opportunities*; he muſt be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treaſurer; for he bolts out of a ſudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vaniſhes in a twinkling.

* There is no reaſon in the World to revenge upon a *Lover*, the *Deceits* of his *Love*; for as in *War*, ſo in *Love*, Stratagems are always allow'd.

* A ſilly *Miſtreſs* is like a *weak Place*, ſoon got, ſoon loſt.

* *Miſtreſſes* are like *Books*; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd diſcreetly, you are the fitter for Converſation by them.

* Some *Women* pray for *Husbands*, that they may the better love at random.

* Many a *Spark* that hunts after a *Miſtreſs*, often gets a *Wife*, and ſtands condemn'd to a Repentance during Life, without Redemption, except one of the two dies.

* Some People fall in *love* by *Contagion*, and meerly by converſing with the infected.

* Men do not *ſee*, or *taſte*, or *find* the thing they *love*; but they create it: They faſhion an Idol in what Figure or Shape they pleaſe; ſet it up, worſhip it, dote upon it, purſue it, and ſometimes run mad for it.

* The extravagant Tranſports of *Love*, and the wonderful Force of *Nature*, are uncontroulable: The one carries us out of our ſelves, and the other brings us back again.

† In

† In Love there is no inconveniency ſo great as the not obtaining our Wiſhes: It is ſo uneaſy to deſire, that we had rather expoſe our ſelves to any danger than ſuffer its Cruel Stings.

Two paſſionate *Lovers* cannot partake of other *Pleaſures*, than thoſe which they receive from their *Love*.

There is no *Paſſion* that more excites us to every thing that is Noble and Generous, than an *honeſt Love*.

Women who preſerve a *Paſſion* for Perſons that are abſent, raiſe but little in thoſe who ſee them; and the continuation of their Love for the Abſent, is leſs an *Honour* to their Conſtancy, than a *Scandal* to their Beauty.

The *Love* of young People is only an irregular *Paſſion*, and boiling *Deſire*, that has no other Object than *Pleaſure*, and which *Enjoyment* diſſipates.

Love comes in by the Ears, as well as by the Eyes; and therefore it is a great Indiſcretion in a Man, to make a long Deſcant upon his *Miſtreſs*'s Perfections, before his *Friend*.

Love has, as it were, never well eſtabliſh'd his *Power*, till he has ruin'd that of *Reaſon*.

Love begins by *Love*; and the greateſt *Friendſhip* can never influence but a very ſmall *Paſſion*.

Nothing reſembles true *Friendſhip* ſo well, as thoſe Engagements which have a ſecret *Love* at the bottom.

† 'Tis the perfection of Art to imitate Nature well; but the uttermoſt Tranſports

of

of the Theater fall infinitely ſhort of the fury of a cholerick Man provoked the Diſtance only helps off the Cheat. And a Man really in Love is more pathetick, than Wit and Eloquence can be without it.

That *Paſſion* which is rais'd on the ſudden, is the moſt difficult to be cur'd.

That *Love* which encreaſes by degrees, is ſo much like *Friendſhip*, that it can never be a violent Paſſion.

As nice as we are in *Love*, we ſtill forgive more Faults in that, than in *Friendſhip*.

We tell our Secrets in *Friendſhip*, but they *ſlip* from us in *Love*.

There are many *Remedies* to cure *Love*; but never a one of them is infallible.

The greateſt *Miracle Love* can work, is to cure a *Coquet Humour*.

Coquets make it a Pride to be jealous of their *Lovers*, only to conceal their *Envy* of other *Women*.

The reaſon why *Lovers* are but ſeldom uneaſie in one another's Company, is becauſe they never talk of any thing but themſelves.

It is a *Lover*'s Fault, if he is not ſenſible when he ceaſes to be belov'd.

A Man of Parts may *love* indiſcreetly, but not ſottiſhly.

The Grace of *Novelty* is to *Love*, what the *Blue-mourn*, or Gloſs, is to the Fruits; it gives them a Luſtre, which is eaſily defac'd; and when once gone, never returns any more.

A *Fever* is the propereſt *Simile* of *Love*; for in both Caſes, the Degree and the Continuance

nuance of the *Diſeaſe* is out of our own Power.

† There is ſomething ſo wonderfully powerful in Love, that the certainty of being betray'd will not always cure our Paſſion.

'Tis better for a Man ſometimes to be deceiv'd in what he *loves*, than to be plainly dealt with.

It is as hard for a *Woman* to manage a *fond Lover*, as a *cold one*.

Women generally keep the firſt *Lover*; only for want of a ſecond.

Men often go from *Love* to *Ambition*, but ſeldom come back again from *Ambition* to *Love*.

† Nothing ſeems impoſſible to real Love, the Difficulties that ſtartle it do not ſhew it reaſonable, but weak.

† There is no Perſonage too low for a Lover to act.

All our *Paſſions* engage Men in ſome Faults; but thoſe of *Love* are the moſt ridiculous.

Of all violent *Paſſions*, *Love* becomes a *Woman* beſt.

In the firſt *Paſſion*, *Women* have commonly an Affection for the *Lover*; but afterwards they ſeldom *Love*, but for the Pleaſure of *Loving*.

Love, tho' never ſo agreeable a Paſſion, pleaſes ſtill more by the ways it takes to ſhew it ſelf, than it does upon its own account.

Tho' *Love* is worn out, yet it makes both *Lover* and *Miſtreſs* uneaſie to part.

It is oftentimes much harder to forbear *loving* an unkind *Miſtreſs*, than to bear with her cruel Uſage.

It is with old *Love*, as with old *Age*, a Man lives to all the *Miſeries*, but is dead to all the *Pleaſures* of Life.

There is one kind of *Love*, whoſe exceſs prevents *Jealouſie*.

In *Love*, *Cozening* always exceeds *Diſtruſt*

There are ſome *ſelf-conceited Fops*, who, when they are in *Love*, entertain themſelves with their own Paſſion, inſtead of the Perſon that cauſes it.

† The Character of a happy *Lover* does not pleaſe a Man in *Love* ſo much as the Character of a true *Lover*.

† Not only Reaſon but even Nature it ſelf is too weak to oppoſe Love: It claps ſo ſtrong a Bias upon our Actions that the moſt preſſing of all our Senſitive deſires run narrow.

Marriage, Matrimony, Children.

* JEalouſie betwixt Man and Wife, does but provoke and enflame the Appetite, as it ſets the invention at work upon ways and means of giving one another the ſlip: And when it comes to a Trial of Wit once, 'tis a carrying of the Cauſe to gain the Point, and there's a kind of perverſe ſatisfaction in getting the better on't. Nay, the very will to do a thing, is as good as the thing done; and his Head is as Sick, that but Fancies the thing done, as if he ſaw the very doing of it with his own Eyes. The ways of a Woman that has a Mind

Mind to play *Faſt* and *Looſe*, are as unſearchable as the very thoughts of her Heart.

A Man that's free and ſingle, if he have Wit and Parts, may raiſe himſelf above his Fortune; get into Companies, and live ſometimes upon the ſquare with the Beſt: This is more difficult to one that's hampered; for Marriage, it ſeems, ſets all things a-right, and confines every Man to the degree of his Condition.

* Men that Marry for Riches, many times bring into their Families an Inſupportable Miſtreſs.

Many Marriages prove convenient and uſeful; but few delightful.

'Tis much with *Wedlock*, as with our *Elixirs* and *Antidotes*; there goes a thouſand Ingredients to the making of the Compoſition; but then if they be not tim'd, proportion'd, and prepar'd according to Art, 'tis a Clog to us rather than a Relief.

* *Marriages* are govern'd rather by an overruling Fatality, than any ſolemnity of Choice and Judgment; tho' 'tis a hard matter to find out a Woman, even at the beſt, that's of a juſt Scantling for her Age, Perſon, Humour, and Fortune, to make a *Wife* of. The one ſingle diſparity of Years, is of it ſelf ſufficient, without a more than ordinary Meaſure of Virtue and Prudence, to make a Man ridiculous.

* A *Wife* and *Children* are a kind of Diſcipline of Humanity; and *Single Men*, tho' they be many times more charitable, becauſe their Means are leſs exhauſted, yet, on the other ſide, they are more cruel and hard-hearted; becauſe their Tenderneſs is not ſo oft call'd upon.

* Grave

* Grave Natures, led by Cuſtom, and therefore conſtant, are commonly loving *Husbands.*

* Chaſte Women are often proud and froward, as preſuming upon the Merit of their Chaſtity.

* It is one of the beſt Bonds, both of Chaſtity and Obedience in the *Wife*, if ſhe think her *Husband* Wiſe; which ſhe will never do, if ſhe find him *Jealous.*

* *Wives* are young Mens *Miſtreſſes*; *Companions* for middle-Age; and old Mens *Nurſes.*

* The Joys of Parents are ſecret; and ſo are their Griefs and Fears: They cannot utter the one, nor will they expreſs the other. *Children* ſweeten Labour, but they make Misfortunes more bitter: They increaſe the Cares of Life, but they mitigate the Remembrance of Death.

* They that are at the Firſt Raiſers of their *Families*, are moſt indulgent toward their Children, beholding them as the Continuance, not only of their Kind, but of their Works; and ſo both *Children* and *Creatures.*

* He that has *Wife* and *Children*, has given Hoſtages to Fortune; for they are Impediments to great Enterprizes, either of Virtue or Miſchief. The Perpetuity by Generation is common to Beaſts; but Memory, Merit, and Noble Works, are proper to Men: And certainly a Man ſhall find the Nobleſt Works and Foundations, have always proceeded from *Childleſs Men*, which have ſought to expreſs the Images of their Minds, where thoſe of their Bodies have fail'd; and both in Affection and Means have married

married and endow'd the Publick: So that the Care of Poſterity is the moſt in them that have none.

* The moſt ordinary cauſe of a *ſingle Life*, is Liberty, eſpecially in certain Self-pleaſing and Humourous Minds; which are ſo ſenſible of every Reſtraint, that they will go near to think their Girdles, and Garters, to be Bonds and Shackles.

* Unmarried Men are beſt Friends, beſt Maſters, beſt Servants, but not always beſt Subjects; for they are light to run away; and almoſt all Fugitives are of that Condition.

* Partiality in a Parent is commonly unlucky, if not a little unnatural; for Fondlings are in danger to be made Fools, by the very Error of their Education; and we find it experimentally, that the Children that are leaſt Cocker'd, make the beſt and Wiſeſt Men. 'Tis well to be Tender, but to ſet the Heart too much upon any thing, is what we cannot juſtify, either in Religion or in Reaſon. I was ſaying, that Partiality was a little unnatural too. I do not mean, a Partiality of Inclination, for we cannot command our Likings, or our Averſions; but I ſpeak of a Partiality that ſhews it ſelf in a diſtinguiſhing Preference of one to the other, for they are both our own Fleſh and Blood alike. Children are naturally Jealous, and Envious, and the quenching of their Spirits ſo early, hazards the Damping of them for ever. Beſide, that there's no ſuch Fop, in fine, as my Young Maſter, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother's making: She blows him up with a conceit of himſelf, and there he ſtops, without ever advancing one ſtep further. In ſhort,

ſhe makes a Man of him at Sixteen; and a Boy all the days of his Life after.

* Self-Love is ſo natural an infirmity, that it makes us partial even to thoſe that come of us, as well as to our ſelves: And then it is ſo nicely divided, betwixt Piety, Pride, and Weakneſs, that in many caſes 'tis a hard matter to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. 'Tis a frailty for a Man to think better of his Children than they deſerve; But then there is an impulſe of Tenderneſs, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there muſt be ſome ſort of an Eſteem in the Caſe too, for the ſetting of that true-bred Affection at work. The Difficulty lies in the moderating of the Matter, and the getting the true *Medium*, betwixt being wanting to our own Fleſh and Blood, once removed, and aſſuming too much to our ſelves. Let the attachment be what it will, we muſt not ſuffer our Judgments to be either perverted, blinded, or corrupted by any Partiality or Prepoſſeſſions whatſoever. And the moral here, extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body: And to deformities in the matter, as well of underſtanding as of ſhape.

There is a ſort of Fathers, who ſeem to be intent upon nothing elſe all their Life-time, but to furniſh their Children with Reaſons, for being indifferent at their Death.

Of Managing, and being Managed.

A Man's being Manag'd, argues as much Sluggiſhneſs as Weakneſs.

We muſt not pretend to manage a Man all of a ſudden, in a buſineſs of weight and conſequence. He would preſently be ſenſible of the Aſcendant we intend to take over him, and ſhake off our yoke either out of Shame or Caprice: We ought to allure and ingage him by ſmall things, and theſe by degrees will make ſure our Progreſs to the greateſt. *Bathyllus* attempted no more at firſt with *Cryto*, than to make him fetch a walk in the Park, or take Horſe for a ſhort Journey into the Country perhaps; but he gain'd ſo far upon his Affection and Compliance, that he came at laſt to draw his Will, in which *Cryto* leaves but a Legacy to his Son.

The only way to have a long and perfect management of a Man, is to handle him very tenderly, and not let him be ſenſible of his being Govern'd.

There are thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be manag'd, to a certain degree, beyond which they grow untractable and impatient of Government. A Man loſes his hold on the ſudden, and finds himſelf at a loſs how to regain the Aſcendant he had over them. 'Tis not either State or Compliance, Authority or Submiſſion, Force or Induſtry, that will bring them to their firſt Dependance. But there is ſtill this difference to be obſerv'd, that ſome ſhake off their Yoak by Reaſon, and others only by Humour and Complexion.

There are others who are deaf to Reaſon and good Councel, and voluntarily run into Errors and Miſtakes, only for fear of being Govern'd.

Others again, give up themſelves to the Management of their Friends, in ſmall and indifferent Things, and thereby aſſume a right to themſelves, to Govern them in their turn, in great and material ones.

A Wiſe Man will never be managed himſelf, nor cares to manage others. He thinks that Reaſon alone ought to Govern us at all times.

I could be content, confidently, and abſolutely to reſign up my ſelf to be Govern'd by a reaſonable Man, in all things, and upon all occaſions; For I ſhould be ſure to do well, without being at the trouble of deliberating upon the matter; and enjoy the Tranquillity and Compoſedneſs of one who is Govern'd by Reaſon.

The Art of managing Humours, and of gaining our ends upon Men, is to find out their weak ſide: There's no Man that has not his Predominant Paſſions, and theſe Paſſions are different, according to the diverſity of Tempers. All Men are Idolaters, ſome of Honour, others of Intereſt, and moſt of their Pleaſures. The Skill is firſt to know the Character of the Perſon, next to feel his Pulſe, and then to attack him by his ſtrongeſt Paſſion, which is his weaker ſide.

Mind,

Mind, Underſtanding, Wit, Memory, Heart.

THE Strength and Weakneſs of a Man's Mind, are improper Terms, ſince they are really nothing elſe but the *Organs* of our *Bodies*, being well or ill diſpos'd.

'Tis a great Error, the making a difference between the *Wit*, and the *Judgment*: For, in truth, the *Judgment* is nothing elſe but the *Brightneſs of Wit*, which penetrates into the very bottom of Things, obſerves all that ought to be obſerv'd there, and deſcries what ſeem'd to be imperceptible. From whence we muſt conclude, That 'tis the *Extention* and *Energy* of this *Light* of *Wit*, that produces all thoſe Effects, uſually aſcrib'd to *Judgment*.

All Men may be allow'd to give a good Character of their *Hearts* (or *Inclinations*,) but no body dares to ſpeak well of his own *Wit*.

Polite Wit conſiſts in nice, curious, and honeſt *Thoughts*.

The *Gallantry* of *Wit* conſiſts in *Flattery* well couch'd.

It often happens, that ſome things offer themſelves to our *Wit*, which are naturally finer and better, than is poſſible for a Man to make them by the Additions of *Art* and *Study*.

Wit is always made a *Cully* to the *Heart*.

Many People are acquainted with their own *Wit*, that are not acquainted with their own *Heart*.

It is not in the power of *Wit*, to act a long while the *Part* of the *Heart*.

A Man of *Wit* would be ſometimes miſerably at a loſs, but for the Company of *Fools*.

A Man of *Wit* may ſometimes be a *Coxcomb*; but a Man of *Judgment* never can.

The different Ways or Methods for compaſſing a Deſign, come not ſo much from the Quickneſs and Fertility of an induſtrious *Wit*, as a dim-ſighted *Underſtanding*, which makes us pitch upon every freſh Matter that preſents it ſelf to our groping *Fancy*, and does not furniſh us with Judgment ſufficient to diſcern at firſt ſight, which of them is beſt for our Purpoſe.

The *Twang* of a Man's *Native Country*, ſticks by him as much in his *Mind* and *Diſpoſition*, as it does in his *Tone* of *Speaking*.

Wit ſerves ſometimes to make us play the *Fool* with greater Confidence.

Shallow *Wits* are apt to cenſure every thing above their own *Capacity*.

'Tis paſt the Power of *Imagination* it ſelf, to invent ſo many diſtant *Contrarieties*, as there are naturally in the *Heart* of every Man.

No body is ſo well acquainted with himſelf, as to know his own *Mind* at all times.

Every body complains of his *Memory*, but no body of his *Judgment*.

There is a kind of general *Revolution*, not more viſible in the turn it gives to the Fortunes of the *World*, than it is in the Change of Men's *Underſtandings*, and the different Reliſh of *Wit*.

Men

Men often think to conduct and govern themſelves, when all the while they are led and manag'd; and while their *Underſtanding* aims at one thing, their *Heart* inſenſibly draws them into another.

Great *Souls* are not diſtinguiſh'd by having leſs *Paſſion*, and more *Virtue*; but by having nobler and greater Deſigns than the *Vulgar*.

We allow few Men to be either *Witty* or Reaſonable, beſides thoſe who are of our own Opinion.

We are as much pleas'd to diſcover another Man's *Mind*, as we are diſcontented to have our own found out.

A ſtraight and well-contriv'd *Mind*, finds it eaſier to yield to a perverſe one, than to direct and manage it.

Coxcombs are never ſo troubleſome, as when they pretend to *Wit*.

A little *Wit* with *Diſcretion*, tires leſs at long-run, than much *Wit* without *Judgment*.

Nothing comes amiſs to a great *Soul*; and there is as much *Wiſdom* in bearing other People's *Defects*, as in reliſhing their good *Qualities*.

It argues a great heigth of *Judgment* in a Man, to diſcover what is in another's Breaſt, and to conceal what is in his own.

If Poverty be the Mother of Wickedneſs, want of *Wit* muſt be the Father.

* A *Mind* that has no Ballance in it ſelf, turns inſolent, or abject, out of meaſure, with the various Change of Fortune.

* Our *Memories* are frail and treacherous; and we think many excellent things, which for want of making a deep impreſſion, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the ſtragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our Soul, for a loſt Thought, which left no Track or Foot-ſteps behind it: The ſwift Off-ſpring of the Mind is gone; 'tis dead as ſoon as born; nay, often proves abortive in the moment it was conceiv'd: The only way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to faſten them in Words, and chain them in Writing.

† A Man is never ſo great a *Dunce* by *Nature*, but *Love*, *Malice*, or *Neceſſity*, will ſupply him with ſome *Wit*.

* There is a *Defect* which is almoſt unavoidable in great *Inventors*; it is the Cuſtom of ſuch earneſt and powerful Minds, to do wonderful Things in the beginning; but ſhortly after, to be over-born by the Multitude and Weight of their own Thoughts; then to yield and cool by little and little, and at laſt grow weary, and even to loath that, upon which they were at firſt the moſt eager. This is the wonted Conſtitution of *great Wit*; ſuch tender things are thoſe exalted Actions of the Mind; and ſo hard it is for thoſe Imaginations, that can run ſwift and mighty Races, to be able to travel a long and conſtant Journey. The Effects of this Infirmity have been ſo remarkable, that we have certainly loſt very many Inventions, after they have been in part faſhion'd, by the meer *Languiſhing* and *Negligence* of their *Authors*.

Moderation.

Moderation.

Moderation in *Proſperity*, generally ſprings either from apprehenſion of the Shame and Reproach that attends Paſſion and Exceſs, or the fear of loſing our Fortunes and Advantages.

Moderation is like *Temperance*; a Man would be well enough pleas'd to eat more, but only he is afraid of a Surfeit.

The *Moderation* of ſome fortunate Men, is the effect of a ſmooth and compoſed Temper, owing to the Calm of their Proſperity.

How many People ſeem to be Fortune's Favourites, and yet are very far from Felicity; 'tis for want of *Moderation*.

Moderation is a fear of falling into that *Envy* and *Contempt*, which thoſe who grow giddy with their good Fortune, moſt juſtly draw upon themſelves; it is a vain Oſtentation of the Greatneſs of our Mind: And, in ſhort, the *Moderation* of Men in the moſt exalted Fortunes, is a Deſire to be thought above thoſe very Things that have rais'd them ſo high.

Moderation is repreſented as a *Virtue*, with a deſign to reſtrain the *Ambition* of *Great Men*; and to perſwade thoſe of a meaner *Condition*, to be contented with a leſs proportion of *Merit* and *Fortune*.

Merit,

Merit, Worth.

'Tis not a juſt way of taking the Elevation of a Man's *Merit* from his *Misfortune*; there are always Men in Adverſity more deſerving, than thoſe in *Scarlet* or *Lawn*.

How many Men of extraordinary Parts and Merits have died unknown? How many are there ſtill at this very Day, that live unknown, and who will never be taken notice of?

How hard is it for a Man who has no body to introduce him, and Cry him up in the World; who is no Member of any Club, or Society, but ſtands ſingle without any thing to recommend him, but great Parts and true Merit; How hard is it, I ſay, for ſuch a Man to break through the obſcurity he finds himſelf in, and come upon the ſame Level with many an empty Fop in Vogue and Faſhion?

Natural Gifts and Parts are often wanting; and no leſs frequently opportunities of time and place, to exert natural Parts; wherefore ſome Men deſerve to be commended for what they have done, and ſome again for what they might have done.

It is not ſo rare a thing to find Wit in other People, as to meet with a Man that knows how to improve his own, and make uſe of that of others to his advantage.

It is but a ſlender Commendation, to ſay of a Man that *he is fit for any thing*; for in ſtrictneſs of ſpeaking, that can ſignifie no other but that his Talent is not greater one way than the other, or which is almoſt the ſame, that *he is fit for juſt nothing at all.*

A Man has need of a great Spirit, and a vaſt Genius, to Live quiet at Home, without the Hurry, and Buſtle of Offices and Employments: And not one in a Thouſand ſo qualified, as to act this Part with Credit and Dignity, and fill up the gap of his Time, without that which the vulgar calls *Buſineſs.* And yet there wants nothing to the Leiſure of a Wiſe Man, but a better Name perhaps, and that *Meditating, Reading, Writing*, and enjoying a quiet and compos'd Mind withal, ſhould be call'd *Buſineſs.*

A Man of great Merit in Place, never makes himſelf troubleſome to others by vanity and Pride. He is leſs puff'd up with the Perferment he has, than humbled by a higher Poſt he has not, and which he is conſcious he deſerves; he is more apt to be Uneaſie, than Proud; and does not ſo much deſpiſe others, as he is a burden to himſelf.

A good Man finds the reward of his application to his Duty, in the Teſtimony of his own Conſcience; and the Secret Pleaſure he feels in diſcharging it, makes him amends for the Hiſſem, Acknowledgments or Praiſes which he ſeldom meets with in the World.

If I might be allowed a Compariſon betwixt two Conditions of Men infinitly diſtant from each other, I ſhould be tempted to ſay, that a Courageous Captain goes about the performing of a Military Exploit, with the ſame diſpoſition of

mind

mind with which a Maſon goes about his Work; they do neither of them Court danger, nor are they diſcourag'd by it; Death is no more to them than a caſual inconveniency, that attends their Trade, but is never an Obſtacle to their Buſineſs. And indeed the former ſeldom draws a greater Vanity from having been in the Trenches, Aſſaulted an Out-work, or Storm'd a Town, than the other does of climbing on the Scaffolds of *Pauls*, or the Top of a Spire perhaps; they are both intent upon the doing of their Buſineſs, while Mr. *Braggadochio* Aims at nothing but to make himſelf talk'd of, and admired.

Gold, you tell me, glitters in *Philemon's* Cloaths; well, —— But does it not glitter alſo at the Lace-mans? He is clad with the fineſt Stuffs. — Why, are they not the ſame which I ſaw as I went along expoſed for a Sample? Yes, ſay you, but the Richneſs of the Embroidery has added a Degree to the Magnificence of the Habit. Very well; ——Then, pray, let me admire the Induſtry and Skill of the Artificer. If any Man, ſay you again, ask him the Hour, he preſently pulls out *Tompion's* Maſter piece: His Wig, is the moſt buſhy, and the beſt made, that ever came out of *Devillie's* Shop; the Hilt of his Sword is a perfect *Onyx*; he has the fineſt and the largeſt Diamond that ever I ſaw on any Courtiers Finger upon a Birth-Day, which he ſo manages to Advantage, with an artful negligent Air, that no Man's Eye can eſcape its Brightneſs: In ſhort, he wants none of thoſe Curious *Gewgaws* which make all the accompliſhments of our Modern *Beaux*, and ſpares no more coſt in his Equipage and Furniture, than a younger Brother

Brother newly Married to a Rich Widow. ——— Now, indeed you ſet my Curioſity a gog, and I beſeech you, oblige me with the ſight of thoſe precious Fooleries, I excuſe you for his Perſon; I am too well acquainted with that already.

Thou art greatly miſtaken *Philemon*, if thou think'ſt to captivate our Eſteem by a fine Chariot, a numerous Train of Slaves, and thoſe Six Animals which drag thee along the Streets; we put away all that adventicious Equipage to penetrate to the *Fop*.

Not, but that a Man ought ſometimes to be excuſed for pretending to Quality and Wit, upon the Account of a great Retinue, a Rich Apparel, and a magnificent Furniture: For how can he have any other thoughts of himſelf, than thoſe he Reads in the very Looks and Countenance of his Flatterers and Admirers.

No Man is apt to envy the Merit of another, that has any of his own to truſt to.

Among us, the *Soldier* is brave, and the *Gown-Man*, *Learned*: We ſeldom go any further; whereas, among the *Romans*, Gown-Men were brave, and Soldiers Learned; That is, a *Roman* was both a Gown-Man and a Soldier at once.

An *Heroe*, according to the Notion I have of him, is fit for nothing but War: Whereas *a great Man* is fit for any thing indifferently, whether it be the Gown, the Sword, the Cloſet, or the Court; yet both theſe together are not worth a *Good-Man*.

In the Buſineſs of War, it is a nice diſtinction, That which is betwixt an *Heroe* and a *Great-Man*, ſince all Military Vertues do equally

ly contribute to the making of both. Nevertheleſs it may be ſaid; that it is the Character of the firſt, to be Young, Bold, Daring, Reſolute and Fearleſs, amidſt the greateſt Dangers; and that the other's chief Qualifications are, a great Judgment, a Sagacious Forecaſt, a vaſt Ability, and a Conſummated Experience. *Alexander* was perhaps but an *Heroe*; but *Cæſar* was a Great Man.

Menippus, is a Bird adorned with borrowed Feathers; for he neither Speaks nor Judges of Things, but only repeats the Stories and Sentiments of others; it is grown ſo habitual with him to make uſe of another Man's Wit, that he is the very firſt Perſon that miſtakes it for his own; and often fancies that he tells you his own Thoughts, when he is only the *Eccho* of him he parted with a moment before. He is a Man of Parts, and good Company, for a quarter of an Hour; the next Minute after, he lowers, degenerates, loſes his luſtre, and wears threadbare. He is the only Man who knows not how infinitely ſhort he comes of Sublimity and Greatneſs of Genius; and as he is incapable to gueſs how far a Man's Wit can go, ſo he has the good Opinion to think himſelf furniſh'd with as much as any Body can poſſibly have. This gives him the Air and Aſſurance of one who deſires nothing, or envies no Man as to this particular. He often talks to himſelf, and as tho' he was a Judge of ſome Controverſy, poſitively determines what is, and what is not. If you chance to Salute him in the Street, 'tis Ten to One that he will be puzled whether he ought to Salute you again or no; and before he

he comes to reſolve upon the matter, you are gone a great way out of ſight. He is wholly taken up with his Dear ſelf; he admires the agreeableneſs and happy Match of all his Apparel, and how well every thing becomes him; and in this Tickling extaſy, he fancies no leſs than that he attracts the Eyes of every Body.

There appear now and then in the World, ſome Worthy and Excellent Men, whoſe rare Virtues and Eminent Qualities caſt an incomparable brightneſs: They have neither Anceſtors nor Deſcendants, but make up themſelves all their own Pedigree, like thoſe extraordinary Apparitions, in the Heavens, which we know not how they riſe, or how they come to diſappear.

Great Talents and Abilities, are not ſo neceſſary to advance ones ſelf to great Employments, as to diſcharge 'em with Credit; and that's the reaſon why thoſe that are in place, have generally but an indifferent Merit, and ſo very few acquit themſelves well of their Charge. The moſt general way to Preferment, is to be under the Protection of a general Favourite, who is ambitious of having many Creatures: But then, if the Upſtart has nothing of his own to maintain the Dignity of his Character, he becomes Ten times more deſpicable and ridiculous than he was before.

Some Men are born Prudent: By a natural Inclination they enter into the way of Wiſdom; and they are got almoſt half way at firſt. Their Reaſon ripens with Age and Experience, and at length they attain to the higheſt degree of Judgment. Some Men deſerve to ſit at the Helm of Government,

Government, or at leaſt to be Councellors to thoſe who hold it.

There are but few Men, but what ſtand indebted to Adverſity for their Virtues.

People that are conceited of their own *Merit*, do ſometimes take a Pride in being unfortunate, in order to perſwade themſelves and others, that they are conſiderable enough to be the *Envy* and the *Mark* of *Fortune*.

The undeceiving a Man ſtrongly poſſeſs'd with an Opinion of his own *Merit*, is the very ſame *ill Office* that was done the Fool at *Athens*, who fancied all the Ships that came into Harbour were his own.

The ſureſt Evidence of true *Merit*, is when a Man is commended even by thoſe that envy him moſt.

The *Merit* of ſome People conſiſts in ſaying and doing uſeful *Fooleries*; and when they are once taken out of this *Road*, you quite ſpoil them, and they are good for nothing.

Princes put a value upon *Men* as well as *Money*; and we are forc'd to take them both, not according to their true Worth, but according to what they are ſtamp'd for.

* *Importunity* is a ſurer way to *Preferment* than *Merit*: Some Men get into Employment by reſolving not to be deny'd, as ſome *Iriſh* men pick up Women by hunting them, as School-boys do Squirrels, till they are weary, and fall down before them.

Nature gives *Merit* and *Parts*, but 'tis *Fortune* proves and exerts them.

The Addreſs and Induſtry of improving moderate *Abilities* to the beſt Advantage, ſteal away,

if

if I may ſo ſpeak, our Eſteem, and bring a Man oftentimes into greater Reputation than real *Merit*.

Real *Merit* gains a Man the Eſteem of *good Men*; but 'tis only *Fate* and *Chance* that gains him that of the *Multitude*.

The Appearances of *Merit* are oftner Rewarded than *Merit* it ſelf.

There are a great many Men valu'd in the World, who have no other *Merit* than *Vices* profitable to Commerce and Society.

A Man's *Merit* has its particular Seaſon, as well as *Fruits*.

A Man's *Palate* (or diſcerning Faculty) lowers proportionably to his *Merit*.

As much as the World is inclin'd to think ill of one another, we ſee them oftner favourable to *falſe Merit*, than injurious to *true*.

Some Men are like *Ballads*, which are in vogue only for a while.

A Noble Birth, or a Great Fortune, proclaims *Merit*, and makes it the more conſpicuous.

Nature.

MOſt *young People* think often to follow *Nature*, when they are only unpoliſh'd and ill-bred.

Nothing hinders Men ſo much from being *plain* and *natural*, as the ſtraining themſelves to be thought ſo.

Nature was given to exerciſe the *Philoſophers*, like ſome dark intricate *Riddle*; every one makes his own Senſe the Key, and out of that contrives his *Syſtem*. He that by his Principles explains moſt Difficulties, may be allow'd thus far to value himſelf, That he has hit upon the moſt probable Opinion.

Something of one's Temper always enters into the beſt formed Deſigns; and *Nature* is never ſo much reduc'd, but that ſhe keeps as much Right over our Actions, as we can take over her Motions.

* Perſons and Humours may be jumbled and diſguiſ'd, but *Nature* is like Quick-ſilver that will never be kill'd.

* It is a wonderful thing how the very Force of *Nature* will exert it ſelf, in the meaneſt and the weakeſt of Creatures, in caſes of extream Neceſſity and Danger.

* The different Abilities of Men, which we call Wiſdom, or Prudence, for the Conduct of publick Affairs, or private Life, grow directly out of that little Grain of Intellect, or good Senſe, which they bring with them into the World; and the Defect of it in Men, comes from ſome want in their Conception, or Birth. And though this may be improv'd, or impar'd, in ſome degree, by Accidents of Education, Study, Converſation, or Buſineſs; yet it cannot go beyond the reach of its Native Force, no more than Life can, beyond the Period to which it was deſtin'd, by the Strength or Weakneſs of the Seminal Virtue.

'Tis impoſſible to renounce *Nature*, and to raiſe our ſelves above the Condition God has plac'd us in. We ſhall ſee a Wiſe Man not able to defend himſelf

ſelf from *Humour* and *Folly*; an Heroe feeble, full of Defects, and as much a Man as they which are below him: For, in truth, there are no great Men, if we compare 'em one with another; but they are in themſelves weak, unequal,, and deficient, in ſome part or other.

Nothing is durable, that is not ſuited to *Nature*. Too auſtere a Philoſophy, makes few wiſe Men; too rigorous a Government, few good Subjects; too harſh a Religion, few religious Souls; I mean, that will long continue ſo.

Nobility, Gentility.

NOBILITY is ambitious, *Commonalty* ſeditious, therefore they are irreconcilable Enemies.

There cannot be a meaner thing, than to take advantage of one's *Quality* and *Greatneſs*, to ridicule and inſult over thoſe of an inferior Condition.

They that are ſo ridiculous, as to value themſelves meerly upon their *Quality*, do in a manner ſlight that very thing that gave them their *Quality*; ſince 'tis only the *Virtue* of their Anceſtors that firſt ennobled their *Blood*.

The great Miſtake of moſt *Noble-men*, is, That they look upon their *Nobility* as a Character given them by *Nature*.

True *Quality*, and that which is the Gift of *Nature*, is only the Noble Advantages and Endowments of the *Body* and *Mind*.

The more ancient that *Nobility* is which we derive from our *Anceſtors*, the more ſuſpicious and uncertain it is; and therefore the leſs valuable. The Son of a *Mareſchal* of *France*, who by his own Worth has rais'd himſelf to this Office, ſhould, in all Reaſon, be more *Noble*, than the Poſterity that deſcend from him. The Spring of *Honour* is yet freſh in the Son's Veins, and kept up by the Example of the Father; but the further it runs from the Fountain, the weaker and drier it grows.

We are ſurpris'd every Day, to ſee ſome Men, that are come from the Scum of the *People*, raiſe themſelves to great *Fortunes* and *Honours*; and we commonly mention this with Scorn and Reproach; as if all the Great *Families* in the World had not as mean a Beginning, if we would but take pains to trace them back to their Originals.

* A bragging *Fool* that's rais'd out of a Dunghil, and ſets up for a Man of *Quality*, is aſham'd of nothing in the World but his own Father.

It is with the *Original* of *Nations*, as with *Genealogies* of private *Perſons*; theſe are purely imaginary; thoſe ſhew themſelves in Fables. From whence it comes to paſs, that the Ancients held themſelves oblig'd to ſome Deity or other, either upon the account of deſcending from it, or elſe becauſe they acknowledg'd a particular Care and Protection from its Tuttelary Virtue.

* It is the Saying of a Great Man, That if we could trace our Deſcents, we ſhould find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves: But *Fortune* has turn'd all Things topſie-turvy, in a long

long Story of Revolutions. But it matters not whence we come, but what we are; nor is the Glory of our Predeceſſors any more to our Honour, than the Wickedneſs of their Poſterity is to their Shame.

It is a great Advantage for a Man to be Nobly deſcended; but it is ſtill a greater one for him to be ſuch by his own Merit, that People never enquire whether he be a Gentleman, or no.

* *Nobility* of Birth, commonly abates Induſtry; and he that is not induſtrious, envies him that is. Beſide, Noble Perſons cannot go much higher; and he that ſtands at a ſtay, when others riſe, can hardly avoid Motions of Envy.

* A *Monarchy*, where there is no *Nobility* at all, is a pure abſolute *Tyranny*; for *Nobility* tempers *Soveraignty*, and draws the Eyes of the People ſomewhat aſide from the *Royal Line*.

* Thoſe that are firſt rais'd to *Nobility*, are commonly more virtuous, but leſs innocent, than their Deſcendants; for there is rarely any Riſing, but by a commixture of good and evil Arts.

Obſtinacy, Contradiction.

* A ſtiff and a Stubborn *Obſtinacy*, is not ſo much Firmneſs and Reſolution, as Wilfulneſs. A Wiſe, and a ſteady Man, bends only in proſpect of riſing again.

* There are many Caſes, and many Seaſons, wherein Men muſt either *Bend* or *Break*: But Conſci-

ence, Honour, and good Manners, are firſt to be conſulted, and Diſcretion is to govern us, where, and when we may be allow'd to Temporize, and where, and when not. When Bending or Breaking is the queſtion, and Men have no other choice, 'tis no eaſie matter to diſtinguiſh, where, when, how, or to what degree, to yield to the importunity of the Occaſion, or the Difficulty of the Times. It is a certain Rule, 'tis true (but a general one) That *no Ill is to be done, that Good may come on it*: Now, the Point will be at laſt, what's ſimply Good or Evil; what in the *Contemplation*, and how far the *Intention*, or the Probable *Conſequences* of ſuch or ſuch an Action may qualify the Caſes: Taking this Conſideration along with us too, that we are under a great Temptation to be partial in favour of our own ſelves, in the matter of Eaſe, Profit or Safety. The firſt point to be preſerv'd ſacred, and from whence a Man is never to depart, tho' for the ſaving of his Life, Liberty, Popular Credit, or Eſtate, that firſt Point, I ſay, is *Conſcience*; now, all Duties are matter of *Conſcience*, reſpectively to the Subject that they are exercis'd upon, only with this Reſtriction, that a Superior Obligation diſcharges, or at leaſt ſuſpends the Force, or an Inferior; And to ſuch a Circumſtance for the purpoſe, ſuch a Degree, or ſuch a Seaſon. Now there are other nicetyes alſo, as of Honour, Decency, and Diſcretion, Humanity, Modeſty, Reſpect, *&c.* that border even upon the indiſpenſable tyes of Religion *it ſelf*; and tho' they are not matter of *Conſcience*, ſimply and apart, they are yet ſo reductively, with a regard to other conſiderations: That is to ſay, tho' they are not ſo in the Abſtract, they become ſo by Affinity and Connexion; and ſuch Civil matters they

they are, as fall within the Purlews of Religion.

Stubborneſs and *Obſtinacy*, are the Effects of a ſhallow *Wit*; for we can never believe, what we cannot apprehend.

Men of mean *Capacities*, but eſpecially your half-witted Fellows, and *pedantick* Scholars, are moſt apt to be ſtiff and peremptory. None but Manly *Souls* can unſay what they have ſaid, and forſake an Errour, when they find themſelves on the wrong ſide.

Contradiction ſhould awaken our *Attention* and *Care*, and not our *Paſſion*: Our Intereſt ought to be no other than that of *Truth*, and therefore we muſt rather hear thoſe that oppoſe it, than avoid them, which is little better than yielding the Victory.

There can be no arguing with a Man *obſtinate* in his Opinion; for when he has once contradicted, his Mind is bar'd up againſt all Light and better Information; Arguments, tho' never ſo well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him even afraid to be convinc'd of the *Truth*.

The generality of Men do not make it their Buſineſs to be in the right, ſo much as to be thought ſo: This makes them ſtickle ſo ſtifly for their own Opinions, even when they know and are ſatisfied, they are falſe.

The *Obſtinacy* of ſome People in contradicting Opinions generally receiv'd, is the effect rather of *Pride* than *Ignorance*: Thoſe that are on the right ſide, have got the upper hand, and they ſcorn to take up with the lower.

No Men are ſo often in the *wrong*, as thoſe who pretend to be always in the *right*.

Offences, Injuries,

THE following conſideration may abundantly ſerve to teach us to Pardon *Injuries.* The Committers of them muſt be either *choſen* or *Reprobate*: If the firſt, how dare we to hate thoſe whom God ſhall eternally Love? And if the other, are not the Flames, which ſhall eternally devour them, ſufficient to quench our Thirſt after Revenge?

'Tis Folly to give Satisfaction to thoſe who Demand none; for an anticipated Excuſe, awakens a Diſcontent that ſlept. A prudent Man ought not to ſeem ſenſible of another's Suſpicion, becauſe that is to Court his Reſentment: He ought only to endeavour to Cure that Suſpicion, by a Sincere and Civil Deportment.

There is more Dexterity in ſhunning *Offences*, than in revenging them. It is great Addreſs to make a Confident of him, who might have been an Adverſary; and to transform thoſe into Buttereſſes of Reputation, who threatned to ruine the ſame.

Tho' an *Offence* be pardon'd, yet it always leaves a bitter impreſſion in the mind of him that committed it; and this is the corner Stone of all our *Ingratitude.*

Paſſions.

Paſſion often makes a *Fool* of a *witty Man*, and no leſs frequently a *witty Man* of a *Fool*.

It is with our *Paſſions*, as it is with *Fire* and *Water*; they are *good Servants*, and *bad Maſters*, and Sub-miniſter to the beſt and worſt of Purpoſes at once.

The continuance of our *paſſions*, is no more in our own Power, than the Term of our Lives.

Thoſe great and glittering Actions which dazzle the Eyes of moſt Men, and are repreſented by Politicians, as the Effects of great Wiſdom and Deſign; are indeed generally influenced by little *Humours* and *Paſſions*. Thus the War of *Auguſtus* and *Anthony*, for the purpoſe, which is aſcrib'd to the violent *Ambition* each of them had to get the Maſtery of the whole *World*, was occaſion'd, perhaps, by a little riſe of *Jealouſie* between them.

Paſſions are *Nature*'s never-failing *Rhetorick*, and the only *Orators* that can maſter our *Affections*. The plaineſt Man, inſpir'd by a *Paſſion*, perſwades much better than the moſt *eloquent*, who is inſpir'd by none.

There is in all *Paſſions* a kind of Injuſtice and Self-intereſt, which makes them very dangerous to be follow'd; and we ought not to truſt them, even when they appear moſt fair and reaſonable.

There

There is in our *Hearts* a conſtant Generation of *Paſſions*; ſo that the Deſtruction of one, is generally the Production of another.

As wary and cautious as Men are to conceal their *Paſſions*, under the ſpecious Dreſs of *Honour* and *Piety*, this Diſguiſe is too thin; and they ſeldom fail to break through it at one time or other.

Paſſions often give Birth to others of a Nature quite contrary to their own: *Avarice* ſometimes brings forth *Prodigality*; and *Prodigality*, *Avarice*: Some are Reſolute out of Weakneſs, and Bold out of Timorouſneſs and Fear.

All *Paſſions* are nothing elſe, but the different Degrees of Heat and Cold in the *Blood*.

The Victory we gain ſometimes over our *Paſſions*, is owing to their *Weakneſs*, more than our own *Strength*.

The *Health* of the *Mind* is as frail and uncertain, as that of the *Body*: And tho' a Man may ſeem free from all manner of *Paſſions*, yet is he in ſo much danger of falling into them, as one in a perfect ſtate of Health, is of having a fit of Sickneſs.

It is one of the greateſt Secrets of *Nature*, that Men's *Paſſions* are more capable of being rais'd to higher degrees in *Company*, than in *Solitude*; and that we ſooner grieve, fear, rejoice, love, admire, *&c.* when we behold many others ſo mov'd, than when we are alone.

No Man can gueſs in cold *Blood*, what he may do in a *Paſſion*.

While

While our *Heart* is ruffled by the remains of a *Paſſion*, it is more ſuſceptible of a new one, than if it was entirely ſetled.

Thoſe that have had great *Paſſions*, find themſelves perpetually happy and unhappy, in being cur'd of them.

We are to blame not to diſtinguiſh between the ſeveral ſorts of *Anger*; for there is a Light, and, as it were, a harmleſs one, which reſults from a warm Complexion; and another exceeding vicious, which is, in ſtrict ſpeaking, the *Rage* and *Fierceneſs* of *Pride*.

Nature, it ſeems, has treaſur'd up, in the bottom of our Hearts, ſome ſecret *Talents* and *Abilities*, which *Paſſions* only have the privilege to improve; and which, upon ſome Exigencies, give us a ſurer proſpect of Things, than ever Art could do.

It is as unſeaſonable to recompence in a fit of *Joy*, as to puniſh in a *Paſſion*.

* That *Mind* is truly happy, which can entirely deny ſome *Paſſions*, and only unbend it ſelf to ſome others.

The *Soul* is tir'd to be always in the ſame poſture, and at a long run, it would loſe all its Vigour, if it were not awaken'd by the *Paſſions*.

Love is the only *Paſſion* that cannot be conceal'd.

Philoſophy.

Philoſophy.

Philoſophy eaſily conquers and triumphs over *paſt* and *future Evils*; but the *preſent* one's triump over *Philoſophy*.

The Contempt of *Riches* in *Philoſophers*, was only a deſire of vindicating their own *Merit*, and taking a Revenge upon the Injuſtice of *Fortune*, by undervaluing thoſe Enjoyments which ſhe had not given them: This was a Trick to ſecure themſelves from the Diſparagement of Poverty, and a By-way to arrive to that Conſideration and Eſteem, which they could not compaſs by *Riches*.

The *Philoſophers*, and *Seneca* among the reſt, did not remove Men's *Faults* by their *Precepts*: but only improv'd them by the ſetting up of *Pride*: So that their *Virtues* (as a Father of the *Church* has it) were but *glittering Vices*.

* There is no Condition that does not ſit well upon a wiſe Man: For this Reaſon, I ſhall never quarrel with a *Philoſopher* for living in a Palace; but ſhall, at the ſame time, not excuſe him, if he can't content himſelf with a Cottage. I ſhall not be ſcandaliz'd to behold him in the Apparel of Kings, provided he have not their Ambition.

Ple-

Pleaſures.

ALL our Actions have no real Object but *Pleaſure*; and tho' we take different ways, yet we ſee all Mankind incline to the ſame end; without that, the moſt laborious Perſons would live languiſhing and Idle: 'Tis that alone which makes us active, which moves all Bodies; 'tis that which gives motion to all the Univerſe. He that ſearches for *Reputation* in the Field, and breaks through all the Dangers of Fire and Bullets to obtain Honour, would not expoſe himſelf to the leaſt Danger, if he did not expect that ſatisfaction he finds in himſelf, or that which is derived from Fame: And he that grows old in the Cloſet, amongſt a parcel of Mouldy, Moth-eaten Books, would not employ the leaſt pain, in the acquiſition of Sciences, if he did not receive from it ſome *Pleaſure* in the purſuit.

II. A Man that knows how to mingle *pleaſures* with *Buſineſs*, is never poſſeſs'd of them; he quits them, and retakes them at his Will; and in the habit which he has made of them, he rather finds an unwearineſs of Spirits, then a dangerous Charm that might corrupt him. It is not ſo with theſe auſtere Perſons, who by an alteration of Temper, come to taſte of *Voluptuouſneſs*, they are immediately inchanted with its Sweetneſs; and having nothing but an Averſion for the Auſterity of their paſt Lives, abandon themſelves to the firſt Delights they meet with.

Our

Our *Pleaſures* wou'd be inſippid, if ſome Diſappointment did not highthen their Reliſh.

III. * 'Tis not ſo hard to counterfeit *Joy* in the depth of *Affliction*, as to diſſemble *Mirth* in the Company of *Fools*.

IV. The exceſs of Delights palls our appetites oftner then it pleaſes.

V. It is much better to ſeek every thing that can pleaſe in any Man, then to ſeek for a Man that can pleaſe in every thing; for a Man in all reſpects agreeable, is ſo great a rarity, that it is no Wiſdom to hunt after that we are hardly ever like to find.

VI. We are ſo fond of every thing that is freſh and uncommon, that we take a ſecret *Pleaſure*, and find entertainment even in the ſight of the diſmalleſt and moſt Tragical *Accidents*; and that partly becauſe they are new, and partly from a Principle of Ill-nature that is in us.

VII. The continual Society, even of the beſt Men, becomes at length tireſome, or inſenſible; which makes thoſe Perſons that have a delicate Apprehenſion of *Pleaſure*, voluntarily remove themſelves from one another, to avoid the Diſguſt that threatens them, and to have a better Taſt of the Charms of Converſation, by a new Vigour which they beſtow upon their Thoughts.

VIII. There is no Man but is ſometimes at a loſs with himſelf; the Wiſeſt are weary of themſelves, after they have been weary of others.

IX. We never fail to be tireſome to our ſelves, by too long and too ſerious a Commerce with our own Thoughts. He that intends to live happy,

happy, muſt make but few Reflections upon Life; nay, he muſt often depart, as it were, from himſelf; and amidſt the *Pleaſures* which exterior Objects furniſh him with, ſteal from the Knowledge of his own Miſeries.

X. *Pleaſures*, unleſs they be wholly innocent, are never of ſo long continuance, as the ſting which they leave behind them.

PRIDE.

I. *Pride* always indemnifies it ſelf one way or other; and loſes nothing, no not in Self-denial.

II. When *Pride* has appear'd in all its Shapes, and play'd all the Parts of *Human Life*, as if it were tir'd with its own Diſguiſe and Transformations, it pulls off the Mask; and ſhewing its true Face at laſt is known by its *Inſolence*; ſo that, properly ſpeaking, *Inſolence* is the breaking out, and Demonſtration of *Pride*.

III. 'Tis only becauſe we are *proud* our ſelves, that we complain of, and cannot bear with the *Pride* of others.

IV. *Pride* is much the ſame in all Men, as to Degree of it, aad differs only by the various Methods of exerting it.

V. The Wiſdom of *Nature* is to be admir'd, not only in fitting the Organs of the *Body* for our Happineſs and Convenience, but alſo in beſtowing *Pride* upon Men, to keep their Sight from

from the troubleſom View of their own Imperfections.

VI. There is oftentimes more *Pride* than *Goodneſs* in our *Reproofs*; and we chide other People for their Faults, not ſo much with deſign to correct them, as to make them believe that we our ſelves have none.

VII. *Blindneſs* and *Folly* are the moſt pernicious Effects of *Pride*; for they both cheriſh and encreaſe the *Vice*, by concealing from us thoſe Remedies, that might conduce to the Cure of our Miſeries, and correct our Exceſſes and Extravagances.

VIII. Nothing flatters our *Pride* ſo much, as the Intimacy and Confidence of Great Perſons; for we are apt to think our ſelves admitted to theſe by our own Deſert; and never conſider that it happens much oftner, from a particular *Vanity* in their Humours, or their not being able to keep their own Councel,

IX. * All *proud* Men, over and above the Stroke of a Divine judgment, are miſerable, even in themſelves, and no Circumſtances in the World can ever make them otherwiſe. Their Appetites are inſatiable, and their Hearts conſequently never at reſt; whether it be *Wealth*, *Power Honour*, *Popular Eſteem*, or whatever elſe they pretend to: They envy, and are envy'd: 'Tis impoſſible for them to be at reſt, without enjoying what it is impoſſible for them to attain; they live, gaping after more, and in a perpetual fear of loſing what they have already: The higher they are rais'd, the giddier they are, the more ſlippery is their Standing, and the deeper they Fall. They are never well, ſo long as any thing is above them; and their

Ambition

Ambition carries them to the ſupplanting of their Maſters and Makers; when yet, by a moſt ridiculous Contradiction, they lie effectually, in the ſame inſtant, at the Mercy of the Men they moſt deſpiſe.

X. *Humility* is very often the putting on of a *Submiſſion*, by which Men hope to bring other People to ſubmit to them. It is a mere artificial ſort of *Pride*, which debaſes it ſelf with a deſign of being exalted: And tho' this *Vice* transform it ſelf into a Thouſand ſeveral Shapes, yet it is never more effectually diſguis'd, or more capable of impoſing upon the *World*, than when conceal'd under a *Form* of *Humility*.

XI. A readineſs to believe *Ill*, without a previous examination, proceeds from *Lazineſs* and *Pride*: We are pleas'd to find others to blame, and loth to give our ſelves the trouble of enquiring, how far, and whether they are ſo, or not.

XII. *Pride*, that ſo often inſpires Men with Envy, does ſometimes moderate it too.

XIII. The ſame *Pride* that diſpoſes us to condemn the *Faults* we think our ſelves free from, inclines us to undervalue the *Good Qualities* we want.

XIV. The Compaſſion we expreſs for our Enemies Misfortunes, is ſometimes more the effect of *Pride*, than *Good nature*, and only a Deſire to let them know that we are above them.

XV. *Pride*, as well as other *Paſſions*, is unaccountable and humourſome. We are aſham'd to own our being *Jealous*, when we are ſo; and yet we value our ſelves upon having been ſo, and for being capable of being ſo.

XVI. It is as good and commendable to be *proud* with one's ſelf, as it is ridiculous with others.

XVII. *Magnaminity* is a bold Stroke of *Pride*, which makes a Man Maſter of himſelf, in order to make him ſo of every thing elſe.

XVIII. A Man of *Wit*, that is naturally *proud*, loſes nothing of his *Pride* and *Stiffneſs*, by being low in the *World*; but, on the contrary, if any thing can ſoften his Humour, and make him more courteous and ſociable, it muſt be a little Proſperity.

XIX. * *Humility*, tho' it may ſeem to expoſe a Man to ſome contempt, yet it is truly the readieſt way to Honour; as, on the contrary, *Pride* is a moſt improper and abſur'd means for the accompliſhing of the End it aims at. All other Vices, in ſome meaſure, attain their End; *Covetouſneſs* uſually raiſes an Eſtate and Ambitious Endeavours often advance Men to high Places; but *Pride*, *Inſolence*, and *Contempt* of others, infallibly defeat their own Deſign. They aim at Reſpect and Eſteem, but never attain it, for all Mankind naturally hate and ſlight a *Proud Man*.

XX. * There's no ſtate of Life without a Mixture of Good and Evil, and the higheſt pitch of Fortune is not without Dangers, Cares and Fears; ſo that all conſider'd, the *Mean* is beſt both for Body, Mind and Eſtate. *Pride* is not only uneaſie, but unſafe too; for it has the Power and Juſtice of Heaven, and the malicious Envy of Men, to encounter at the ſame time. In a Word, *Humility* is a Vertue that never goes without a Bleſſing.

Primacy.

1. IF *Primacy* be back'd by Parts, it is on a double account Excellent. It is a great advantage to have the Hand at Play, for that gives the better on't, if the Cards be equal. Several had been the *Phœnix* of their Profeſſion, if others had not gone before them. The firſt have the Birthright in the Inheritance of Reputation, and there remains but a ſcanty Portion for their Juniors; nay, and that too conteſted. It is to no purpoſe for theſe to fret, they cannot baſle the Opinion which the World has, that they do no more than imitate.

Purſuits.

1. WHat ſhall we ſay of thoſe that ſpend their Days in gaping after Court Favours and Preferments; Servile Flatteries, and Slaviſh Attendances, that live and entertain themſelves upon Bleſſings in Viſion? (for fair Words and Promiſes are no more than empty Appearances.) What is all this but Sacrificing a Man's Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reaſon, Body, Soul, Fortune, and all, for Shadows? We place our

Truſt in things that have no Being; diſorder our Minds, diſcompoſe our Thoughts, entangle our Eſtates, and ſell our ſelves, in one Word, for Bubbles. How wretched is the Man that does not know when he is well, but paſſes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life for the gratifying of a fantaſtical Appetite or Humour? Nay, and he miſſes his aim, even in that too, while he ſquanders away his Intereſt, and forfeits his Diſcretion in the purſuit of one Vanity after another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven, and the firſt Round is but ſo many Inches in a Man's way towards the mounting of all the reſt. He's never well till he's at the top, and when he can go no higher, he muſt either hang in the Air, or fall, for, in this caſe, he has nothing above him to aſpire to, nor any Foot-ſtool left him to come down by. Every Man has what's ſufficient at hand, and in catching at more than he can carry away, he loſes what he had. Now there's Ingratidude, as well as Diſappointment, in all theſe rambling and extravagant Motions: Beſides that *Avarice* is always beggarly, for he that wants has as good as nothing. The deſire of more and more riſes by a natural Gradation to moſt, and after that to all; till in the concluſion we find our ſelves ſick and weary of all that's poſſible to be had; Solicitous for ſomething elſe, and then when we have ſpent our Days in queſt of the meaneſt things, and at the Feet too of the worſt of Men, we find at the bottom of the Account, that all the Enjoyments under the Sun are not worth ſtruggling for. What can be vainer now than to laviſh our Lives and Fortunes in the ſearch and purchaſe of Trifles, and at the ſame time

time to lie carping for the unprofitable Goods of this World, and in a reſtleſs variety of Thoughts for what's to come. The Folly, in fine, of theſe vexatious and frivolous Purſuits, ſhews it ſelf in all the Tranſports of our wild and ungoverned Affections.

II. We are not ſo eager upon the making of our Fortune, as we are upon purſuit of ſome frivolous and imaginary Conceit of our own. The reaſon of that is, becauſe there's a guſt of Liberty in the following of a Man's Humours, and that on the contrary, the running after Favours and Preferments carries a Face of Slavery; It is natural with us to wiſh for theſe, to do little for the attaining of them, and to think our ſelves ſo deſerving, that they ſhould come to us without any trouble of our own.

III. He that can wait for what he wiſhes, runs no hazard of hanging himſelf if he chance to loſe his longing; and, on the contrary, the trouble that Man is at, who impatiently wiſhes for any thing, is too great to be ſufficiently recompenſed by the very accompliſhment of his Deſires.

IV. There are thoſe who are ſo deſperately eager in their Purſuits, that for fear of miſſing what they aim at, they forget nothing of that which can make them miſs it.

Raſhneſs.

"*Raſh Men* do many things in haſte, that they repent of at leiſure. 'Tis not good to be over fierce upon any thing, for fear of miſtaking or miſunderſtanding the Matter in Queſtion. *Moderation* is a high point of Wiſdom, and Temerity on the other hand is ever dangerous: For Men are ſubject to be contented with outward Appearance, and ſo take the vain Images and Shadows of things for the Subſtance. One Man may have the advantage of another in the benefit of a preſence of Mind, which may ſerve, in great meaſure, to fortifie us againſt Surprizes and Difficulties not to be foreſeen: But a ſound Judgment is the reſult of ſecond Thoughts, upon due Time and Conſideration, which may bring Matters to a fair iſſue. This precipitate Temper is little better than a Phyſical Madneſs; for there's ſomewhat of an alienation in't, when People proceed not only without, but contrary to *Reaſon*.

'Tis gallant in a Commander, to ſhew the Difficulties they are neceſſitated to Encounter; but to lead Men into 'em, out of meer Brovado, is fooliſh.

REASON.

REASON.

I. WE have not Strength enough to follow our *Reaſon*, ſo far as it would carry us.

II. That Man has but little *Reaſon* left him, who is paſt hopes of finding *Reaſon* from others.

III. He is not to be accounted *Reaſonable*, who ſtumbles upon *Reaſon* by chance; but he that knows, and can judge, and has a true reliſh of it.

IV. Our *Reaſon* is much better employ'd, in bearing up, and allaying preſent *Misfortunes*, than in fore-caſting future ones.

V. A Man never wiſhes for any thing very eagerly, which he wiſhes for only by the Dictates of *Reaſon*.

VI. No Man can be perfectly juſt and good, without a great meaſure of *Senſe* and *Right Reaſon*, which will always incline him to chuſe the juſter Side, in every Action of his Life. And it is a fooliſh thing to extol wicked Men and Knaves, as the World commonly does, for Perſons of *Wit* and *Underſtanding*: Such People have only one part of that ſound *Senſe*, which is the Reaſon why they are ſucceſsful upon ſome Occaſions, but imperfect, and at a loſs, upon a thouſand others.

VII. As nothing betrays greater *Weakneſs*, and want of *Reaſon*, than to ſubmit one's Judgment

to another Man's, without any Examination or Conſideration of our own; ſo nothing argues a great *Spirit*, and true *Wiſdom*, more than the ſubmitting to Almighty God, with abſolute and implicit Faith, and believing whatever he ſays upon the ſingle Authority of his own Word.

VIII. Some *Reaſon* juſter than others, but when we meddle with Things above our *Underſtanding*, we are much alike.

IX. We attribute more to *Reaſon*, than is her due; ſhe frequently uſurps what of right belongs to our Conſtitution, and would have but few Advantages if ſhe had no more than are ſtrictly her own.

X. *Reaſon* does ſeldom cure any *Paſſion*, but rather ſtrikes in with the ſtrongeſt; for there is no *Paſſion*, but is authoriz'd and countenanc'd by ſome *Reaſon* or other.

XI. Good and Right *Reaſon* is a Light in the *Mind*, by which it diſcerns things as they are in themſelves: But in this World, this Light is encompaſs'd and darkned by a thouſand Miſts and Clouds.

XII. Good *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ought to be the *Umpire* of all Rules, both Ancient and Modern; whatever does not agree with this Standard, is falſe.

XIII. * The ſame Faculty of *Reaſon*, which gives Mankind the great Advantage and Prerogative over the reſt of the Creation, ſeems to make the greateſt Default in Human Nature; and ſubjects it to more Troubles, Miſeries, or, at leaſt, Diſquiets of Life, than any other of its Fellow-Creatures. 'Tis this furniſhes us with ſuch variety of Paſſions, and conſequently of Wants

and

and Deſires, which no others feel; and theſe follow'd by infinite Deſigns, and endleſs Purſuits, and improv'd by that Reſtleſneſs of Thought, which is natural to moſt Men, gives us a Condition of Life, ſuitable to that of our Birth; ſo that as we are born crying, we live complaining, and die diſappointed.

XIV. Since we cannot eſcape the Purſuit of Paſſions, and Perplexity of Thoughts which our *Reaſon* furniſhes us, there is no way left, but to endeavour what we can, either to ſubdue, or to divert them.

XV. *Superſtition* renders a Man a *Fool*, and *Scepticiſm* is enough to make him *mad*. To believe all things, is above *Reaſon*; to give credit to nothing, is below it.

XVI. Moſt Men rather chuſe to believe implicitly, than to put themſelves to the expence of Judging; without inſtructing themſelves in the nature of Things, they take thoſe to be the beſt, that have the moſt Examples, and the greateſt Crow'd of Admirers: They don't follow *Reaſon*, but only the Reſemblance of it; and ſtifly retain their Errors, becauſe they are countenanc'd by thoſe of other Men.

XVII. It is much better for a Man to fall naturally into the good Senſe of others by his *Reaſon*, than to make his Humours receiv'd by force.

XVIII. * There are times when *Senſe* may be unſeaſonable, as well as *Truth*.

XIX. Common Senſe is of the Growth of every Country; and all People who unite into Societies, and form Governments, will, in time, make prudent Laws of all kinds; ſince it is not poſſible

of

of Imagination, nor Subtility of Reaſoning, but Conſtancy in making Obſervations upon the ſeveral Ways of Working Human Nature, that firſt ſtored the World with Moral Truths, and put Mankind upon forming ſuch Rules of Practice, as beſt ſuited with theſe Obſervations.

Reputation, Eſteem.

I. 'TIS good Policy for a Man never to keep Company with him that may eclipſe, but him that may ſet off his Luſtre. The moſt accompliſh'd will have always the firſt Rank; if his Companion have any part in the Praiſe, it will be but his leavings. The Moon ſhines, whilſt ſhe is among the Stars, but ſo ſoon as the Sun begins to appear, ſhe either ſhines no more, or diſappears. A Man muſt never run the riſque of being incommoded ſide-ways, nor do Honour to others at the expence of his own *Reputation*. It is good to frequent the Society of eminent Perſons, for ſhaping and modelling one's ſelf, but when a Man is faſhioned and compleated, to ſtrike in with thoſe of inferiour ſize.

II. 'Tis matter of *Prudence* to leave off with an Appetite, for Deſire is the Standard of *Eſteem*. Even in bodily Thirſt, it is a skilful management to provoke it, and not to ſatisfy it wholly. The

Good

Good is doubly ſo, when there is but little of it. The Abatement is great at the ſecond Bout, and too full an Enjoyment cauſes the higheſt Perfections to be deſpis'd.

III. 'Tis good to make Abſence an Expedient, for being reſpected or eſteem'd; for if Preſence leſſen *Reputation*, Abſence encreaſes it. Perfections looſe their Luſtre, if they be look'd upon at too near diſtance; becauſe Men look more upon the Out-ſide, than the intrinſick Value of the thing. *Imagination* goes much farther than the *Sight*; and the Miſtake that commonly enters by the Ears, goes out by the Eyes.

IV. There goes great Art in making the beſt of a Man's being *New*. An ordinary Thing, but ſpick and ſpan New, is more valued than a *Rarity* that is ſeen often. *Excellencies* wear out, and ſoon grow old. Make uſe then of the firſt Fruits of *Eſteem*, by gaining ſpeedily all that you can pretend to from a tranſient Complaiſance. For if once, the freſh Gloſs be gone, the Paſſion will cool; and that which pleas'd as being *New*, will cloy as being *Common*.

V. * A Man of Parts ought not to be laviſh of himſelf; for it is the misfortune of all that is excellent to degenerate into Abuſe, when it is too much made uſe of; and he that deſires to be Good at every thing, generally comes to be good at nothing. All *Perfections* are obnoxious to this Lot; ſo ſoon as they loſe the *Reputation* of being Rare, they get that of being Common. Upon the whole matter, the only Remedy for every thing that excels, is to be moderate; for what is cut off from Appearance and Oſtentation, is abundantly made up in *Eſteem*.

VI. There

VI. There are ſome, who to ſet off their own *Value*, are oblig'd to change Countries, eſpecially if they aſpire to great Places. A Man's Country is the Step-mother to eminent Qualities; *Envy* reigns there, as in its native Land. Men remember better the *Imperfections* that one had in the beginning, than the *Merits* whereby he is advanced to Grandeur. We have ſeen Men who have been the Refuſe of a little Canton, and are now the Honour of the World, being equally reverenced by their Country-men and Strangers; by the one, becauſe they are far off; and by the others, becauſe they come from afar.

VII. An accompliſh'd Man ought never to give the leaſt Sign that he is perſwaded of his own *Merit*; the leſs he appears to make it known, the more all will mind it. He is doubly Excellent, who confines all his Perfections within himſelf without bragging of any; he arrives at the height of *Plauſibility* and *Eſteem*, by a way not much frequented.

VIII. Some Men have the good Will of all that can do 'em no Good, but very often of none that can.

IX. * *Common Fame* is as falſe and impudent, as a common Strumpet. Let every Man live to his own Conſcience, and never trouble his Head with the Talk of the People.

X. * *Reputation* is always upon the Extreams, either of Applauſe or Execration.

XI. * Nothing can be more vain than the Courting of *Popular Applauſe*, if we conſider the emptineſs of the Sound, the precarious Tenure, the little Judgment of thoſe that give it us, and the narrow compaſs 'tis confin'd to, for the

the whole Globe is but a Point, and of this little, how little is inhabited? And where 'tis Peopled, we'll have no Reaſon to brag either of the Number, or Quality of your Admirers. What! Shall we be Ambitious of a Man's Good Word, that it may be in an Hour's time ſhall curſe himſelf to the Pit of Hell? Are we ſo fond of being in their Favour, that can't keep in their own?

XII. * He that is ſo very ſolicitous about being talk'd of when he is dead, and makes his Memory his Inclination, does not conſider that all his Admirers will be quickly gone. That his Fame will grow leſs to the next Generation, and flag upon the Courſe; and like a Ball that's handed from one to another, 'twill be dropt at laſt: But granting your Monuments and your Men Immortal, what's their Panegyrick to you, when you are dead, and know nothing of the matter? And if you were living, what would Commendation ſignifie, unleſs for the Convenience of imitation? To conclude, if you depend thus ſervilely upon the Good Word of other People, you'll act below your Nature, and neglect the improvement of your ſelf.

XIII. * What a ſtrange Humour there is among ſome People? They don't care for the good Word of their Contemporaries, and yet are very deſirous of being prais'd by Poſterity: That is, by thoſe they never ſaw, nor ever will have the leaſt acquitance with: Now this is always ſuch a Freak, as it would be to be diſturb'd, becauſe you were not commended by the Generations that liv'd before you.

XIII. * 'Twill

XIII. * 'Twill not be long before you will have forgotten all the World, and in a little time, to be even, all the World will forget you too.

XIV. * To moderate your Ambition about *Fame*, conſider the generality of People that are to commend, and take notice of you; how inſignificant they are, and how little in their Purſuits and Averſions? Conſider alſo, that as one heap of Sand thrown upon another covers the firſt, ſo it happens in the buſineſs of *Fame*, a new Glory Eclipſes an old one, and the latter Age is a ſort of Extinguiſher to the former.

XV. * There's no Man ſo happy in his Family and Friends, but that ſome of them, when they ſee him going, will wiſh for a good riddance, and almoſt keep a Holyday for his Death; let him be a Perſon of never ſo much Probity and Prudence.

XVI. * People generally Deſpiſe where they Flatter, and Cringe to thoſe they would gladly over-top; ſo that *Truth* and *Ceremony* are two Things.

XVII. * 'Tis matter of wonder that every body ſhould love themſelves beſt, and yet value their Neighbours Opinion about themſelves more than their own.

XVIII. * If God ſhould order a Man to turn his inſide outwards, and publiſh every Thought and Fancy as faſt as they come into his Head; he'd think it a very hard Chapter, and not ſubmit without grumbling ſo much as to a Day's Confeſſion. Thus we ſtand more in aw of *Fame* than

than *Conſcience*, and regard other People's Judgments above our own.

XIX. It ought to be a very great Mortification to a Man, to conſider how very inconſiſtent he is with himſelf.

XX. There muſt be a Concurrence of *Chance* to make a *Great Man*; *Merit* alone would never do it. An unexpected turn of Affairs has often given a Reputation to an indifferent *Politician*.

XXI. * He that rewards Flattery begs it.

XXII. * Many are capable of getting *Reputation*, but few to keep it; which laſt is the harder task of the two.

XXIII. * A Thouſand Actions paſs in the World for Virtuous, which proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord *Sly* releaſes *Floridor* out of Goal, pays his Debts, and gets him a Commiſſion. This the World applaud, as an Act of the moſt diſintereſted Generoſity; they little know, at the ſame time, that *Floridor* ſupplies his Lordſhip with Miſtriſſes out of the Play-houſe.

XXIV. * Moſt Men, when they ſpeak of their Neighbours, are apt, out of a Principle of Emulation and Envy, to leſſen and tarniſh their Fame, whether by open Scandal and Defamatory Stories and Tales, or by malicious Inſinuations, invidious Circumſtances, ſiniſter and covert Reflections. This Humour ſprings from an over-fondneſs of our ſelves, and a miſtaken Conceit, that another's loſs is an addition to our own *Reputation*. This is the baſeſt, and moſt ungenerous of all our Natural Failures, and ought to be corrected as much as poſſible.

XXV. * "A

XXV. * " A *good Preſence*, a *great deal of Aſſu-*
" *rance*, and a *plauſible way of Delivery*, goes a
" great way in gaining a Man a *Reputation*, let
" his *Pretentions* be never ſo *precarious*; but then
" let him manage Matters ſo, as never to be put
" upon a *Trial* of his *Skill*; for that may undo
" all. A certain Perſon, we all know, was in a
" fair way of *Eclipſing* Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, in the
" Opinion of moſt of the Nobility, but that he
" unluckily happen'd to build too near the *Ban-*
" *quetting-houſe*.

XXVI. * Abundance of Noble *Wits* are ſtifled, for want of ſuſpecting what they were able to do, and with how much Facility. Experience ſhews us every day Blockheads, that arrive at a moderate, nay, ſometimes, a great *Reputation*, by their Confidence and brisk Attempts, which they maintain by their Diligence; while great numbers of Men, naturally more Ingenious, lie neglected by, for want of Induſtry to improve, or Courage to exert themſelves.

XXVII. * " 'Tis an eaſie matter to perſwade a
" Man, that we have the ſame Opinion of him,
" which he has of himſelf: *Damon* is betwich'd
" with Poetry, and thinks his *Fuſtian Plays* as good
" as the great Performances of *Otway*: Commend
" his *Tamerlane*, and you will tickle him more than
" if you ſhould cry up his Pedantick Learning.
" *Sophron* thinks himſelf a great States-man; he
" wonders and complains, at the ſame time, that he
" is not employ'd by the Government: Tell him
" you admire his deep Knowledge in Politicks,
" and the Intereſts of Princes, and the Fiſh is in
" your Net. Young *Florider* ſets up for a *Beau*,
" and fancies all Women languiſh and die for
him

" him; do but commend his Teeth, ſoft Hand, " fair Complexion, fine Wiggs and Cloaths: Talk " of his Gallantry and Love-Conqueſts, and you " will pleaſe him ten times more, than if you " ſhould flatter him about his Natural Parts and " Literature. Therefore the chief Addreſs to " make our Compliment well receiv'd, is to " find out the weak ſide of the Perſon it is made " to.

XXVIII. * Good Humour goes farther many times in the *Reputation* of the World, than Profound Learning; tho' undoubtedly both together are beſt. There's a certain knack in the Art of Converſation, that gives a good Grace to many things, by the manner and addreſs of handling 'em, which the ordinary way of bringing matters about would give great offence to the common Rules, even of Civility and Diſcretion. The skill on't lies in the nicety of diſtinguiſhing, *Firſt*, What Liberty is neceſſary in ſuch and ſuch a Caſe. And, *Secondly*, how to temper and accommodate that Freedom to a conſiſtence with good Manners; and this muſt be done too without Formality and Affectation; for a ſtudied and a laborious forecaſt toward the ſetting ſuch a Humour abroach, is putid and nauſeous to the higheſt degree; and better Fifty ſuch Conceits were loſt, than that any thing of Contrivance and Premeditation ſhould appear in't. There are a ſort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that tickles them, will be ſtill bringing it in by Head and Shoulders over and over in ſeveral Companies, and upon ſeveral occaſions; but 'tis below the Dignity of a Man of Weight to value himſelf upon ſuch a Levity; for

it makes him look as if Trifling were his Maſterpiece: Now theſe turns of Fancy and Entertainment ſhould paſs on as they came on, careleſsly and eaſily, without laying any ſtreſs upon them; for they are then only happy and agreeable, when they are play'd off at Volly, and *pro re Nata*, and only made uſe of, in fine, as a Sawce to the Converſation.

XXIX. What an ill *Name* ſoever a Man has in the World, yet it is almoſt always in his own Power to recover his *Reputation*.

XXX. The great *Characters* of being Men of *Honour* and *Juſtice*, are very often grounded more upon Forms, and a knack of appearing to be ſuch, than any true and ſolid *Worth*.

XXXI. Thoſe that have the Accompliſhments eſſential to the making a *good Man*, ſuppoſing they need no Art, neglect Formalities, act more according to *Nature*, and conſequently live more obſcure, and in the dark. For thoſe that judge of them, have ſomething elſe to do than to examine them; and ſo they pronounce Sentence only according to outward Appearances.

XXXII. *Reputation* would not be ſo highly valued, if we did but ſeriouſly conſider, how very unjuſt the generality of Men are, both in the giving and taking it away. We ſhould content our ſelves to deſerve it by our Good-behaviour; and when that care is taken, not be over anxious about the Succeſs.

XXXIII. The *Vulgar* value and extol Actions, and other Things, not only for their Excellence, but more generally for the Uncommonneſs of them: And this gives occaſion to all the falſe Methods

thods Men take to gain the *Approbation* of the World.

XXXIV. A great *Reputation*, is a great Charge, very hard for a Man to acquit himſelf well of; an obſcure Life is more natural, and more eaſie.

XXXV. The firſt Step that a Man makes in the World, generally determines all the reſt, and is the Foundation of his *Reputation*, and beſt Preſage of his Fortune; and from the firſt Marches that he makes, thoſe that have had Experience will tell how far he will advance. 'Tis then very neceſſary to make this firſt Step with a great deal of Caution, and to ſignalize ones Entry by ſomething that is Glorious and Great.

XXXVI. A Great Man ought not to ſuffer the Depth of his Capacity to be ſounded, if he will be always eſteem'd by the Vulgar: He ought, on the contrary, to behave himſelf after ſuch a manner, as never to diſcover his Ability, and that no Man aſſign Limits to his Learning. For let a Man be never ſo Learned, the Opinion we have of him, when we know him but by halves, goes always farther than the *Idea* we conceive of him, when we are wholly acquainted with him.

XXXVII. *Reputation* is a Noiſe which ſtrikes nothing but the Ear, and which cannot make a ſenſible Impreſſion upon a Noble-Soul; it depends leſs upon our ſelves than Fortune: But as it is impoſſible to acquire a general one, ſo the poſſeſſion of it would be abſolutely unſerviceable.

XXXVIII. A Man who is ſenſible of his Force, and knows the Advantages of his Mind, if he aſpires to Glory, and will raiſe his *Reputation*, ought

to dread, as a Rock, his being ſuſpected that he is govern'd by others.

XXXIX. Some People loſe their *Reputation*, by being too eager in their Endeavours to preſerve it. This fooliſh Deportment, is ordinary with thoſe, who being ſuſpected of any ill thing, make uſe of long paſſionate Speeches for their Apology; for tho' they may be guiltleſs, yet the exceſs of Words they run into, cannot but make us think the contrary.

XL. There is no Paſſion which makes People more unhappy than this, which almoſt all Men entertain for a General *Eſteem* and *Reputation*; for excepting ſome Perſons of truly Heroical Minds, who Act only for the ſatisfaction of their Conſcience, and perhaps too for the Approbation of good Men, all the reſt do that for Noiſe, which ought to be done for Virtue; and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the Shadow and Appearance of a Thing, whoſe real Body does not ſo much as affect them.

XLI. Induſtry holds the Place of the greateſt Merit, and the Art of making ones ſelf eſteem'd, oftner gives more *Reputation* than the thing it ſelf.

XLII. * No Man can be ſaid to be truly Great, that depends upon the Opinion of the *Multitude* for his Reputation.

Self-

Self-Love.

1. *Self-Love*, is the love of one's ſelf, and of every thing elſe for ones ſelf; It makes Men Idolaters of themſelves, and would make them Tyrants over others, if they could prevail with *Fortune* to get the Power and Opportunities. It never reſts out of it ſelf, and never dwells upon other Subjects, but, as Bees do upon Flowers, to ſuck out what it thinks may be for its advantage. Nothing is ſo violent, as its Deſires; nothing ſo ſecret, as its Intrigues; nothing ſo quick and ingenious, as its Managements. Its Pliantneſs is paſt deſcription; its Transformations exceed the Poetical *Metamorphoſis*, and its Niceties the refinings of Chymiſtry. One can neither fathom its Depth, nor pierce through the Darkneſs of its Abyſs. Here it is quite out of the view of the moſt penetrating and ſagacious Eyes; here it turns to and fro in a thouſand Inſenſible Shapes; here it is oftentimes inviſible to it ſelf; here it hatches and breeds ſeveral Affections and Hatreds unknown to it ſelf; and ſome of theſe are ſo ſtrange and monſtrous, that when they come to the Birth, either it does not know them, or is aſham'd to own them. From this groſs *Miſt*, with which it is over-caſt, ſpring the ridiculous Opinions it has of it ſelf; hence proceed all its Errors, Miſtakes, and Fopperies concerning it ſelf; hence it is, that it thinks its Inclinations to be quite dead, when they are but

lull'd aſleep; that it fancies to have done running, when it does but reſt; and that it believes to have loſt its Appetite, when it has only fill'd its Stomach for the preſent. And yet this thick and gloomy Darkneſs, which hinders it from ſeeing it ſelf, is no obſtruction to its ſight of any thing elſe; (in which it is like our Eyes, which perceive all, and yet are blind only with regard to themſelves;) for in its greateſt *Concerns*, where the violence of its Deſires ſummon all its Attention, it ſees, feels, and hears; it imagines, ſuſpects, penetrates, and gueſſes every thing, even to that degree, that a Man is apt to think, that each of its Paſſions has a kind of *Witchcraft* particular to it. Nothing is ſo ſtrong and cloſe as its Ties, which it ſtrives in vain to break off, at the view of the impending Calamities; nevertheleſs it effects ſometimes in a Moment, and without Pains, what it could never accompliſh with the moſt powerful and continu'd Endeavours of many Years. From whence we may likely conclude, That its Deſires are kindled by its ſelf, rather than by the *Worth* or *Beauty* of its Objects; and that its own Palate gives them both the Value that makes them precious, and the Gloſs that ſets them off: So that it follows its own ſelf, when it ſeems to purſue any thing elſe. *Self-love* is all made up of Contraries; it is Imperious and and Dutiful, High-flown and Humble, Sincere and Counterfeit, Merciful and Cruel, Timorous and Bold. It has different Inclinations, after the diverſity of Tempers, which turn and devote it ſometimes to Riches, ſometimes to Glory, ſometimes to Pleaſure; it alters them according to the variety of our Age, Fortune and Experience:

Experience: It never matters whether it has many, or but one, becauſe it divides it ſelf to many, or gathers and collects it ſelf into one, when either its Intereſt or Fancy requires it. It is unſteady; and beſides the alterations it receives from External Things, there are a Thouſand that ſpring from it ſelf. It is inconſtant by Fickleneſs, by Love, by Novelty, and by Nauſeating and Diſlike. It is Capricious and Humourſome: Sometimes with incredible Hardſhips it ſnatches at Things, not only unprofitable, but even hurtful and offenſive, which it hankers after only becauſe it has a mind to it. It is Unaccountable and Fantaſtical; it often buſies it ſelf about the moſt vain and frivolous Employments; it delights in the moſt inſipid Things, and keeps its *Loftineſs* and *Pride* in the vileſt *Drudgery*. It is in all States of Life, as in all ſorts of Condition; it lives every where; it lives upon every thing, ſometimes upon nothing. It is contented with the Enjoyment of Things, and the Want of them. It ſides with its Foes, follows their Deſigns, and, which is wonderful, it hates it ſelf, hatches its own Ruin, and puſhes on its Overthrow. To ſum up all, All its care is to ſubſiſt; provided it be, it is content to be its own Enemy. We ought not therefore to think it ſtrange, to ſee it aſſociated with the rougheſt Auſterity, and ſevereſt Mortification, and ſide with them to deſtroy it ſelf; for it is no ſooner caſt down in one place, but it riſes up again in another. When it ſeems to forſake its Pleaſure, it does but ſuſpend or alter it; nay, when it is ſo Conquer'd, that Men would believe themſelves to be rid of it, it ſprings up again, and

triumphs in its Overthrow. This is the true Picture of *Self-love*, of which the whole Life is but a ſtrong and long Agitation. The *Sea* is a ſenſible and a lively Image of it; for you may find in the continual *Ebbs* and *Flows* of its Waves, a Faithful Repreſentation of the boiſterous and turbulent Succeſſion of *Self Love*'s everlaſting and endleſs Movements.

II. No Man has a particular *Fault*, which he does not think he finds in all Mankind.

III. *Self-love* is the greateſt *Flatterer* in the World.

IV. *Self-love* bears leſs patiently the Condemnation of our *Taſtes* or (*Inclinations*) than of our *Opinions*.

V. The *Fondneſs* or *Indifference* that *Philoſophers* expreſs'd for Life, was but a particular *Twang* of the *Love* of themſelves, for which there is no more reaſon to be given, than for the variety of *Palates*, or the choice of Colours in ſome People.

VI. The firſt motion of Joy that we reſent at the *Happineſs* and *Preferment* of our *Friends*, does ſeldom proceed either from our *Good nature*, or the *Kindneſs* we have for them, but generally from *Self-love*, which flatters us that our Turn of being happy is coming, or that we ſhall reap ſome *Benefit* from their *Proſperity*.

VII. As if the Power of transforming it ſelf were ſmall, *Self-Love* does frequently transform its Objects too, and that after a moſt wonderful manner; for it not only diſguiſes them ſo artificially, as to deceive it ſelf, but it perfectly alters the Nature and Condition of the Things themſelves. Thus when any Perſon acts in oppoſition

poſition to us, when he croſſes and perſecutes us, *Self-love* paſſes Sentence upon his Actions, with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of *Juſtice*; it aggravates all his Imperfections, ſo as to make them look monſtrous and horrible; and ſets his *Good Qualities* in ſo ill a Light, as to make them appear more diſagreeable and nauſeous than his very *Failings*. And yet as ſoon as the ſame Perſon ceaſes to be our Enemy, or that any of our Intereſts brings him to Reconciliation and Favour, the Satisfaction we receive, preſently reſtores his Merit, and allows it that *Luſtre*, our Averſion ſo lately robb'd it of. His *Ill Qualities* vaniſh out of ſight, and his Perfections appear in a greater Splendour; nay, we ſummon all our Indulgence to excuſe and juſtifie the Quarrel he formerly had againſt us. Tho' this Truth be evidenc'd by every *Paſſion*, yet none demonſtrates it ſo ſenſible as *Love*: For we ſee a *Lover* full of Rage and Deſpair, at the Neglect or Infidelity of his *Fondling*, contrive and meditate for his Revenge, whatever his violent Paſſions ſuggeſt him. Nevertheleſs, no ſooner has a *kind Smile* of his *Darling* calm'd his boiſterous Reſentments, but his Joy and Rapture pronounces this *Beauty* innocent; he accuſes himſelf alone, and condemns nothing but his own Condemning her before; and by this miraculous Power of *Self-love*, he takes away the Blemiſh and Odiouſneſs of his *Miſtreſs*'s Proceedings, he clears her of the Crime, and lays it upon himſelf.

VIII. The *Love of our ſelves* makes our Friends appear more or leſs deſerving, in proportion to the delight we take in them; and the Eſtimate we make of their Worth, depends upon the manner of their converſing with us. IX.

IX. 'Tis not always the juſtice of the Cauſe, nor a perſonal Eſteem, that makes us uneaſy when a Friend is ſpoke againſt: But his Infamy undervalues our Character, by having ſo worthleſs a Friend.

X. One would think, that *Self-love* were overreach'd by *Good-nature* and *Liberality*; and that a Man forgets himſelf, when he promotes the Advantages of others: Nevertheleſs, this is the moſt effectual way to gain our ends; 'tis lending on Uſury, under the pretence of giving freely. In a word, 'tis a nice and a dexterous Way of winning the Affections of every body.

XI. There is no *Paſſion* wherein *Self-love* is ſo predominant, as in that of *Love*: And Men are always more diſpoſed to ſacrifice all the Eaſe of them they love, than to part with their own.

XII. We feel and reſent both our *good* and *ill Fortune*, in proportion to our *Self-love*.

XIII. *Self-love* makes more Men *Cruel* than natural Sternneſs, and a rough Temper.

XIV. *Self-Love* is often cheated by its own ſelf; for when it conſiders its own *Intereſts*, it ſo wholly over-looks the *Intereſts* of others, as thereby to loſe all the Advantage that might be made by the exchange of Kindneſſes, and good Offices.

XV. A Man is but little the better for liking himſelf, when no body elſe likes him; for an immoderate *Love* of one's ſelf, is very often chaſtiſed by Contempt from others.

XVI. *Self-love*, according as it is rightly or otherwiſe underſtood and apply'd, is the Cauſe of all the Moral *Virtues* and *Vices* in the World.

XVII. That *Prudence* which is made uſe of in the good Management of Men's Affairs, is only

a wiſe and quick-ſighted *Self-love*, whoſe contrary is Inconſideration and Blindneſs.

XVIII. Tho' according to that Poſition, we may rightly conclude, That Men in all their Actions, keep ſtill an Eye to their own *Intereſt*; yet it does not follow, that there is no ſuch thing left in the World, as *Juſtice* and *Honeſty*. Men may govern themſelves by commendable and honeſt Intereſts; and 'tis the juſt Diſcretion of a well-regulated *Self-love*, that makes a *Good*, or an *Honeſt Man*.

XIX. The *Love* of our ſelves inclines us to look upon all the *Pleaſures* and *Happineſs* of Life, as things that we have a right to call ours; and upon all the *Evils* and *Calamities*, as things foreign and unnatural, and ſuch as are Wrongs and Hardſhips upon us. This gives the occaſion to all our Expoſtulations and Complaints.

XX. The Affected pomp of Men of Quality, is only invidious, becauſe the want of it is a mark of our misfortune, if not a Suſpicion of our Slavery.

Sincerity

Sincerity, Diſſimulation.

I. *Sincerity* is the diſcloſing and opening of one's *Heart*: This is hardly to be found in any body; and what we commonly look upon as to be ſo, is only a more cunning and ſhrewd ſort of *Diſſimulation*, to inſinuate our ſelves into the Confidence of other People.

II. The Vanity of talking of our ſelves, and the Deſire of ſhewing our *Failings* on that ſide we are content they ſhould be ſeen on, make up the greateſt part of our *Sincerity*.

III. Half-witted People can never be *ſincere*.

IV. To tell a man plainly you think him a Fool, is not the ready way to make him your Friend.

V. As much as we diſtruſt the *Sincerity* of thoſe we converſe with, yet ſtill we think they tell more Truth to us, than any body elſe.

VI. * The ableſt Men that ever were, have had all an openneſs and frankneſs of dealing, and a Name of *Certainty* and *Veracity*: But then they were like Horſes well managed; for they could tell extreamly well when to ſtop, and when to turn; and at ſuch times, when they thought the Caſe, indeed, requir'd *Diſſimulation*, if then they us'd it, it came to paſs that the former Opinion ſpread abroad, of their Good Faith and Clearneſs of Dealing, made it almoſt inviſible.

VII. * Nakedneſs is indecent as well in Mind as Body; and it's no ſmall Reverence to Men's

Man-

Manners and Actions, if they be not altogether open.

VIII. * A general Cuſtom of *Diſſimulation*, is a Vice riſing either of a natural Falſeneſs, or Fearfulneſs, or of a Mind that has ſome main Faults; which becauſe a man muſt needs diſguiſe, it makes him practiſe *Diſſimulation* in other things, leſt his hand be out of Ure.

IX. Philoſophers were not better Men than their Neighbours, they only underſtood their ends better.

X. The Beſt Compoſition and Temperature, is to have *Openneſs* in Fame and Opinion, *Secreſie* in Habit, *Diſſimulation* in ſeaſonable Uſe, and a power to *Feign*, if there be no Remedy.

XI. 'Tis the Practice of the World for People in diſtreſs to ſerve God and Man in ſeveral Reſpects, both a like; that is to ſay, when they lie under any Affliction, or propoſe to themſelves any conſiderable Advantages, and find they have need of another's help; how do they Beg, Vow, Promiſe, Sollicit, Swear, Sign and Seal; and yet conſcious to themſelves all this while, that they neither intend, nor are able to make one Article good.

XII. There is no enjoying the Converſation of Mankind, without the Leven of *Hypocriſy* in our moſt conſiderable Actions: *Sincerity* is good in nothing but Religion.

Silence,

Silence, Speaking, Eloquence.

I. HE that diſtruſts himſelf, does beſt to keep *Silence.*

II. A Man never forgets things ſo effectually, as when he has talk'd himſelf weary of them.

III. Some Men oftentimes chuſe to ſpeak *Ill*, rather than ſay nothing of themſelves.

IV. As it is proper for great *Wits* to ſpeak little, and ſay much; ſo, on the contrary, it is the Character of your *Half-witted* Fellows to ſpeak much, and ſay little.

V. All the World knows well enough, how improper it is for a Man to talk too much of his Wife; but very few conſider how ridiculous it is to talk of one's ſelf at all.

VI. What a ſtrange thing is it, that Men ſhould remember the ſmalleſt Particulars of their Affairs, when, at the ſame time, they forget how often they have tir'd others with the tedious *Recital* of them.

VII. The exceeding Delight we take in *talking* of our ſelves; may well make us ſuſpect that we give but little to our Auditors.

VIII. There is as much *Eloquence* in the *Tone* and *Cadence* of the *Voice*, in the *Eyes*, and in the *Air* of a Man, as in the very Choice of *Words* and *Expreſſions.*

IX. True *Eloquence* conſiſts in ſaying all that is fit to be ſaid, and leaving out all that is not.

X. Ther

X. There is a particular way of *Hearkening* to one's ſelf, very diſpleaſing in Converſation; for it is as ridiculous to hear one's ſelf in Company, as to talk when a Man is by himſelf.

XI. *Talking all*, is ſo great a Fault, both in *Buſineſs* and *Converſation*, that any thing that's *Good*, is doubly ſo, if it be ſhort; and we often gain by brevity, what we ſhould perhaps have loſt by being tedious.

XII. Some People are ſo blind, and flatter themſelves to ſo great a degree, that they always believe what they wiſh, and think to make every body believe what they have a Mind to. Tho' the Arguments they would perſwade us with, are never ſo poor and weak, yet their Prepoſſeſſions are ſo ſtrong, that they think they need only talk loud and *big*, and be very poſitive, to make all the World of their Opinion.

XIII. True *Eloquence* is good *Senſe*, deliver'd in a natural and unaffected Way. That which muſt be ſet off with the Artificial Ornaments of *Tropes* and *Figures*, is acceptable only becauſe the generality of Men are eaſily impos'd upon, and ſee things but by halves.

XIV. Great things muſt be deliver'd plainly, an emphatical Tone would ſpoil all. On the contrary, ſmall things muſt be ſaid nobly, nothing ſupports them but the *Expreſſion*, the *Tone* of the Voice, and the *Countenance* of him that ſpeaks.

XV. *Talkative* and noiſie Perſons, are commonly vain and credulous withal: For he that talketh what he knows, will alſo talk oftentimes what he does not.

XVI. Some in their *Diſcourſe* deſire rather Commendations of Wit, in being able to hold all Argu-

Arguments, than of Judgment in diſcerning what is true; as if it were a Praiſe to know what might be ſaid, and not what ſhould be thought.

Taſte, Palate.

I. A Good *Taſte* and *Reliſh* of Things, is more the effect of *Judgment* than *Wit*.

II. We forſake our Intereſts ſooner than our *Taſtes*.

Truth, Falſhood.

I. MOST Men do not ſpeak *Truth* out of an Averſion to *Lyes*; but generally out of a ſecret Ambition of making what they ſay conſiderable, and their Words reſpected as *Oracles*.

II. There is a diſguis'd *Falſity*, which is ſo lively a Repreſentation of *Truth*, that we ſhould injure our Judgments, not to ſubmit to the Cheat.

III. *Errours* ſometimes have as long a run as the greateſt *Truths*; becauſe being once receiv'd for *Truth*, Men admit whatever makes for them with an implicit Conſent, and reject, or over-

over-look all that is capable of undeceiving them.

IV. The Converſation of Men that are Peremptory and Dogmatical, is the moſt troubleſome thing in the World. The beſt Temper is always to be ready to ſubmit to the *Truth*, and receive it, let it come which way it will.

V. * *Truth* is the great Leſſon of Reaſonable Nature, both in Philoſophy and Religion; but now-a-days Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, Mental Reſervations, and Double-Meanings, in a word, the Knack of *Faſt* and *Looſe*, paſs with a world of fooliſh People for Turns of Wit: But they are not aware all this while, of the deſperate Conſequences of an ill habit, and that the Practice of Falſifying with Men, will lead us on inſenſibly to a Double-dealing with God Himſelf.

VI. * *Truth* (as to the Knowledge of our own Nature) may perhaps come to the Price of a Pearl, that ſhews beſt by Day; but it will not riſe to the Price of a Diamond, or Carbuncle, that ſhews beſt in varied Lights. A mixture of a *Lye* does ever add Pleaſure. Does any Man doubt, that if there were taken out of Men's Minds, vain Opinions, flattering Hopes, falſe Valuations, and ill-grounded Conceits, but it would leave the Minds of moſt Men poor ſhrunken things, full of Melancholy and Indiſpoſition, and unpleaſing to themſelves? But to paſs from Philoſophycal *Truth*, to the *Truth* of Civil Buſineſs, it will be acknowledg'd, even by thoſe that practice it not, that clear and round Dealing is the Honour of Man's Nature; and that a mixture of *Falſhood*, is like Allay in Coin of Gold and Silver, which

may make the Metal work the better, but it embaſes it. There is no Vice that does ſo cover a Man with Shame, as to be found falſe and perfidious: And therefore the Word *Lye*, is ſuch a Diſgrace, and ſo odious a Charge, becauſe to ſay a Man *Lyes*, is as much as to ſay, that he is Brave toward God, and a Coward toward Men; for a *Lye* faces God, and ſhrinks from Man.

VANITY.

I. * *Vanity* is only an Ambition of being taken notice of, which ſhews it ſelf variouſly, according to the Humour of the Perſons. It is the verieſt *Proteus* in the World; it can ape *Humility*, and make Men decry themſelves on purpoſe to be flatter'd. It is the *Bleſſing* of *Fools*, and the *Folly* of *ingenious* Men; for it makes *thoſe* contentedly hug themſelves under all the Scorn of the World, and the Indignities that are offer'd them; and *Theſe* reſtleſs and diſſatisfied with all its Applauſe. Both think the World *envious*, and that their Merit is injur'd, and it is impoſſible to right either of them to their Minds; for *Thoſe* have no Title to the Pretence of Merit, and *theſe* nor ſo much as they think they have. Yet it is the happineſs of the firſt, that they think themſelves capable of moving *Envy*; for tho' they commonly miſtake the Deriſion of Men, for their Applauſe, yet Men

Men are ſometimes ſo ill-natur'd as to undeceive 'em, and then it is their comfort, that theſe are envious Men, and miſrepreſent the World's Opinion of 'em.

II. * This Author publiſhes his Play without putting his Name to it: The next Piece he publiſhes, is, *By the Author of ſuch a Piece*; pray, is not this more *vain*, than to have ſet his Name to both? They wou'd fain perſwade the World of their *Modeſty*, and yet publickly own their Works.

III. * *Vanity* is a Failing the greateſt part of Mankind are tinctur'd with more or leſs. For all Men are apt to flatter themſelves with a Fancy, that they have ſome one or more good Qualities, that raiſe 'em above the ordinary level, and therefore hug and cheriſh what they think valuable and ſingular in 'em. It is *never commendable*, ſometimes *pardonable*, when the Excellencies are real, and it is *moderate*: So much muſt be allow'd to human Frailty. It is *ridiculous* and *intolerable* when it is extravagant, miſplac'd, or groundleſs. It is always *injudicious*, and makes Men commonly dote on their Defects, and expoſe their Blemiſhes, which makes 'em more remarkable by the Care and Ornament beſtow'd on them. It perſuades *hard favour'd* and *diſtorted Fellows* to dreſs and value their Perſons; *Cowards* to pretend to *Courage*, and promote *Beatings*; *Blockheads* to ſet up for *Wit*, and make themſelves ridiculous in Print; and *Upſtarts* to brag of their *Families*, and be reminded of the *Garrets* they were Born in.

III. * All Humours that are forc'd againſt the natural Bent of our Tempers, muſt be *ridiculous*. Nature is our beſt Guide, and has fitted every Man for ſome Things more particularly than others; which if they had the Senſe to proſecute, they would at leaſt not be *ridiculous*, if they were not *Extraordinary*. But ſo prevalent are our *Vanity*, and the apiſh Humour of Imitation, that we perſuade our ſelves that we may practice with applauſe, whatever we ſee another ſucceed in. So ſome Men that talk well of ſerious Matters, are ſo mov'd at the *Reputation* ſome merry Drolls gain, that they forget their Gravity, and aiming to be *Wits* turn *Buffoons*.

IV. * "*Self-Conceit* is none of the ſmalleſt *Bleſ-*"*ſings* we have receiv'd from Heaven: For few of us would have *Courage* enough to dare to live, if our *Vanity* did not draw a Veil over the moſt conſiderable of our Failings.

V. * Few Men pleaſe us, I grant it: But then we pleaſe as few.

VI. * We ought not to preſume that we pleaſe in all Things, ſince it would be ſufficient if we could pleaſe in ſome.

VII. They that ſpeak without *Vanity*, are contented with ſaying but little.

VIII. The Pomp and Solemnity of *Funerals*, is not ſo much to do Honour to the *Dead*, as to gratify the *Vanity* of the *Living*.

IX. If *Vanity* does not quite over-turn *Virtue*, yet it gives it terrible Shocks, and keeps it in a tottering Condition.

X. We cannot bear with other People's *Vanity*, becauſe it is offenſive to our own.

XI. The

XI. The ſtrongeſt Paſſions ſometimes remit of their Violence; but *Vanity* toſſes and hurries Men continually.

XII. A Man is oftner carried home to Dinner to ſee the Table, than to be made welcome, and is entertain'd as if he were welcome, out of *Profuſion*, not *Affection*.

XIII. The generality of Men ſpeak ill of other People, rather out of *Vanity* than *Malice*.

XIV. *Vanity* prevails with us to deny our ſelves, more than Reaſon can do.

XV. We are all of us deſirous to live in the Opinion of others by a fantaſtical ſort of *Life*: If we are Generous, Honeſt, Temperate, *&c.* we preſently endeavour to acquaint others with it, to join thoſe *Virtues* to that external and imaginary Being of ours; we would ſooner part with our beſt *Qualities*, than with that *Chimæra*; and could be content to be *Cowards*, ſo we might get the Reputation of being *Valiant*.

XVI. We do ſometimes, out of *Vanity* or *Decency*, what we could do out of *Inclination* and *Duty*. How many a Man has catch'd his *Death*, by ſitting up with a ſick Wife that he did not love!

XVII. *Vanity* makes a Man find his Pleaſure and Satisfaction, in ſpeaking either well or ill of himſelf: A modeſt Man never ſpeaks of himſelf at all.

XVIII. Nothing ſo much betrays how ridiculous and ſhameful a Vice *Vanity* is, as its not daring to ſhew its ſelf, but under the appearance of its Contrary.

XIX. *Vanity*, and the good Opinion we have of our ſelves, make us often think that other People are Proud and ſlight us, when there is no ſuch thing. A modeſt Perſon is never troubled with thoſe Niceties.

Virtue, Vice,

I. *Virtue* is a Complex body, he that has not all, cannot be call'd a *Virtuous Man.*

II. *Virtue* is the only good whereof the enjoyment has no Society, and no loathing.

III. Great *Vices* are diſguis'd under the Reſemblance of eminent *Virtues.*

IV. What we take for *Virtue*, is frequently nothing elſe but the Concurrence of ſeveral Actions and Intereſts, gather'd and brought together either by *Fortune*, or our own *Induſtry.* It is not always from a Principle of Valour that Men are *Stout*, or from a Principle of Modeſty that Women are *Chaſt.*

V. Some *Vices* are mingled with *Virtue*, juſt as poiſonous Ingredients are put ſometimes into the beſt *Medicines.* A wiſe and skilful Hand tempers them together, and makes excellent uſe of them againſt the Misfortunes that attend *Human Life.*

VI. We generally run *Vice* down, and cry up *Virtue*, according to our *Intereſts.*

VII. If I am an ill Man, I am to blame; if

I am a *Virtuous Man*, and my Parents poor, my *Virtue* is the more Conſpicuous.

VIII. *Nature* ſeems at each Man's Birth to have mark'd out the Bounds of his *Virtue* and *Vices*.

IX. *Vices* may be ſaid to take us one after another, in the courſe of our Lives, juſt as *Inn-keepers*, where we lodge upon a Journey, do. And I queſtion whether the Experience of having been ill us'd, would prevail with us to change our Houſe, if we could travel the ſame Road over again.

X. When *Vices* leave us, we flatter our ſelves that we leave them.

XI. There are Relapſes in the Diſtempers of the *Soul*, as well as in the Diſeaſes of the *Body*; and we often take that for a full Recovery, which is only a Relaxation, or an Alteration of the Fit.

XII. The multiplying of *Vices*, often keep a Man from giving himſelf over entirely to one.

XIII. Some Perſons are ſo extreamly Trifling and inconſiderable, that they are as far from real *Faults*, as they are from ſubſtantial *Virtues*.

XIV. *Virtue* would ſeldom make ſuch Advances, did not *Vanity* bear it Company.

XV. A very bad Man can never be very eaſy.

XVI. *Hypocryſie* is a ſort of *Homage*, which *Vice* pays to *Virtue*.

XVII. There is no better Proof of a Man's being truly *Good*, than his deſiring to be conſtantly under the Obſervation of Good Men.

XVIII. Tho' Men be never ſo *wicked*, yet they have not the Confidence to profeſs themſelves Enemies to *Virtue*; and when they perſecute it,

they either pretend not to think it real, or forge ſome Faults to lay them to its Charge.

XIX. Some *Good Qualities* degenerate into *Vices*, when *Natural*; and others again are never perfect, when acquir'd; as for Inſtance: A Man ſhould learn *Good-Husbandry* in his *Eſtate*, and his *Confidences* from *Reaſon* and *Experience*; and, on the other ſide, *Courage* and *Good-Nature* muſt be innate with us, or elſe we can never have them in a good degree.

XX. Our *Qualities* are doubtful and uncertain, and apt to be either Good or Evil, according to our Circumſtances.

XXI. When Great Men think to impoſe upon the World by the ſhew of *Virtue*, it is of ill conſequence to work them out of their Conceit; for by that means we take away that pique of Honour, which prompts them to do thoſe good Actions, that are agreeable to the *Virtues* they pretend to.

XXII. Old Sinners Continency, is much like Gameſters for-ſwearing Play when they have loſt their Money.

XXIII. Many things that are innocent in themſelves, are made criminal and injurious by Miſconſtruction.

XXIV. General Reformers are, of all Men, the moſt troubleſome to themſelves and others.

XXV. A Man in much Buſineſs, does generally either make himſelf a Knave, or elſe the World makes him a Fool.

XXVI. It is with our *Manners*, as with our *Healths*, 'tis a degree of *Vertue* the abatement of *Vice*, as it is a degree of *Health* the abatement of a *Fit*.

XXVII. It is the Practice of the Multitude to bark

bark at Eminent Men, as little Dogs do at *Strangers*; for they look upon other Men's *Virtues*, as the upbraiding of their own *Wickedneſs*.

XXVIII. The Complaint of the preſent Times, is the general Complaint of all Times; it ever has been ſo, and it ever will be ſo; not conſidering that the *Wickedneſs* of the *World* is always the ſame, as to the degree of it, tho' it may change Places perhaps, and vary a little in the Matter.

XXIX. *Wickedneſs* comes on by degrees, as well as *Virtue*, and ſudden leaps from one extreme to another, are unnatural Motions in the courſe of our Lives and Humours.

XXX. *Virtue* is like Precious Odours, moſt Fragrant when they are incens'd or cruſh'd; for *Proſperity* beſt diſcovers *Vice*; but *Adverſity* beſt exerts *Virtue*.

XXXI. * Providence has arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, ſufficient for the confounding of all the Enemies we have to encounter. We have a Life and Death before us; that is to ſay, Good and Evil; and we know which too: Beſide that, it is our Choice, to take, or refuſe. So that we underſtand what we ought to do, but when we come to deliberate, we play Booty againſt our ſelves; and while our Judgments and our Conſciences direct us one Way, our Corruptions hurry us another.

XXXII. The Bonds of *Virtue* ought to be cloſer and nearer than thoſe of *Blood*: For a good Man is more of kin to another, by the Conformity of Manners and Converſation, than a *Son* is to his *Father*, by the Reſemblance of *Faces*.

XXXIII. There is nothing in the *World* but has ſome Perfection or other. It is the peculiar Happineſs

pineſs of a diſcerning *Palate*, to find out each Thing's particular Excellence. But our innate Malice makes us often diſcover a *Vice* among many *Virtues*, that ſo we may reveal and proclaim that to their Diſparagement. Now this is not ſo much an Argument of nice Judgement, as of an ill Nature; and that Man has but an ill Life on't, who feeds himſelf with the *Faults* of other People.

XXXIV. Nothing goes ſo far in the Knowledge of the general *Depravity* of Mankind, as an exact Enquiry into our own Diſorders and Exceſſes. If we reflect upon our Thoughts, we ſhall find within our Breaſts, the Principles and Seeds of thoſe *Vices* we are apt to caſt in other Men's Teeth. If we are not vicious in our Actions, we are ſo by a natural Proneneſs to *Vice*; for there is no kind of ill, but is ſuggeſted to us by *Self-Love*, to be improv'd as occaſion ſhall ſerve; and few are ſo *Virtuous*, as to be above *Temptations*.

XXXV. Men of low Degree are often troubled with many unprofitable *Virtue* and *Qualifications*, which they have not the Opportunities and Means to exert.

XXXVI. Conſidering how much Men are wont to be taken with any thing that is uncommon, 'tis ſtrange how they are ſo little affected by *Virtue*.

XXXVII. *Virtue* is an inward *Beauty*, as *Beauty* is an outward *Virtue*.

XXXVIII. *Virtue* is but a ſlender Reward to it ſelf; yet very rarely has any other.

XXXIX. A fine Woman is amiable in her own Nature; ſhe loſes nothing by being in her *Negligence*; ſhe charms us without any other Set-off, than that of her *Beauty* and *Youth*, and the Native Grace that ſparkles in her Face, and animates all

all her Motions: Nay, we could behold her with leſs Concern, with all the Train of a Modiſh Dreſs. It is the ſame with a *Good Man*; he challenges Reſpect and Honour by his own ſelf, independently upon all the Forms and Shews of an affected Gravity. A reformed Countenance, an over-ſtrained Modeſty, a ſupercilious Brow, a ſingular Dreſs, do not ſo much ſet off, as paint *Virtue*, and make it paſs for Counterfeit.

XL. *Virtue* loſes nothing, no more than *Nature*: The Seeds of Goodneſs circulate eternally, and paſs without intermiſſion from one Subject to another; and the Principles which contribute to the Production of the Wiſe, no more annihilate, than thoſe which concur to the Generation of Men.

XLI. He that is perpetually crying up himſelf for a *Good* and *Honeſt Man*; that ſays he does no body hurt, and deſires the *Ill* he deſigns other People may light upon his own Head, and ſwears too, to make himſelf to be credited, has not Wit enough to counterfeit a *Good Man*.

XLII. A *Good Man*, for all his Modeſty, makes other People ſay of him, what a *Knave* can ſay of himſelf.

Vulgar.

I. NOthing is ſo fickle and inconſtant, as the *Mobile*, driven hither and thither with every Artificial Declaration of States-men, or Pretence of Faction.

II. The Men of Ability cabal, and improve their Intereſts, whilſt the *Vulgar* are eaſily drawn

drawn into Parties, as their Affections byaſs them.

III. * The *Mobile* are uneaſie without a Ruler; and they are as reſtleſs with one. And the oftner they ſhift, the worſe they are pleas'd. So that Government, or no Government; a King of God's making, or of the People's, or none at all. The *Multitude* are never to be ſatisfied.

IV. * In popular Factions, pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it.

V. * *Scoundrels* are apt to be inſolent toward their Superiours; but it is below the Dignity of a Man of Honour and Wiſdom, to entertain Conteſts with the People, that have neither Qualification, Wit, nor Courage; beſide the Folly of contending with a miſerable *Wretch*, where the very Competition is a Scandal. Contempt, in ſuch a Caſe as this, is the only honourable Revenge.

VI. The loweſt *Virtues* draw *Praiſe* from the *Multitude*; the middle *Virtues* work in them *Aſtoniſhment* or *Admiration*; but of the higheſt *Virtues* they have no ſenſe, or perceiving at all.

Of Publick Walks.

I. * THere's a kind of Tacit, but very punctual Aſſignation, we reciprocally give one another to meet in St. *James*'s Park, or at the *Ring*, only to ſtare one another in the Face, and carp and *Momus* at each others Failings.

II. * We cannot live without the ſight of thoſe Perſons who are indifferent to us, and whom we ſtill laugh at in our Hearts.

III. In

III. • In thoſe Places of General Reſort, where Ladies flock to ſhew a fine Stuff, and gather the Fruits of their *Toilet*, People ſeldom walk with a Companion for Converſation ſake, but only to appear with greater Aſſurance upon the Stage, get into Familiarity with the Publick, and fortifie themſelves againſt Criticks. There is it that People ſpeak when they have nothing to ſay, or rather ſpeak aloud for the ſake of others, and paſs and repaſs, make a Thouſand apiſh Poſtures, and lean negligently their Head over their Shouldiers.

War, Peace.

I. NO body can be healthful without *Exerciſe*, neither a Natural *Body*, nor a Politick; and certainly to a *Kingdom* or *Eſtate*, a Juſt and Honourable War is the true *Exerciſe*; for in a ſlothful Peace, both Courages will effeminate, and Manners corrupt.

II. • A Peace that puts People out of Condition of Defence, in caſe of a War, muſt expect a War; and ſuch a State as leaves them at the Mercy of an Enemy, is worſe than War it ſelf. There is no truſting to the Articles and Formalities of an out-ſide Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an implacable Enemy. Chriſtian Religion bids us forgive, but Chriſtian Prudence bids us have a care to whom we truſt. *Truces* and *Ceſſations* are both made and broken, for preſent Convenience; and where the *Allies* find they may be the better for it, we may ſay down this for an undoubted Truth, That there can never want a Colour for a Rupture,

ture, where there's a Good-will for't. Old *Soldiers* love *War*, but hate *Fighting*.

Weakneſs.

Weakneſs is more oppoſite to *Virtue*, than *Vice* it ſelf.

II. How can we expect another ſhould keep our Secrets, when we had the *Weakneſs* to truſt him with them?

III. *Treachery* is oftner the effect of *Weakneſs*, than ſet purpoſe and deſign.

IV. *Weakneſs* is the only *Failing* of the *Mind* that cannot be mended.

V. Nothing is more ſcarce than true *Goodneſs*, and *Humanity*; and thoſe that value themſelves upon their *Good-nature*, are generally no better either *Weak* or *Complaiſant*.

VI. We are often comforted for thoſe Misfortunes by *Weakneſs*, which *Reaſon* could not comfort us under.

VII. To be over-much pleas'd with ones ſelf, is *Foppery*, not to be pleas'd at all is *Weakneſs*.

Wiſdom, Skill, Folly.

I. IF *Wiſdom* were to be bought, ſhe wou'd never bring a good Price: For few Men think they have too little for their own Affairs.

II. *Prudence* is of an everlaſting Service to a Man: How many are leſs Vertuous than they appear to be.

III. It is as hard to be *Wiſe* in a Man's own Concern, as it is eaſie to be ſo in another's. IV.

IV. Moſt Men are *Wiſe* in the *Acceſſaries*, and *Fools* in the *Main*.

V. The niceſt *Folly* proceeds from the niceſt *Wiſdom*.

VI. *Folly* keeps us company through all the courſe of our Lives; and if any Man ſeem to be *wiſe*, it is only becauſe his *Folly* is ſuited to his Age and Fortune.

VII. 'Tis a kind of *Folly* to be wiſe by one's ſelf.

VIII. Some *Follies* are as catching as any *Infectious Diſeaſe*.

IX. Some Remedies may be be found to cure a Man of his *Folly*; but a preverſe irrational Spirit, can never be reform'd.

X. *Briſkneſs* that encreaſes with Age, is but one degree remov'd from *Folly*.

XI. There is no Miſcarriage ſo unlucky, but what may be beneficial one way or other, to a *wiſe* Man; nor any Accident ſo fortunate, but what a *Fool* may turn to his own Prejudice.

XII. There are Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their Choice, but are forc'd into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

XIII. There are Miſchances from which *Fools* do beſt come off clear.

XIV. If the *Folly* of ſome People did never appear, 'tis becauſe it was never nicely look'd into.

XV. Old *Fools* are always more Ridiculous than young ones.

XVI. We ſhould make the *Follies* of others, rather a Warning and Inſtruction, than a Subject of *Mirth* and *Mockery*.

XVII. There is a graye compoſed ſort of *Folly*, highly ſatisfied with it ſelf, and carries an Air of

Wiſdom a thouſand times more troubleſome and impertinent, than that humourſome and diverting *Folly* which never thinks at all.

XVIII. A Man's greateſt *Wiſdom* is to be acquainted with his own *Follies.*

XIX. There is no ſuch thing as true *Wiſdom* in this *World*, except that which inſtructs us in *Chriſtian Morality*; for this, if we abſtract from all the Supports of *Faith*, and Advantages of *Religion*, is of it ſelf the moſt pure and perfect Rule of Life.

XX. The deſire of being thought a *wiſe* Man, oftentimes hinders a Man to become really ſuch.

XXI. There are a ſort of ſilly *Coxcombs*, who knowing themſelves to be ſuch, improve to their own Advantage their Simplicity and Foppery.

XXII. The height of *Skill* and *Wiſdom*, is to know the true *Worth* of every thing.

XXIII. 'Tis a great *Wiſdom* to be able to conceal, upon occaſion, one's being *wiſe*.

XXIV. 'Tis a degree of *Wiſdom* in a mean *Wit*, to follow the Judgment and Conduct of others.

XXV. *Wiſdom* has its exceſs as well as other things, and for the moſt part a Man makes ill uſe of his *Reaſon* with thoſe who have none.

XXVI. The ſtate of *Virtue* is not a ſtate of *Indolence*; we ſuffer in it a perpetual Conflict, betwixt Duty and Inclination: But that of *Wiſdom* is ſweet and calm; it reigns peaceably over our *Movements*, being only to govern well as *Subjects*, what *Virtue* combats as *Enemies*.

XXXII. There is in *Humane Nature* more of the *Fool* than of the *wiſe Man*; and therefore thoſe *Faculties* by which the fooliſh part of *Men's Minds* is taken, are more potent.

New

New Characters.

DONNOTOYBONZO,

IS the High Prieſt of the Iſland of *Formoſa*: He Perſonates well enough a Man in his Station, his Body being well built, and his Looks Grave and Venerable, not without ſome Mixture of Humility. But his Parts are much below his Dignity; which, however, is the true Reaſon of his being Promoted to it. For *Naſo*, the late King of *Formoſa*, who was a great Politician, being ſenſible that he himſelf had been advanc'd to the Throne, chiefly upon the Occaſion of the Diſcontents of Seven *Guſtey Tarbadiazo's*, or Chief Sacrificators, made it his ſtudy to raiſe dull Men to that Office, that

he might never receive any Diſturbance from them.

MILTIADES,

IS a Man whom *Nature* deſign'd for a **Favourite**; whom *Fortune*, and *perſonal Merit*, have made a **General**; and his own Obſervation, a **Statesman**. His Perſon is lofty, and well made; his Features manly, yet Beautiful; his Look gracious; his Mien great; his Parts quick; his Memory faithful; his Judgment ſolid; his Penetration deep; his Courage undaunted. The *Favourite* is conſummate in all the Arts of the Court, being Affable, Sedate, and Cautious, as well in his Kindneſs to his Friends, as in his Animoſity towards thoſe that are not ſo. He is Sober, averſe to Luxury, and free from Haughtineſs and Oſtentation. His Aſcent has been ſo gradual, and ſo long foreſeen, that it appears rather a Growth, than a Flight; and therefore is the leſs Envied, as it ſeems the more Merited. Neither his Extraction, nor the Fortune he inherited from his Anceſtors, anſwering his Ambi-

Ambition, he reſolved to advance himſelf by his Sword, and ſo ſpent the Youth and Vigour of his Age in Military Actions and Commands, both at Home and Abroad. He is ever a Man of great Honour, punctual in what he Undertakes; and altho', in a Luxurious Court, he indulg'd himſelf great Liberties of Life, and rivall'd even Kings in their Amours, yet he ſtill preſerv'd a good Reputation with all Men, ſo that he was thought worthy of all the Grace and Favour his Sovereign ſhewed him, in creating him a Grandee of his Kingdom. 'Tis true, he has once lain under the blemiſh of Want of Fidelity to the Prince that rais'd him; but this he has ſufficiently wiped off, both by Proteſting, and making good by all his ſubſequent Actions, *That he followed nothing but the inviolable Dictates of his Conſcience, and a neceſſary concern both for Religion, with which nothing ought to come in Competition, and for the Laws and Liberties of his Country.*

He is a Man of great Parts, and manages Variety of Buſineſs, either Single, or in Concert with the Prime Miniſter, with a great Dexterity, Eaſe and Sufficiency. In Council he is never Supercilious or Aſſuming, but can bear Contradiction without Paſſion, and by cool Argumentation bring others over to his own Opinion. No Man

had ever fewer idle words, and tho' he be not Maſter of Oratory, yet in debates of Importance he always expreſſes himſelf very pertinently; and by his Temper and Reſervedneſs in Diſcourſe, he maintains his Reputation of a wiſe Man. He is Conſtant and Pertinacious in whatſoever he reſolves to do, and not to be wearied by any Pains that are neceſſary to that end. Before *Miltiades* was advanc'd to the degree of a General, he had a Courage of the moſt clear and keen Temper, and ſo far from Fear, that he ſeem'd not without ſome Appetite of Danger, and therefore upon any occaſion of Action, he always ventured his Perſon in thoſe Troops which he thought, by the forwardneſs of the Commanders, to be moſt like to be fartheſt Engaged; and in all ſuch Encounters, he had about him an extraordinary Chearfulneſs. Now he is raiſed to the ſupream Command of the Army, he expoſes his Perſon as far as Neceſſity requires, and with the ſame Unconcernment as he did before, having a Mind and Underſtanding very preſent in the Article of Danger: The greateſt, and moſt rare Accompliſhment in that Profeſſion. In a Day of Battle, he gives his Commands with all the Clearneſs and Compoſedneſs imaginable, leads on his Troops to the Charge, without the leaſt Hurry or Pertur-

Perturbation, and Rallies thoſe that are diſorder'd without ſharp and ſowr Reproofs, which rather pall than animate the Soldiers Courage. He is an excellent Diſcerner and Purſuer of Advantage upon his Enemy; without at all affecting the Execution and Slaughter that uſually attend Victory, in which he takes no greater Delight than to ſpare the Lives of thoſe he has conquer'd. He is a ſtrict Obſerver of his Word and Promiſe; and a great Lover of Juſtice, which he practiſes then moſt deliberately, when he has Power to do Wrong. He has gain'd the Affections of the Soldiers by his *Good Nature*, and of the Officers by his *Affability*. What Pity it is, That ſuch an uncommon Character is blemiſh'd by *Miltiades*'s inborn Greedineſs of Riches!

ROLLO,

NEVER did any thing according to the Rules of War. He is fit for a bold and raſh Undertaking, but a long-winded, and intricate Action, puzzles and diſtracts him. Being poſſeſs'd with an Opi-

nion, that a great Severity in Command comprehends all Military Virtues, he has always been careful to diſtinguiſh himſelf by a great Regularity: But his prepoſterous Exactneſs and Vigilance, do often put the Soldiers upon unneceſſary Fatigues, which makes him little beloved in the Army.

GALLUS,

IS a compleat *General*, and a very able *Stateſman*. His Army is his Family, of which he takes the ſame Care, as an honeſt Man of his Wife and Children. He has a great Sufficiency, and can lay and execute Deſigns without the help of other Generals. He has need only of good Officers and Soldiers. The Troops follow him with Chearfulneſs, becauſe they Love him for his Juſtice and Good-Nature; Eſteem him for his clear Courage; and have an entire Confidence in his conſummate Wiſdom. He is perhaps the only General that has found out the Way to render Diſcipline equally agreeable both to the Officer and Soldier. He is entirely void of Intereſt, Vanity or Oſten-

Oſtentation, and appears as great in a Country Retirement, as at the Head of an Army. He has too much Valour not to love War, and wiſhes too well to the Country he ſerves, not to deſire an honourable Peace. His Deſigns, whether for a Fight, or a Siege, are always well laid, and conſequently ſeldom Miſcarry. His Experience in the Field, and his Knowledge of Men, are both ſo extenſive and conſummate, that 'tis undecided which prevails in him, the *General* or the *Stateſman*. He can govern a whole Kingdom, as well as he has heretofore done a Regiment of Horſe. He is juſt to his Promiſes, and never keeps People in vain Expectation; but he has the Art of ſoftening a Denial, ſo that ſome People think themſelves obliged to him, even when he refuſes their unreaſonable Demands. In Council he is Grave, Sedate, and dexterouſly ſubmiſſive to other Men's Opinions, by which means his own generally prevails. He is wonderfully Inſinuating, and with an Air of Frankneſs and Plainneſs, knows how to ſcrew himſelf into the Intimacy and Confidence of the moſt Reſerved. His Uprightneſs is entire, and his Character unblemiſh'd.

CÆSARIO

IS a Perſon, who makes a great Figure by the Antiquity and Splendor of his Family, his great Fortune and Eſtate, and his Generoſity, which on ſome Occaſions might be better term'd Profuſeneſs. His Parts are but Indifferent: His Underſtanding eaſy to be impos'd upon, and his Nature made up of very ſtrong Paſſions, particularly Love and Ambition. He gains the Affection and Eſteem of thoſe who have Dependance on him, by his magnificent Way of living, but is little valued by his Equals. He is of no Party, becauſe no Party will truſt him. He ſpeaks, ſometimes, frankly of the Overſight of the Court, that he may not be thought a Slave to it; tho' he knows as much as any Man how to fawn upon a Prime Miniſter. He is a better Soldier than a General, being indeed fearleſs and undaunted amidſt the greateſt Dangers; but ſcarce capable of commanding a Regiment.

VOPIS-

VOPISCUS

HAS been, without doubt, a very good Officer, has a great Experience, and is ſtill a Man of unqueſtionable Courage and Integrity; But he is now much decay'd in his Parts; and with the long continu'd Cuſtom of immoderate Drinking, doz'd in his Underſtanding, which was never quick and vigorous, he being illiterate to the greateſt degree imaginable; yet he is a Man of a Haughty and Ambitious Nature, and upon the leaſt Diſguſt, threatens to lay down his Commiſſion, at which the Government ſeems not much concern'd.

CASSIUS.

BY his Undaunted Spirit, had gain'd the Eſteem, and by his good Fellowſhip and great Wit, the Affections of the Officers

cers of the Army; and by his gentle Command was become ſo popular with the Soldiers, that he had, indeed, a great Intereſt. But he was poſitive in all Advices in Council, and bore Contradiction very impatiently; and becauſe he was moſt Contradicted by the Emperor's Brother, he endeavour'd to render them both unacceptable to the Officers of the Army: Where is the Wonder now, if *Caſſius*'s Diſgrace ſoon attended his Indiſcretion?

TROLLO,

WOuld have made a good Country Farmer, but why he ſhould be a General of Horſe, no Man can tell.

TURBULO,

HAS been bred, from his Cradle, in the Court, and has that Perfection of a Courtier, that as he is not wary enough in

in Offending Men, ſo he is forward in acknowledging it, even to his Inferiors, and to impute it to his Paſſion, and ask pardon for it; which makes him be thought a good Natur'd Man. There are very few great Perſons who have not frequently been Offended by him, by ſharp and ſcandalous Diſcourſes and Invectives againſt them behind their Backs, for which they found it beſt to receive Satisfaction by Submiſſions and Proteſtations, which is a Coin he is plentifully ſtored with, for the Payment of all thoſe Debts. He is a Man of Parts, but his Judgment cannot keep pace with the Quickneſs of his Imagination; and his Volubility of Tongue ſhews he little reflects on what he ſpeaks. He has Courage, but wants Experience; and tho' he is truſted with a great Command, yet 'tis a great Queſtion whether he underſtands War. This I am ſatisfy'd in, that they are not perſwaded of it at Court; and that the Sovereign ſhews him ſome Kindneſs, without having much Eſteem for him. However, if he ſucceeds, he'll be accounted a great Man.

CLARUS.

IS an honeſt, brave, plain Man, as good an Officer as ever ſerv'd the Empire, and as generally Eſteem'd: Very diſcerning, and prompt in giving and receiving Orders, and moſt chearful and preſent in any Action. In Council he uſes but few, but very pertinent Words.

AGRICOLA.

IS a Man Superior to any Temptation, and abhors the Licence and the Levities, with which he ſees too many Corrupted. He has a good Underſtanding, a clear Courage and Induſtry, not to be tired, and a Generoſity not to be exhauſted. But on Debates concerning the War, he is apt to change his Mind, after he has reſolv'd, which renders him rather fit for the ſecond, than

for

for the ſupream Command, in any Undertaking.

TRANQUILLUS.

HAS no Ambition of Title or Office, but only to be kindly look'd upon, and kindly ſpoken to, and quietly to enjoy his own Fortune. His Pride ſupplies his Want of Ambition, and he is angry to ſee any Man more reſpected than himſelf, becauſe he thinks he deſerves it more, and does better requite it: For he is in his Friendſhips Juſt and Conſtant.

LORDANUS.

IS of a Proud, Moroſe, Sullen and Imperious Nature, and Pedantical Spirit, being much Converſant with Books, tho' he underſtands them but little. No Man values himſelf more upon his Title, or has more

more Ambition to make it Greater, or to raiſe his Fortune, which is but moderate for his Title: But his Petulancy is ſo intollerable, even when he is in no Office, that his own Party, tho' now prevailing, will take care he ſhall never be advanc'd to any.

POLYCRATES,

IS juſtly acknowledged, and praiſed as the very beſt of Men: He is ſuperior to all thoſe Paſſions and Affections which attend vulgar Minds, and is guilty of no other Ambition than of Knowledge, and to be reputed a Lover of his Country, and of all good Men; and an Enemy to Injuſtice and Oppreſſion. Tho' he is a Contemner of thoſe Arts which make Men popular, yet he is Courted by all Parties, and maintains his Reputation and Eſteem with them, without ſtriking in with any. He is ſo rigid an Obſerver of Eſtabliſh'd Laws, that he cannot endure the leaſt Deviation from them: And thinks no miſchief ſo intollerable, as the Preſumption of Miniſters, to break

break poſitive Rules for Reaſons of State. He has been in ſeveral Eminent Places, and fill'd all with great Sufficiency, being a Man of excellent Natural Parts, moſt ſolid Judgment, univerſal Learning, and well vers'd in Languages. To ſpeak of his Integrity, and his high Diſdain of any Bait that might ſeem to look towards Corruption, would rather be an Injury, than a Commendation: for he is ſo perfectly Diſintereſted, that upon many Occaſions he has refus'd Gratuities from his Sovereign, which might rather be accounted Rewards than Preſents. When *Plenipotentiary Legate*, *Polycrates* makes his Penetration, Dexterity and Calmneſs of Reaſoning, to be admired; when *Archithalaſes*, his comprehenſive Care, Vigilance and Exactneſs; when Preſident of the Council, his Gravity, Sobriety and Moderation: In all Stations, his Conſummate Wiſdom. The Age we live in is not worthy of ſuch a Man.

PLAN-

PLANTIUS.

IS a Slave to Fortune to ſuch a Degree, as to be Courteous, and ſhew reſpect to the meaneſt Servant of a Miniſter of State. He is humble and cringing to his Superiors, whom he always admires; perplex'd and conſtrain'd with his Equals and Friends, and haughty with his Inferiors. He is of a Grave Serious Nature, yet he ever laughs when Great Men ſpeak, that he may ſeem to applaud them; nay, he laughs ſometimes before he knows what they are going to ſay: He is naturally Covetous, but is often profuſe and extravagant, that he may be thought Liberal: Yet, ſuch is the ſtrangeneſs of his Character, he is generally more mindful of his Fortune, than his Reputation. His beſt Quality is, that he talks little, becauſe he fears the Attention of Nice Obſervers.

VOLPOLINO,

IS a cunning, ſagacious Ambidexter. By the great Experience he has in Buſineſs of all kinds, and by his natural Temper, which is not liable to any Tranſport of Anger, or any other Paſſion, but can bear Contradiction without being mov'd, or put out of his way; he is very ſteady in purſuing what he propoſes to himſelf, and has a Courage not to be frighted with any Oppoſition. Diſſimulation is his Maſter-piece, which he uſes ſo dextrouſly, that for ſeven Years together he ſtrikes in with the Party, which, from the Beginning, he deſigns to betray. He is of an excellent Humour, very eaſy to live with: And under a plain ſmiling Countenance, covers moſt profound Deceit. Before *Volpolino* was in Place, no Man louder than he, in the Senate-houſe, againſt the Court; No Man more induſtrious in making the Government uneaſy: Now *Volpolino* fills an eminent Poſt, no Man more obſequious than he to the *Prime Miniſter*; No Man more cringing to the

Favourite. And now the Court deſigning to ſhake off the Party they have, for ſome time, cheriſh'd, and for whom *Volpolino* has all along ſtickled, who but *Volpolino* puts them upon wrong Meaſures, that they may deſtroy themſelves? He loves Money exceedingly; and does not warily enough conſider the Means and Circumſtances of getting it. He ſeldom uſes any Body very ill, but uſes very few well: Tho' 'tis chiefly to the Pains, Induſtry and Parts of thoſe, who give him ſecret Advice and Intelligence, he ows the Reputation he has gain'd in his Place.

MECENAS,

HAS been a great Cheriſher of Wit and Fancy, and good Parts, in any Man, and if he found them clouded with Poverty, a moſt bountiful Patron towards them. He had himſelf a great deal of Wit, a moſt luxuriant Fancy, and which is ſeldom found with that, a moſt ſolid Judgment: But his licentious way of Living has ſo impair'd his Faculties, that he has now more

more of the Natural, than of the Wiſe or Ingenious Man.

POPLICOLA,

HAS embrac'd a Condition and Employment ſo contrary to his Humour, Nature and Education, that 'tis a great Wonder he has ſuſtain'd the Vexation and Fatigue of it ſo long. He is a fine Gentleman, full of Courage, and moſt accompliſh'd in thoſe Qualities that accompany a good Breeding: Beſides that, he is amorous in Poetry and Muſick: What could tempt him to court the Command of a Legion, when he could enjoy a plentiful Fortune in Eaſe and Pleaſure?

VALERIUS,

IS, in the Main, a good General: He loves Debauchery, but ſhuts it out from his Buſineſs; never neglects that, and rare-

ly miſcarries in it. His Courage is not ſtanch, but he diſcerns Danger a great way off; and becauſe he cannot behave himſelf ſo well in it, he commonly prevents, or warily declines it. His greateſt Fault is, that he little values his Promiſes, Profeſſions or Friendſhips, according to any Rules of Honour, tho' he never violates them, but for ſome great Benefit to himſelf. His Ambition is unlimited, and ſo incapable of being contented; and, in truth, he wants nothing but Induſtry, to be as eminent and ſucceſsful in the higheſt Attempt of Wickedneſs, as any Man in the Age he lives in. Of all his Qualifications, Diſſimulation is his Maſter-piece, in which he ſo much excels, that 'tis no ſhame for a Man to be deceiv'd but Twice by him.

COPERNICUS,

IS a Lawyer of excellent Parts; a ready, pregnant Wit; a moſt happy Memory; a ſolid Judgment; a manly Elocution, with the Superſtructure of much Knowledge in his Profeſſion. His Countenance is Graceful;

ful; his Converſation Polite, and his way of Addreſs eaſy and engaging. As for his Principles, they are agreeable to thoſe of the *Prime Miniſter.*

EUGENIUS,

IS a down-right honeſt Man, who has ſometime been made a Tool by *Knaves*, and is now like to be diſplac'd by *Fools.*

VALERIO,

IS a *Patrician*, of a proud, haughty, ſupercilious Nature; very Turbulent; very Noiſy, and very Empty.

BATTUS,

IS a Prieſt well skill'd in the Canon and Civil Law, and moderately in Divinity. He has an excellent Stile in his Mother-Tongue, and underſtands the *Latin* and *Greek* tolerably well; but his Strength lies

in a Quickneſs of Apprehenſion, a great Proſpect of Affairs, a deep Diſſimulation, a cloſe and Artificial way of Concealing his true Deſigns, and a wonderful Induſtry in Inſinuating himſelf into the Affections and Confidences of weak Princes, and Great Men: And by theſe Intrigues, he has made a ſhift to keep himſelf at Court for four ſucceſſive Reigns. His Confederacy with the Miniſters of an Arbitrary Prince, has laid ſome Blemiſh on his Character; but he has ſince expiated his Fault by a prudent Deportment.

CARPUS,

IS the niceſt Obſerver of other People's Faults, of any Man living, tho', at bottom, he does not want Good-natare; but he has indulg'd ſo far the ungenteel Humour of Carping and Cenſuring, that thoſe who wiſh him beſt, are, at the ſame time, very careful to avoid him. He has a handſom Wife, which, alone, draws ſome Company to his Houſe.

BRO-

BURRHUS,

IS a haughty, inſolent Patrician, born to contradict two Emperors, and bully an Empreſs. His Ill-nature ſupplies his Want of Parts; and his Pride ſets him above all the Rules of Good-breeding. He is one that never ſpeaks to any of his Domeſticks; no, not to the very *Flamen*, who officiates in his Family; yet he is contented to be ſeen, in his Carr, with a *Slaviſh Paraſite*, and to walk in the *Circus* with a *Gregarian Courtizan*. If you want his Intereſt or Aſſiſtance in any Thing, you muſt ſubmit to be his Vaſſal for that Time, and undergo any Injury, which he does only in a vain and ridiculous Oſtentation of his Power. He ſnaps you up ſuperciliouſly, becauſe he will be offended, and tells you, you are ſawcy and troubleſom, even when he receives a conſiderable *Bribe* from you. His very Favours are intollerable, they are done with ſuch Arrogance: So that one may account it a Calamity to be beholden to him; tho', on the other hand, one may hate him, after a good Turn, without being accounted ungrateful.

PAMPHILUS,

IS a Friend to every Body in Profeſſions, but a Friend to no body in Reality: For his Favours never exceed his Compliments, of which only he is very liberal. His Offers of Service are Univerſal and General, with Exceptions againſt all Particulars. *He will do any Thing for you*; but if you urge him to this, he *cannot*; or to that, *he is Engag'd*: Yet, *he will do any Thing*. Promiſes he accounts but a kind of Civil Expreſſions, and in the Expectation of your Manners, not to exact them; if you do, he wonders at your Ill-breeding, that cannot diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken, and what is meant.

SAGUS,

IS a Senator of great Parts; a ready Wit, a deep Penetration, and a Fluency of Tongue; which, if he had well employ'd when he firſt enter'd the Stage of the World, he would, by this time, have arriv'd to great Pre-

Preferment: But he has been a Contriver of Miſchief from the beginning, which is come home to him at laſt.

BROMIUS,

IS ſomewhat more than the Shape of a Man; for he has his Length, Breadth and Colour. When you have ſeen his Out-ſide, you have look'd throrough him, and need employ your ſearch no further. His Reaſon is meerly Example; for his Actions are not guided by his own Underſtanding, but he ſees other Men do thus, and he follows them. The chief Burden of his Brain, is the Carriage of his Body, and the ſetting of his Face in a good Frame; which he performs the better, becauſe his Mind is not diſtracted with other Speculations. He apprehends a Jeſt by ſeeing other Men ſmile, and laughs orderly himſelf when it comes to his turn. He ſeems to have come into the World only to fill a Number; ſo that when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an End.

BAR-

BARDUS,

IS the moſt ſelf-conceited, jealous, peeviſh Coxcomb living. He imagines, that wherever he comes, he commands the Attention of all the Company. His Eyes are moſt fixt upon his own Perſon, and only on others with Reflection to himſelf. If he has read any of his Compoſures that have paſs'd with Applauſe, he is always reheárſing them alone, and conceits the Extaſie his Hearers were in at every Period. His Diſcourſe is all *Definitions*, *Poſitions* and *Deciſions*, with *thus it muſt be*, and *thus it is*. His Reſervedneſs is always ill-timed, and awkwardly manag'd: For he is a *Fool* with a great deal of Diſcretion; and taking his Acquaintance to be more Deſigning than they are, he puts himſelf to a great deal of Trouble to hinder their Plots, which are only laid in his own Imagination. He overdoes all things with great Solemnity; and whereas with a negligent Air, he might ſometimes paſs for a Man of Senſe, he makes himſelf a Fool, with abundance of Trouble and Caution.

TUL-

TULLIUS,

IS a narrow-ſoul'd Man, and as poor a Genius, yet is wonderfully conceited, and withal Ambitious: But his Folly has hitherto been an Obſtacle to his *Preferment*; tho' he does not want powerful Recommendations.

LUPINUS,

IS an able and ſufficient wicked Man, wholly determin'd in himſelf, and his own Ends. His *Friends* are only his *Fools*; and, as they ſerve his Turn, uſed, or laid by. He is generally ſucceſsful in his Undertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly over thoſe Rubs, which others ſtumble at, as Conſcience, Honeſty, Gratitude, and ſuch like *Trifles*.

THRASILLUS,

IS a *Patrician* with the Sentiments of a *Plebeian*: His only Merit is, that he was his Father's Son, and has begot another

to

to preſerve the Memory of his Illuſtrious Anceſtors. He relates their Noble Actions with more Oſtentation, than if he had done 'em himſelf. His Studies are his Sports, and thoſe Vices that are the Darlings of Great Men. Every Vanity of his has its proper Officer, and is to them a ſerious Employment. He talks loud and bawdy, and ſwears with a great deal of Majeſty, becauſe his Servants and Paraſites reverence his Oaths as Oracles. All good Qualities are below him, and eſpecially *Learning*, except his Pedigree, and the Scribling of his Name.

POLLIO,

IS a Man of extraordinary Parts, who yet minds nothing but *Trifles.*

CORIOLANUS,

IS a Man of good Extraction, and of a Sweet, Affable, Judicious Nature; but has the Misfortune to have married into a Family, which is like to ſpoil his good Principles.

LITOBORUS,

IS a Man of Parts, and great Vigour of Mind, luxuriant Fancy, deep Penetration, and undaunted Courage; but of a reſtleſs, turbulent Nature. He has exceeded the World's Expectation, in the diſcharge of the high Command he is entruſted with; and has made it appear, that a ſtrong Reſolution of a bold couragious Man can bring that to paſs, which *appears*, and *is*, *indeed*, *Miraculous*.

BALANUS,

IS a fooliſh *Citizen* turn'd *Courtier*, which has finiſh'd him a *Coxcomb*: For he uſes the Dreſs and Language of the Court ſo awkwardly, that he's ſo much the more ridiculous. His Cloaths are rather fine than faſhionable, and he has ſtill ſomething to diſtinguiſh him from a Gentleman, tho' it coſts him double to appear one. He loves to hear Diſcourſes out of his Element, and the leſs he Underſtands, the better pleas'd; which he expreſſes in a Smile, that People may not perceive his Ignorance.

VER-

VERSIPELLIS,

HIS Character is not to be defin'd: For ſometimes he appears to be of a free, open, affable Temper; and ſometimes he puts on a ſaturnive, grave, ſplenetick Air. This minute he is of an eaſy, calm, ſociable Converſation; and the next, he is turbulent, paſſionate and captious. At the bottom, he is a harmleſs Man, and a ſincere Friend.

ROSANUS,

IS a *Patrician* that promis'd much, and whoſe natural Parts have been ſomewhat improv'd by Travel: But as it happens with moſt Men of Great Birth, who enter too ſoon upon the Stage of the World, the Seeds of Virtue that were in him, were ſoon choak'd by the Vices of thoſe *Paraſites* and *Sycophants* that beſet his unwary Youth. The ill Company he has kept, has not only impair'd his Eſtate, but likewiſe brought the Scandal upon him, of Degenerating from the *Free Principles* of his Illuſtrious Family.

SAMIUS,

SAMIUS,

IS of a Moroſe, proud, ſupercilious Nature, and tho' he has liv'd near forty Years in, or near the Court, more unpoliſh'd than a *Laplander*; which has lately made him loſe a conſiderable Poſt.

HALLA,

IS a Man of ready Wit, but little Judgment, and boundleſs Ambition: By ſiding with a Faction, and being Clamorous in the Senate-houſe, he has made a ſhift to get into Place; but he is like to be turn'd out, which, if it happens, he will fall unpitied, for having been ungrateful to a Gracious Maſter.

GAZOPHYLACUS,

IS a Man of wonderful Gravity and Wiſdom, and underſtands not only all the Branches of the *Fiſcus*, and the true Management of them, as well, if not better, than any

any Man who ever was in his Place; but has a clear Conception of the whole Policy of the Government, both of Church and State, which, by the Unskilfulneſs of ſome, both *Well* and *ill Meaning-Men*, have of late juſtled each other too much. He knows the Temper, Genius and Diſpoſition of the Nation moſt exactly; and tho' he has not only a *firm Gravity*, but even too ſevere an Out-ſide; yet his ſteady and Impartial Juſtice recommends him, almoſt, to every Body: And all are forc'd to own, that the Empreſs cannot have a better *Servant*. He has a very ſound Judgment and Underſtanding; and, as he is without any great Talent of *Rhetorick*, ſo he is very well able to defend himſelf from it. He is ſeldom or never weary of hearing; and tho' he may omit the ſaying ſomewhat he has occaſion *to ſay*, yet he never ſays any Thing he has occaſion *to Repent*. 'Tis no great Wonder if an *Ill-deſigning Faction*, rais'd againſt him, have experienc'd the *Impotency* of their *Efforts*.

FINIS.

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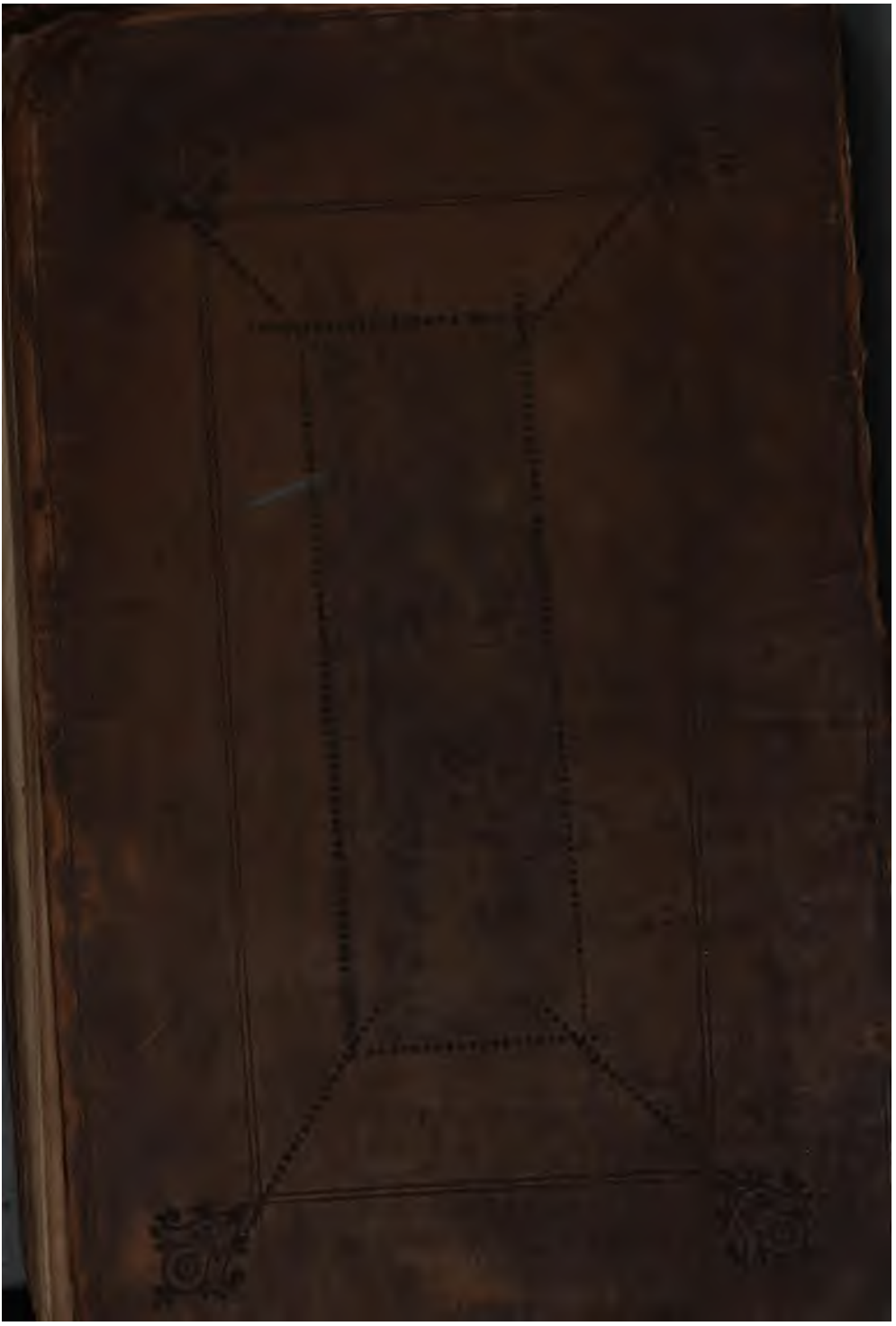
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